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Engraved by R. Cooper.

THOMAS COOKE.

The notorious Islington Miser.

Published by J. Robins & Co. Albion Press, London, Oct. 1. 1821.

Wonderful
CHARACTERS.
BY
Henry Wilson
VOL. III.



MARY ANNE TALBOT RESISTING A PIRATE GANG

London.
J. Robins & Co. Albion Press.

1822.

Wonderful Characters:

COMPRISING

MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES

OF THE MOST

REMARKABLE PERSONS

OF

EVERY AGE AND NATION.

COLLECTED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES,

BY HENRY WILSON.

“ ——— Nature is impartial,
And in her work of man, prefers not names
Of ancestors; she sometimes forms a piece
For admiration from the basest earth,
That holds a soul; and to a beggar's issue
Gives those perfections make a beauty up;
When purer moulds, polish'd and gloss'd with titles,
Honours and wealth, bestow upon their bloods
Deform'd impressions, objects only fit
For sport or pity.”

NABB'S TOTTENHAM COURT.

VOL. III

London:

J. ROBINS AND CO. ALBION PRESS, IVY-LANE,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1821.

Honorable Characters :

CONTAINS

MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES

OF THE REIGN

OF HER ALMIGHTY PERSON

OF

THE BAYERN AND SACHSEN



THE HISTORY OF THE
BAYERN AND SACHSEN
FROM THE YEAR 1806
TO THE PRESENT
BY
J. ROBINSON AND CO. ALBION PRESS, 157. LANE,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

VOL. II.

LONDON :

J. ROBINSON AND CO. ALBION PRESS, 157. LANE,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1821

WONDERFUL CHARACTERS.

THOMAS COOKE.

THOMAS COOKE, who, like many more in this commercial age and nation, heaped up enormous wealth by the most ungenerous means, and servility of behaviour, was born about the year 1726 at Clewer, a village near Windsor. His father, an itinerant fiddler, got his living by playing in ale-houses, and at fairs, but dying while Thomas was an infant, his grandmother, who lived at Swannington, near Norwich, took care of him, till he was able to provide for himself; at which time he obtained employment in a manufactory, where there was a number of other boys, who were paid according to the work they did. These boys always clubbed some money from their weekly earnings for the establishment of a mess, young Cooke, however, resolved to live cheaper, and when the other boys went to dinner, he retired to the side of a brook, and made his breakfast and dinner at one meal, upon half a penny loaf, an apple, and a draught of water from the running stream, taken up in the brim of his hat.

His economy and industry at this time, however, he turned to a good account, for with the money he thus saved, he paid a boy, who was usher to a village schoolmaster, to instruct him in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

When Cooke arrived at years of maturity, he was employed as porter by a Mr. Postle, at Norwich, an eminent dry salter, and paper manufacturer, here his

sobriety and industry caused his master to make him a journeyman, and raise his wages.

From the conversation of the excisemen at the mill, young Cooke conceived their business was attended with great emolument, and intimated to his master that he should wish to become one. Mr. Postle, wishing to oblige a faithful servant, procured his appointment to a district near London, and gave him a letter of introduction to a sugar baker. On his arrival in London, in the Norwich waggon, he had only eight shillings in his pocket.

Though appointed to a district, Cooke found there was great delay, and some expense before he could act as an exciseman; he therefore took the situation of porter to the sugar baker, and in course of time became a journeyman. Here he did not neglect his appointment to the Excise, but reserved sufficient time to himself to give it every necessary attention. By attendance on the superior of the district in which he was to act, and by the money he saved while in the service of the sugar baker, Cooke was at length enabled to assume the dignity to which he had so long aspired.

Being appointed to inspect the exciseable concerns of a paper-mill and manufactory near Tottenham, Cooke was exceedingly well pleased; for being already versed in some parts of the trade, from the knowledge he had acquired in the service of Mr. Postle, he was desirous of learning those secrets in the trade, to which he was still a stranger. During the time he was officially employed in this concern, the master of the paper-mills and manufactory died. The widow, however, by the advice of her friends, carried on the business, with the assistance of the foreman.

Cooke's knowledge of the business, but particularly the regularity with which he rendered his accounts to the Board of Excise, induced the Commissioners to continue him in the employ. In the mean time, he took a

regular and exact account of sundry infractions of the laws, which either from design or inadvertence, were daily committed in this paper manufactory. Having calculated the value of the concern, and the several thousand pounds the penalties incurred, by frauds on the revenue, would amount to, he seized an opportunity of privately informing the widow, that these penalties, if levied, would amount to more than double the value of all her property, and expose her to beggary and the King's Bench. He assured her, that the frauds which had been at different times committed, were only known to himself, and suddenly proposed marriage to her, as the only means of insuring his secrecy. The widow, no doubt, convinced of the truth of the statement, and seeing in Cooke a man of comely countenance, and of good figure, gave him a favourable answer, but suggested the propriety of deferring the marriage till the time allotted to the mourning for her first husband had expired. Cooke agreed to this delay, having taken care to obtain her consent and promise on parchment.

At length his marriage with this lady took place, and Cooke became possessed of all her property, which was very large, and particularly of the mills at Tottenham, which were on lease to her former husband. On the expiration of the lease, he applied to the proprietors for a renewal of it; but in consequence of a previous treaty the premises were, to his great mortification, let to another person.

He next purchased a large sugar concern in Puddledock, and as he knew something of the business, flattered himself, that he would be able to add rapidly to his already large fortune. Here he carried his former habits of parsimony and abstemiousness to the utmost excess; with this view, he kept no table, but gained the greatest part of his daily food by making well timed visits to persons he knew, and making them *empty promises*, for which they often returned *solid presents*.

His colloquial powers were admirable. In his latter days it was his practice, when he had marked out any one for his prey, to find his way by some means or other into the house, by pretending to fall down in the street in a fit, or ask permission to enter and sit down, in order to prevent its coming on. No humane person could well refuse admission to a man in apparent distress, of respectable appearance, whose well-powdered wig, and long ruffles, induced a belief that he was some decayed citizen who had seen better days. For assistance offered, or given, he always expressed his gratitude in a strong energetic manner, peculiar to himself. He would ask for a glass of water, but if wine was offered, "*No, he never drank any thing but water.*" His kind host presses the wine on him, which, for some time, he resists; at last, seemingly overcome by the cordiality of the invitation, he consents: tasting the wine, he exclaims, "God bless my soul, sir, this is very excellent wine indeed! Pray, sir, who is your wine merchant? For, indeed, sir, to tell you a truth, it was the difficulty of getting good wine that caused me to leave it off entirely, and take to drinking water." "Come, sir, another glass will do you no harm." "Not for the world, sir; I must be going. Thank you, sir, a thousand times!" He, however, suffered himself to be prevailed on to take the second glass, and then takes his leave with a thousand thanks.

The singularity of Cooke's appearance rendered him remarkable, and it seldom happened that the inquirer was long at a loss to learn that his guest was "rich Mr. Cooke, the sugar-baker, worth an hundred thousand pounds." In the course of a few days, he makes his second visit, and takes care to go about dinner time. "My worthy friend, I could not pass your door without making free to call in again to thank you for your great kindness the other day." "Pray, sir, do not mention it; I am heartily glad to see you. Pray walk into the

parlour." "O, sir, by no means; I just called to thank you. Sir, you saved my life. But I cannot come in; I will not intrude; your family are at dinner. Well. Ah! God bless you and them!" "Sir, I cannot think of your staying in the passage, pray walk in. You praised my wine the other day; I have a few bottles more of it, which you shall again taste; and as my family are just sitting down to dinner, I shall be glad if you will do as we do." "O no, sir; no, I humbly thank you, my gruel is waiting for me at home." Entreaties, however, prevail; this is just what the intruder wanted; he gets by this means, introduction into the family, and insures for himself a good dinner whatever time he chooses to come. But this is not all; he has made sure that the family know who he is, and the extent of his riches; he affects to take great notice of the children; "God bless these dear children: pray, madam, are all these fine children your's?" "Yes, sir." "And pray, madam, how many more of them have you?" "I have five in all; two at school, and these three that you see here." "Ah! ah! a sweet flock! God bless them, pretty dears! Pray, madam, will you have the goodness to give me all their names in writing!" After his departure, husband and wife congratulate each other on the pleasing prospect now before them: "what could be his meaning for asking all our children's names in writing?" "Why, what but to mention them in his will. You see, Kate, how a good action brings its own reward; this poor gentleman I did not know when he first was relieved by me, when he was near falling down in a fit at my door. We must cultivate his friendship." And now pour in upon him, the geese, the turkies, roasting pigs, hares, pheasants, and every other acceptable present of this sort, and, perhaps, now and then, a dozen of the fine wine he praised so much. This was the plan he pursued, with, perhaps, not less than a score or two of different people, all of whom he duped; and

so great was the quantity of poultry, game, vegetables, and provisions of every kind, which used to be sent to him, that it did not cost him in house-keeping, for himself and his domestics, more than fifteen pence a day on an average; but it was considered as great extravagance indeed, when the expenses of a single day arose so high as two shillings.

It might be supposed, that, with the large quantities of game, poultry, vegetables, and other viands, sent to this man as presents, he could very well afford to live well at home, and give a good dinner to a friend at a cheap rate, once in a way; but, no, he had no notion of giving a dinner to his most intimate friend, unless to get something out of him worth double and treble the value of the dinner. What then did he do, the reader will say, with the immense quantity of presents of eatables daily pouring in upon him? why, he just kept as much of the worst and least saleable as would suffice for his own family, and sold the rest. In the case of an ordinary bird, that he thought would not sell well, he would keep it; but, as he was not fond of cold meat, he would quarter a goose or a lean turkey into four, and roast a joint every day while it lasted; this, and a dish of cabbage, formed the whole of each day's entertainment: for the drinkables, he himself drank only water; but, as to the "gormandizing, gluttonous maids," as he called them, "nothing would serve them but table beer; they could not drink, not they, what their master did;" therefore he used to have a pin of beer in at a time, which stood in a corner of his front parlour, with a lock-cock to it, of which he always kept the key; and from which he would regularly, at dinner time, and before supper, draw exactly half a pint each woman, and no more. As the word "to give" formed no part of his vocabulary, he would keep hares, partridges, pheasants, &c. until they stunk; their feathers he preserved in a bag, to be sold: if a hare, he would carry it to a dog's meat

seller, and haggle for half a sheep's head, or a pig's face, always reminding the buyer that the skin would fetch a groat.

With all his parsimony, however, Cooke, to his great astonishment, found, that instead of making money by his sugar-house, he had lost, at the end of twelve months, 500*l*. In order to discover the secrets of the trade, to which he had been a stranger, he was induced to invite several sugar-bakers to dine with him, and after plying them with plenty of wine, he put questions to some of the younger and more unguarded of the trade, who, in a state of intoxication, made the desirable discoveries. His wife, astonished at his being so unusually generous, expressed her apprehensions about the expense of the wine; but he told her, he would *suck as much of the brains*, (his usual phrase,) of some of the fools, as would amply repay him.

Among the number of persons that Cooke had vainly flattered with the idea that he would remember them in his will, was a paper-maker, named King, who used to work with Cooke, and who had often, in his prosperity, drove Cooke in his gig to wakes and fairs. King, from the goodness of his character, had obtained many friends; and, when he applied to Cooke for assistance, he contrived to give him some plausible reasons for delaying his intended benefaction, till he should have tried all his other friends. This being done, "Now, sir," says King, "I have taken your counsel in making you the last I call upon, and, as you always said you would do something handsome for me, now is the time for you to show your friendship, and give me your assistance." "How much have you got?" said Cooke. King answered, "about two hundred pounds." "Two hundred pounds, sir!" exclaimed Cooke; "why, sir, you ought never to want money again as long as you live!—Two hundred pounds, sir! why it is a fortune! an immense sum! You cannot want any more money

with so large a sum in your possession : but, sir, I will give you a piece of advice worth double the money, and that is, if ever you buy a pint of beer again as long as you have existence, you ought to be *hanged*. There are plenty of *pumps*, and I will give you nothing."

Another of Cooke's expectants was a poor man, a relation, who used occasionally to make him small presents of butter. "What signifies sending me these dribblets," said Cooke; "a man who is to have thousands upon thousands at my death. Send a whole firkin!" To some answer which indicated that he could not afford it, Cooke replied, "Very well, sir, you may do as you please, and I will do as I please." Terrified at this threat, the poor man complied with his wishes; but it is needless to say, that, like all the rest, he was first deceived and then disappointed.

Soon after Mr. Cooke had established himself in the sugar-house, he was visited by a man of the name of Thomas Sidney. Sidney had been a playfellow and a favourite with Cooke, in his younger days, when he lived with his grandmother at Swannington, near Norwich, and had rendered Cooke many services; for, on account of many of his mean tricks, the latter had not the most comfortable life among his fellow labourers and playmates; and Sidney, whose disposition in some points resembled his own, being a bigger boy, and very stout and athletic, used to protect him from the insults and the impositions of the other boys. At a subsequent period of his life, Sidney came to London, and worked as a sawyer; and his wife kept a chandler's shop near the gardens at the back of the White Swan, in Hoxton. Here Sidney and his wife lived many years; and the man was frequently in the habit of calling on his old playfellow, who always received him with great apparent cordiality, and professed great friendship for him. To Sidney, as he did to many others, he made such protestations of his having named him in his will for something

very handsome, that the poor man had good reason to expect, and certainly did expect, to receive a legacy that would make him comfortable for the remainder of his life; but, like many other expectants, to whom similar assurances were given, he was grievously disappointed.

Notwithstanding the very great professions of friendship which Cooke made to Sidney, his generosity never extended so far as to ask him and his wife to eat a bit of dinner with him, above once a year; while Cooke's visits to *his friend Sidney* were often made in the summer time on Sundays; "he, no where," he said, "found himself so happy, as when he had it in his power to come out of the smoke of the city, enjoy the delightful air of the fields, which gave him an appetite for his dinner. Then, his luxury was to enjoy an after-dinner mug of ale, and talk of old times with his *dear old friend!*" Poor Sidney, and his wife, always gave him the best they could afford, not only from a real regard they had for the man, but they even went further, sometimes, than was convenient to them, in order to provide him with something nice, from a principle of gratitude to a man, who never visited them without being lavish in his assurances that they were largely remembered in his will.

In several years after, (about the year 1804,) Sidney being grown old, and past his labour as a sawyer; and the profits of the little shop, which his wife kept, not being sufficient for their support, they were compelled to relinquish it. Mrs. Sidney took courage to wait on their old rich *friend*, not doubting, as he always professed so great a regard for her husband and for her, and often told them "they never should want while he lived," that he would, perhaps, present her with five or ten pounds, on making known to him their distressed circumstances. "Oh, my dear madam," said Cooke "I am sorry, very sorry indeed, at your misfortunes:

what a happy thing it is, that there is, in this country, such institutions as *parish-workhouses* ! Your husband has paid scot and lot so long, as a housekeeper, in Hoxton, that it entitles him and you to a settlement ; the church-wardens cannot refuse to take you in. My dear woman, go directly to your husband, never let him rest till he applies, and get both of you into a workhouse as fast as you can ; that is the advice I would give you, even if you were my own sister. Here, here is a shilling for you ; but lose no time. O, my dear woman, it is a good thing for poor people like you and your husband, that the aged and helpless can have shelter in workhouses !— Good morning !” Nothing depresses the spirits more than poverty : Mrs. Sidney was too much astonished at the proposal of the workhouse, to attend to his putting the shilling into her hand. At the end of his speech he had walked out of the house, leaving her almost in a state of insensibility.

In the winter of the same year, the inhabitants of the parish entered into a subscription, for the purchase of coals, to sell to the poor at a cheap rate. Each subscriber was allowed to have a certain number of tickets to distribute, according to the extent of his benefaction ; and each ticket entitled the poor person to whom it was given, at the rate of a shilling per bushel. Cooke was one, who, being a subscriber of *half a guinea*, had a few tickets to deliver. The wife of his old friend called on him at this time, and again ventured to soften his obdurate heart by a recital of distresses that would have moved the feelings of any one not steeled against every particle of pity and compassion : he heard her tale ; he expressed *in words* his sorrow for her situation ; he gave her *a ticket*, and was liberal in praying God to bless her ; but he told her, she must find *the shilling* somewhere else !!!

Soon after, poor Sidney was obliged to go into a workhouse ; but was permitted to work for what he could

earn, in the gardens of any people who would give him employment. In conversation with a friend who had known Sidney in his better days, and who was trying to get a few shillings from Cooke for his support, Cooke observed that Tom could not want money now; nay, he was in a situation to *save* money now, as he could and did earn a shilling or eighteen-pence a week, by working in the gardens of the parishioners.

Ink was an article of which Cooke was very fond of, and this he used to obtain in large quantities by begging. His way was, to carry a strong phial about him, that held something more than half a pint; and whenever he could get into the counting-house of any of those whom he was in the habit of calling on, he was always sure to ask for a little ink in his bottle; and if his friend chose to fill it for him he made no objection. What, it will be asked, did he do with such a large quantity of ink, as he must by this means have accumulated?—Why, it is true, he wrote a great deal; but he did not use it *all* in writing. No: To employ a poor person to clean his shoes would cost money; and to have them cleaned at home, by his maid, could not be done without expense, as the ingredients for making blacking would cost something in a year. The *ink* he contrived to get *for nothing*; and he blacked his shoes with that!

After he had retired from business, and went to reside in Winchester-place, Pentonville, he hit upon a notable expedient for supplying himself with his favourite vegetable, in high perfection, at a very easy charge. Annexed to his house was a spot of ground, which, when he first took the premises, was laid out prettily for the culture of flowers; but Cooke despised the foppery of flowers, and therefore lost no time in rooting them all up, for the purpose of making a cabbage-garden; he therefore dug the ground himself to avoid paying a labourer, and paying the tax for a gardener, and sowed cabbage seed all over it: he industriously applied him-

self to manuring the ground, for which purpose he would sally out in moon-light nights, with a little shovel and a basket, and take up the horse-dung that had been dropped in the course of the day in the City-road.

Cooke seldom passed by a pump that he did not take a hearty drink. In his daily visits to the Bank, he regaled himself at the pump near the Exchange. He was in the constant habit of pocketing the Bank paper, as he never bought any thing, if he could get it for nothing.

He not only, however, made free with the Bank paper, before the plan was adopted of having the back of it printed with checks all over, but he scrupled not to make the sum of about 120*l.* which a widow lady placed in his hands as a loan, his own property. The half year's interest on this money he paid with the most scrupulous punctuality for some time. Understanding that the lady would at a certain time call on him for the principal, he waited on her to pay her a half year's interest, which was due, and was particularly civil, as he always was when about to overreach any one. He deposited a bank note in payment, which the lady observed was more than she was entitled to. Cooke said he had no smaller sum about him, nor any change. She immediately rose to ring the bell for the servant to get change; but Cooke prevented her, saying it was only a few shillings more, which could be deducted from the next half year's interest. Before the expiration of the next half year, the lady, as foreseen, had occasion for her money, and made the regular demand. Receiving no answer to several applications, she found herself obliged to have recourse to law. Cooke defended the action; swore to his having paid a certain sum of money, which the widow did not deny; but having no witness to prove in what manner it happened, she was cast in the action, on the ground that she had taken *usurious interest*, and had all the costs to pay!

The only indulgence Cooke allowed his wife was a

small quantity of table beer, as before mentioned; and it may naturally be supposed, that a woman who enjoyed every comfort with her former husband, could have little regard for the second. In short, Cooke used her so ill, that she died of a broken heart.

Matrimony being, in Cooke's opinion, a matter of money, after his wife's death he paid his addresses to several widows who were known to have comfortable jointures. There were two points, however, which he insisted on; first, that the lady should make over the whole of her property to him; and the second, that she should disinherit all her children, if any, by a former husband. Cooke, though he paid his addresses to several, found none of the ladies inclined to comply upon these terms.

Notwithstanding this man's inordinate love for money, he was not without a turn for amusements: he was particularly fond of having a good horse, and contrived generally once a year to go to Epsom races. But these excursions never cost him any thing; for he always *made shift* to fasten himself upon some of those people whom he used to buoy up with assurances of making them his heirs: thus, he had his ride to Epsom in his friend's gig, and back to town; his bed, during the time of the races, his meals, and every other accommodation, at the expense of his fellow-traveller; to whom, for all this treating, he never had the generosity to offer so much as a single bottle of wine in return.

At one time he had a horse, and, when not employing him, he kept him at livery stables; but when he rode him, he would not allow corn for him at any place where he had occasion to stop; alleging to the hostler, that "he had had his corn at the last place he stopped at, so that he wanted nothing to eat, or, at most, not more than a mouthful of hay, and a little water;" for which slender accommodation he would generously reward the hostler with a penny. Indeed, his stoppages

upon the road were not very frequent, and when he did stop, it was always with a view to economy.

On his excursions, many were his expedients for feeding his horse. If he happened to fall in with a good honest farmer, or farmer's servant, travelling the same way he was going, with a load of hay, he thought himself fortunate. Being a very well informed man, he could converse on almost any subject, and could accommodate himself to the taste of the person he conversed with; he would, of course, enter into chat with the driver of the hay-cart, on the weather, the price of hay and corn, and other topics of rural economy: thus having wormed himself into the good graces of his companion, he would carry on the conversation for miles; and, while riding after the cart's tail, would suffer his horse to pull many a sweet mouthful, and take his bellyful of the countryman's hay.

A favourite horse of his had at one time a disease in the eyes, for which Cooke wished to have a cure; but as he was too avaricious to go to a veterinary surgeon, he listened to the quackery of some silly journeyman farrier, or more probably some one, who, knowing his disposition, had a mind to banter him, and gave him the following, as a recipe for his horse's sore eyes: "You must take thirty onions, drill a hole in each, run a string through all, and hang the onions, thus strung like a necklace, round the horse's neck, and let him wear it continually. As the onions hang on, they will draw the humour out of the horse's eyes into themselves; and by the time they are dried up and shrivelled, the eyes will get well; if not, repeat the remedy; but mark this, when the onions become withered, they will be so full of the acrimonious humour, drawn from the horse's eyes, that you must bury the onions where no hog can get at them." "Thirty onions, sir! why they would cost a great deal of money! Pray, sir, would it not do just as well if I were to buy one very large onion, and cut it into *thirty*

pieces, and string those thirty slices, and put them round the beast's neck?" "O no, sir, for they would wither in a day, and lose all efficacy; they must be *whole* onions." Cooke, however, could not find in his heart to part with so much money, as would purchase *thirty* onions; half the number he supposed would do as well; but although he was so foolishly credulous as to give ear to this nonsense, his avarice would not allow him to believe in the deleterious quality of the onions. Wisely presuming therefore, that nothing ought to be thrown away, he took the onions, when they were quite shrivelled, and he supposed they had done their duty as an amulet round his horse's neck for a fortnight, and throwing away the string, he put them into a hand-basket and brought them into the house, as if just returned from market, desiring his servants to make a dish of onion porridge for that day's dinner. The servants, however, knowing from whence they came, peremptorily refused to obey his orders.

Cooke once bargained with the keeper of a livery-stable to let his horse have the run of a field, to graze in, at so much per day. When he wanted to ride, he always took a very accurate account of the number of hours he had him out; and as soon as he intended to take away the horse finally, he desired the man to bring in his bill. On perusing it, he flew into a great passion, asking the man did he mean to be a robber, to plunder him, and cheat him. The stable-keeper desired him to count the number of days, from the time the horse was first taken in to graze, until the day he was taken away, and he would find the bill very correct. "Horse taken in! No, sir, it is *me* that you want to take in, and yourself that ought to be corrected, for wanting to cheat me of my gold! Had I not my horse out of your field, eight hours on Thursday? Well, sir, and did I not ride him to Epsom next day, and had him out of your field eleven hours? that is nineteen hours; then,

sir, five hours and a half on Saturday; there, sir, there are two days and half an hour, that you wanted to cheat me out of; in short, here is an account of as many hours that my horse has been out of your field, as amounts to fifteen days: and have you the conscience, you cheating rogue, to expect me to pay you for my horse eating your grass, when he has been miles and miles away from it?" As the stable-keeper swore he would make him pay dearly for calling him a cheat and a rogue, Cooke, thought fit to make an apology, and pay the bill.

During the life-time of his wife, he formed the determination of keeping *two* horses, and even a carriage! With this view, he was for some time on the look out for the purchase of a new horse, in addition to the one he already possessed. In these researches, he fell into company with some gentlemen, among whom, one of them was bargaining with another for the sale of a horse; the price was to be twenty guineas. Cooke, who knew the value of a horse, examined it, and said, that if the gentleman who wished to purchase him, had bid his utmost price, he considered himself at liberty to offer more; the parties agreeing to this, Cooke said he would give twenty-two guineas, provided the owner would allow him, as a trial, to take a ride for five or six miles, just to know his paces, and to ascertain whether he would suit him, promising to return at an appointed hour. Cooke being well known to all the parties, this indulgence was readily granted. The hour of his promised return expired, but no Cooke. After another hour of impatient expectation, the poor horse was led in by his rider, limping, sweating through pain and anguish, the blood running in torrents down his fore legs, the skin and muscular parts of which were lacerated, in a state shocking to behold. Cooke threw himself into a chair, lamenting that his dear friend should meet with such a misfortune! After requesting a few minutes to

indulge his grief, he related, that after having gone on so pleasantly, never having met with a more lovely creature, and one that would so well have suited him, unfortunately, in a narrow part of the road he got between a stage coach driving furiously, and a waggon going in a contrary direction: all his efforts to avoid injury to the horse were in vain; the wheels of both carriages came nearly in contact with each other, and the poor horse had his knees broken and lacerated in this miserable manner. "Nor did I," continued he, "escape," shewing his worsted stockings, recently torn and dirtied, and a slight graze on his leg, "for I myself was near being killed; but, alas! it was an accident; however, sir, since I most unfortunately had your horse in my care at the time of the accident, I am willing that you shall not be a loser by him; nobody now would give five pounds for him, but as I was the innocent cause of this misfortune, I will give you fifteen." The gentleman, however, who was bargaining for the horse when Cooke joined their company, after examining the injury the beast had received, offered to stand to his original bargain, provided the owner, in consideration of the expense of employing a farrier to cure the horse's knees, would throw in the saddle and bridle into the bargain. This was agreed to on the part of the owner, and the horse, under the care of a skilful farrier, was soon made as well as ever.

The gentleman who bought the horse, belonged to a club of respectable tradesmen who frequented the Three Tuns chop-house, in Smithfield, and who in the summer season occasionally made an excursion to dine a few miles from town. He being one of the party, and coming rather late, the rest of the gentlemen, who were standing at the parlour window, noticed the horse, and observed, that he did not appear the worse for the severe operation he had undergone some months back. This, of course, brought on an inquiry as to what they meant,

and the truth was soon discovered. Cooke, on the day he had borrowed the horse for a trial, came to this very house, and alighting, led the horse to a farrier's shop near at hand. He there made his proposal to the farrier's man, to cut and mangle the horse's knees, so as to make him bleed freely, but to do it so as not to injure any of the tendons. To this act of cruelty the fellow at first objected, but upon Cooke's representing that there was a considerable bet depending on it, and saying, that if he would not do it, he should easily find some one else that would—the fellow thought he might as well earn the reward (two pots of beer) as another, and accordingly scored and lacerated the poor horse, to the satisfaction of Cooke, and the disgust and horror of the bystanders, some of whom were the very men that were then assembled at the dinner party. In that condition the inhuman wretch rode the miserable animal to town, exulting in the hope, that by this stratagem, he should get the horse some pounds cheaper.

Sir Barnard Turner having, about the year 1783, made Mr. Cooke an advantageous proposal for the sugar-house concern—he accordingly disposed of it to that gentleman, and purchased of Mr. Tibbs, Holborn-bridge, the White-lead and Vinegar Manufactory at Chelsea-bridge, this business, however, he sold soon after he bought it.

Being detached from the fatigues of business, he determined on taking a house a little way out of town, but not at so great a distance as to prevent him from walking every day to the Bank. Accordingly he pitched on Pentonville, and until he could suit himself with a dwelling, he resided for some time at the Angel inn, at Islington, from whence he afterwards removed into a small house in Winchester-place, Pentonville.

During the time he lived in Winchester-place, he began to think that he could maintain his horse much cheaper by having him at home, than by keeping him at

a livery-stable. For this purpose, he actually converted the kitchen of his house in Winchester-place into a stable, and used to curry and fodder, and do all the necessaries about his horse with his own hands, to save the expense of hiring a stable-boy. Besides, in this saving plan he had the dung too for his cabbages, which was no small advantage. As he had the horse, he thought it would be no very great expense to keep a chaise for this horse to draw, and he actually did at one time relax so far from his rigid system of economy, as to resolve on keeping one. Accordingly he bargained with a coach-maker, and the chaise was sent home, with harness and every thing complete. Cooke, however, in ordering home this chaise, seemed for once to have lost his foresight, and to have neglected to weigh all the expenses attending the keeping of this vehicle. He had no chaise-house to put it in, to preserve it from the weather. He saw, that although he might be able to dress his horse, the keeping the chaise and horse too, clean and in order, would be too much for him; he even forgot the tax that he would have to pay for his carriage; and he found that he could not do without a man-servant to take care of his horse and chaise: therefore, until he could hire this man-servant, he could not run his chaise. How he was to dispose of it in the mean time, he had not thought of. To keep it in the open area before the house would not do: it might be stolen at night, or injured, and the rain would render it unfit for use; and the doors were not wide enough to admit of its being run through the house, into the back part. He therefore had the wheels taken off, and put in the back garden, and the body was then carried through the house, into the back yard, and lifted up through the window into his bed-chamber. However, that he did not entirely give up the idea of running his chaise, was evident from his attempts to hire a man servant. On making known that he wanted one, he had several applications; but

one man was too slight to do the work, another too old; one he rejected, because he was a thin, lathy-shanked fellow with a wide mouth, that he was sure would eat too much; another, because he owned he could not do without a little drop of gin, once a week. But there were two grand objections to all that offered; namely, that they all declared they expected to have a sufficiency of victuals; the other, the rogues, without exception, asked a great deal more wages than he was inclined to give; and therefore he was determined to keep the chaise and wheels were they were, until he could find some more reasonable attendant. The chaise-body stood in his bed-chamber, and the wheels lay against the wall in his garden, for year after year, until they were quite rotten; and the wheels especially, that had been exposed to all variations and inclemencies of the weather, overgrown with grass and weeds. In this state, he took it into his head to try to sell them, and among other customers whom he wished to attract, he offered them to a gentleman who was afterwards his executor, telling him that he expected a good price for the vehicle, as it had never been used but once, namely, from the maker's house to his own, and of course not a bit the worse for wear and tear.

During the whole time Cooke lived in Winchester-place, which is supposed to have been from twelve to fourteen or fifteen years, he never once painted the house, inside or outside. The landlord of the house was not very well satisfied with this neglect; and finding all remonstrances vain, he was desirous of doing some repairs at his own expense; but Cooke would not suffer the workmen to come into the house. When the landlord found that he could obtain no good of Cooke, he gave him legal warning to quit. Of this warning the old man took no notice. When the time had nearly expired, at which, agreeably to notice, the landlord expected Cooke to quit his house, he waited on him to in-

quire if he had provided himself with another dwelling, telling him at the same time, that he expected to have the house given up at the appointed time. Upon this, Cooke, with abundance of tears and lamentations, intreated him not to be so cruel as to turn him out; that he had been looking for a house, but had not yet been so fortunate as to meet with one that would suit him; and begged hard for another month to look out. This was granted. A similar application made at the end of the month, obtained the indulgence of another. The landlord now determined to be peremptory, and wrote him word, that he should certainly call on such a day, at a certain hour, at which time he should expect Mr. Cooke, without further delay, to give up the possession of the house. The old gentleman, who well knew that in all cases of law, the being in possession of good and sufficient evidence, was of great importance, took care to appoint one of those people, whom he held in suberviency by his usual policy of promising to remember him handsomely in his will, to be in attendance at his house exactly at the hour at which he expected the landlord to call on him. On his arrival Cooke feigned himself very ill: the landlord said, "Well, sir, I hope you have suited yourself, as really the house will tumble down, and bury you in the ruins, it is so much out of repair? and as you will not repair it, I must absolutely have the key." Cooke's tears now flowing in torrents, he exclaimed, "miserable man that I am! which way shall I turn me? can you have the heart to turn a poor old man at my time of life into the street? O dear! what will become of me? I am not able to look out, and I have no friend to look out for me; I wish the house would fall on me, and put me out of my misery! Spare me! spare me for God's sake! and upon my honour, I will, as soon as ever I can, try to provide myself; but don't turn a poor old man out to die in the street." A fresh flood of tears, with the proper accompaniment of

sobbing, groans, and sighs, were now called up. The landlord being a merciful man, was melted into compassion; and the shock at seeing the old man fall into one of his usual fits (well feigned on the present occasion) completely softened his heart. He begged Cooke to dry up his tears, and assured him he would not trouble him, but trusted to his honour that he would provide himself a house as soon as he could; and he declared on his word he would not put him to distress, nor trouble him to remove, until he was suited with a house. Then, with many *real* cordial shakes of the hand on the one side, and as many *deceitful* professions of gratitude on the other, the landlord took his leave.

As soon as he was gone, Cooke, turning to his associate, said, "how easily some fools are gulled in this world! Did not you remark that he gave me his promise, on his word and honour, that he would not put me to distress nor trouble me, until I should be suited with a house? Make a memorandum of that; here is pen and ink, and write it in your pocket book, that he made this promise, and be sure you mention the day of the month, and year, and hour."

From that day Cooke troubled himself no more about a house, but rested himself very contentedly where he was, and enjoyed many a laugh at the expense of his landlord, when he recounted to his visitors the artful manner in which he had cajoled him. But the owner of the house, not intending to carry those words to the full extent of their meaning, paid Cooke many friendly visits, urging him to quit the house, but he was immovable. At last, after being kept out of the house until his patience was quite worn out, he brought an ejectment against him. Cooke suffered this to be brought to trial, and brought forward the man, whom he had secured as evidence; who swore that the plaintiff, in his presence, on a certain day and hour, did actually promise that he would not turn Cooke out, *but wait until*

the latter should find it convenient to suit himself with another house; on this evidence the landlord was nonsuited, and Cooke had the satisfaction of returning home in triumph. The landlord, however, brought his action *de novo*, and likewise another action, for the amount of 30*l.* for dilapidations, such as turning the kitchen into a stable, &c. in both of which he succeeded, after being kept out of his house for full two years and more, by the artifices and obstinacy of his refractory tenant. Cooke, who very well foresaw that he should not be able to stand his ground against his landlord in this second contest, was prudent enough to take timely measures to secure a retreat; accordingly, before the day arrived, on which the ejectment was to have been put in force against him, he had removed his furniture and his domestics, to the house, No. 85, White-lion-street, Pentonville, in which he afterwards resided to the time of his death.

At length, through the infirmities of age, Cooke found himself reduced to the necessity of applying from time to time for medical advice; and many are the tricks which he used to play, to cheat medical men of their time, and save his money. He would make no scruple to beg from some of his acquaintance, whom he knew to be subscribers, a letter for a dispensary, and clothing himself in his old, ragged, and cast-off apparel, would attend regularly, as a pauper, among others, to receive advice and medicines gratuitously, and for several successive weeks. At one time, he obtained a recommendation as a patient to the dispensary for the diseases of the eye and ear, in Charter-house-square. The natural goodness and suavity of Mr. Saunders's disposition, induced him to pay every attention to Cooke, who passed himself upon him as a reduced tradesman, who had seen better days; but finding this old man would not be satisfied, without engrossing a great deal more of his time than he could spare, he was at last induced to

make some inquiry concerning his patient; and learning who he was, he read him a very serious lecture on the meanness and impropriety of his conduct, in thus obtaining gratuitously, that which was only intended for the necessitous; and acquainted him, that if he expected his future services, he must give a fee, as was usual with other gentlemen. "Very well," said Cooke, "I am willing to pay any thing in reason; but mark this, I expect to be cured first; for I always go upon the maxim of *no cure no pay*." Mr. Saunders rang the bell, desired the servant to call in the next patient in rotation, and politely wishing Cooke a good morning, desired the servant to "open the street door for the gentleman."

Another time, he became so excessively troublesome to a physician, to whom he had paid about four or five half-guineas, that the doctor at last told him, he had tried every remedy, and exerted all his skill, and could render him no farther service. "Then give me back my money, sir," said Cooke: "Why did you rob me of my money, unless you meant to cure me?" The doctor, whose chariot was waiting at the door for him, left the old man to vent his spleen in the study, to the no small diversion of the servants, and gave orders that he never should be admitted again.

He once rang up the domestics of a medical gentleman at Islington, at four o'clock in a winter's morning. On being asked his pleasure? he answered, "my *pleasure* is to see your master, for I am in *pain*." "Sir, my master has been out at a labour all night, very much fatigued; he is not well, and has not been in bed above half an hour." "Don't tell me about his labours and his being unwell; doctors must get up at all hours, well or ill. Tell him he must come down. I do not come as a pauper; I can pay for what I have." The servant went to tell his master; who sent his compliments to the gentleman, that he really was very ill, but that his assistant, a regularly bred and skilful young man, was

then putting on his clothes to wait on him, and would, he was sure, supply his place, to the satisfaction of the patient. "Then," said Cooke, "he may *put off* his clothes again, and go to bed; I will have no assistant; I will see none but the master; I have plenty of money in my pocket, and am willing to pay for what I have." At length the master came, and Cooke, in his usual way, kept him three quarters of an hour, giving a detail of his complaints. The doctor said, he would make him up a small draught, that should relieve him in an instant. Being asked his charge, he said, only eighteen-pence. "Eighteen-pence!" exclaimed Cooke, "I never heard of such extortion in my life! Eighteen-pence? I thought you might have made me up something for twopence!" This said, he left the doctor to go to bed again.

Soon after he went to live in White-lion-street, he sent for a Mr. Pigeon, a surgeon, who lived on the opposite side of the street, to examine an ulcer on his leg, which gave him a little temporary alarm, he being of a very gross habit of body. After the gentleman had duly inspected it, Cooke asked him if he could cure it, "Certainly, sir," replied the surgeon. "How long do you think it will be before you can make a perfect cure of it?" "A month." "And how much must I give you?" Mr. Pigeon, who saw that the sore was not of any great importance, answered, "a guinea." "Very well," replied Cooke; "but mark this,—when I agree for sums of such magnitude, I go upon the system of *no cure no pay*; so if I am not cured at the expiration of the month, I pay you nothing." This was agreed to. After a diligent attendance for several days, the wound was so near being healed, that Cooke expressed himself satisfied, and would not let Pigeon see it any more. However, within two or three days of the month being expired, he got some sort of plaster from a farrier, and made a new ulcer on the place where the former had

been ; and sending for Pigeon on the last day of the month, showed him that his leg was not well, and that of course the guinea he had agreed for was *forfeited* ! This story, the old fellow used to tell himself with great satisfaction, and called it *plucking a pigeon*.

When Doctor Lettsom was in the practice of giving audience at his own house to patients, seldom a week passed, during the space of many years, without the attendance of Cooke, not in the character of the rest of the patients, who usually applied for advice, but in that of a *pauper*. After many years, long availing himself of the doctor's liberal disposition, in thus obtaining advice gratuitously, and scarcely ever going away from him, without requesting a draught of the doctor's "excellent table-beer, after his fatigue of coming from Pentonville," he opened his heart one day, and presented the butler with the sum of—a *shilling* ! On these occasions of procuring medical advice, he was often intrusive and troublesome, by attempting to force his way to an immediate access to the doctor, in precedence of others, who had been longer waiting, and who of course had a right to admittance in succession. The butler once interfering, to prevent this intrusion, Cooke, with no little heat of temper, upbraided him with his ingratitude : "Why, you ungrateful rogue? did not I give you a shilling?" The servant very coolly answered, "Yes, sir, I remember about nine months ago, you *did* give me a shilling, and here it is for you again," presenting it to him. Cooke instantly becoming more placid, pocketed the shilling, observing that it would be of use in buying something for him in his way home.

In order to evince his gratitude, as he said, he told Dr. Lettsom, that he would make an ample donation to any public charity which he should recommend ; after the doctor had taken pains to explain to him the objects of different charitable institutions, he fixed upon the "Humane Society, for the recovery of the apparently

dead," intimating at the same time the amplitude of his fortune ; and confirming it, by bringing a will in his pocket, which he submitted to the doctor's inspection. About three months before his decease, he confidentially assured Dr. Lettsom, that besides the ample provision he had made for his numerous relations, friends, and his two maid servants, and still more ample bequests to alms-houses, he was in possession of a surplus of *forty thousand pounds*, unappropriated ; and desired the doctor to specify such hospitals and dispensaries, as he deemed most in want of funds for their support, with an accurate account of the state of their finances, that this forty thousand pounds might be appropriated in proportion to their wants, and general utility. The doctor immediately set about procuring the necessary information, which after having obtained, with no small pains and trouble, he sent to Cooke ; but these objects of his profound munificence were never noticed in the *real* will : and the disappointment could not but be felt by many of the friends of those public charities, to which his attention had been recommended, whose expectations were raised by fallacious promises, never intended to be realized. Of all the institutions which the doctor had pointed out to him as deserving his support, the Humane Society alone was remembered ; but the ample donation of five hundred pounds, set down in the will that he showed to Dr. Lettsom, turned out to be, in his last will, a paltry bequest of fifty pounds ; and to the doctor himself, for the many years plague and trouble he had with him, a plain gold ring !

Although Cooke was so very desirous of obtaining gratuitous advice, and cheap physic for himself, he would not allow either of his females to be sick or ailing, or any medical or surgical relief to be afforded them when required. His housekeeper, Mrs. Strudwick, having a very bad ulcer on her leg, which disabled her from walking, ventured to ask the advice of a medical friend.

Unfortunately, it was in the presence of her master, who swore there was nothing the matter with her but laziness, and would not permit the leg even to be looked at. As the woman was in great pain, the gentleman was obliged to make his visits early in the morning, before Cooke's time of rising; or else in those hours, when it was known that the old gentleman was gone to the Bank, to buy in stock.

After the death of Mr. Ramsbottom, of Goswell-house, the gentleman whom Cooke used to employ in the constant alterations of his wills, (and to make a new one, when he wanted to gain some particular point,) the task was transferred to Mr. Jackson, of Bridgewater-square, whom Cooke had named one of his executors. To this gentleman he was an incessant torment; but, even from him, he took great care to keep one clause in his *real* will a secret, wherein he left Mr. Jackson only *one* hundred pounds, while each of his other executors were to have *two*. Mr. Jackson, however, by accident, got sight of this clause, and on his inquiring of Cooke the reason of this difference, the old man gave him the following answer: "Why, sir, you are some years older than any of my other executors; therefore it is probable that you will die before them; now, sir, it would be very wrong, that they, who would have to do the whole of the work after you were dead, should not have more than you, and therefore you must be content with one hundred pounds." "If that be your opinion," said Mr. Jackson, "strike my name out of your will entirely, for I will have nothing more to do with you." Cooke having thus lost this gentleman as his executor, after making inquiry for a fit person to place in his room, substituted the name of Mr. William Day, of Gracechurch-street, in the next codicil.

Mr. Cooke was not altogether unmindful of his religious duties. Until within a very few years of his death he was a constant attendant at Divine Service on

Sundays, and seldom missed attending the Sacrament. Some short time before his death, one of his executors observed to him, that he had omitted to remember his two servants in his will; the one who had faithfully served him as his housekeeper and nurse for upwards of ten years; the other, who used to lead him about the streets, particularly to the Exchange-pump to regale himself, and who was also a good nurse to him during the time she lived with him; but Cooke answered: "Let them be paid their wages to the day of my death—nothing more." On the gentleman's remonstrating on the very great injustice it would be, not to leave them something, all he could obtain, was twenty-five pounds for one, and ten pounds for the other; and even from that twenty-five, after his friend had left the room, he took the will, and struck out the word *five*!

In 1811, he took to his bed, and he sent for several medical men, in the hope of obtaining some relief, but all knew him so well that not one would attend, except Mr. Aldridge, who resided in White-lion-street. Cooke permitted this gentleman to send some medicine. On his last visit, the old man very earnestly entreated him to say candidly, how long he thought he might live. Mr. Aldridge answered, that he *might* last six days. Cooke, collecting as much of his exhausted strength as he could, raised himself in bed, and darting a look of the keenest indignation at the surgeon, exclaimed, "and are you not a dishonest man? a rogue! a robber! to serve me so?"—"How, sir?" asked Mr. Aldridge, with surprise. "Why, sir, you are no better than a pick-pocket, to rob me of my gold, by sending two draughts a-day to a man, that all your physie will not keep alive above six days! Get out of my house, and never come near me again." During the last days of his existence, he was extremely weak; and employed his few remaining hours in arranging matters with his executors. He died August 26, 1811. The funeral which his executors

gave him, was probably more decent than the old gentleman intended it to have been.

Thus lived, and thus died, unpitied and unlamented, in the 86th year of his age, and possessed of a property of *one hundred and twenty-seven thousand, two hundred and five pounds, three per cent. consolidated Bank annuities*; a man, whose life was checquered with as few good actions as ever fell to the share of any person who lived to so advanced an age.

MARY ANNE TALBOT.

THE adventures of this extraordinary woman, who was better known by the name of John Taylor, will not fail to recal to the mind of the reader, the well-known ballad of Billy Taylor, whose gentle, but heroic, fair one followed him to sea; where

“She all bedaub’d her hands and face, sir,
With their nasty pitch and tar.”

We must premise, however, the narrative which we are about to present, as we have nothing of originality to offer; its substance being taken from a far more extended account of Mary Anne Talbot, said to be written by herself.

According to the account here mentioned, she was the youngest of sixteen natural children, whom her mother, who died in child-birth of twins, had by the late Earl Talbot. Of her mother’s name, or family, nothing is known. She is understood to have been born in London, on the 2nd of February, 1778, in the house, since occupied in part by Mr. Gosling, the banker, in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. This information she derived from an elder sister. For the first five years of her life, she was kept at nurse, at a little village about twelve miles

from Shrewsbury. She was then removed by the orders, as she supposes, of some friends of Lord Talbot's (that nobleman being then dead) to Mrs. Tapley's boarding school, in Foregate-street, Chester; where she was educated, during the period of nine years, under the eye of her only surviving sister, already alluded to, who was the wife of a Mr. Wilson, of Trevalyn, in Denbighshire. Mary Anne regarded this sister as her parent, till she was about nine years old; when the latter one day informed her of the contrary, and showed her a miniature of her deceased mother. This portrait made such an impression on her mind, that its features were never erased from her memory.

Mrs. Wilson, her sister, informed her, that, previously to her marriage, she was known as the Hon. Miss Dyer, the name of the family in which she had been brought up, and possessed a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, besides an income of fifteen hundred pounds a year. Mary Anne did not long enjoy the protection of her sister, who, unfortunately, died in child-birth, in the prime of life. Within three months after her decease, a Mr. Sucker, of Newport, in Shropshire, assumed the authority of a guardian over Mary Anne, took her from school, and placed her in his own family, where he treated her with great severity, and inspired her with an absolute dread of his person. This she afterwards construed into a premeditated plan, that she might throw herself in the way of some person who would take her off his hands. We are at a loss to conjecture the motive for this conduct; but certainly it must have been a bad one.—In a short time, Mr. Sucker introduced her to a Captain Essex Bowen, of the 82d regiment of foot; whom he directed her to consider as her future guardian, appointed to superintend her education abroad. This gentleman, who professed an inviolable attachment to her family, escorted her to London, early in the year 1792. A youthful mind, like hers, was naturally de-

lighted with a prospect of such a journey, and of arriving at such a metropolis. Captain Bowen conveyed her to the Salopian Coffee-house, Charing-cross, to the landlady of which he introduced her as his charge. He was not long before he effected the seduction of this infantine unfortunate; after which he threw off the mask of tenderness, and evinced manners of the most ruffian stamp. Without a friend to consult, or from whom to seek relief, it cannot be thought surprising that she should become the passive instrument of his will.

In consequence of an order from his regiment, this son of Mars now found himself compelled to embark for St. Domingo; but, determined on taking with him his young *protégée*, he compelled her to assume the attire of a foot-boy, remarking, that her figure was well adapted to such an office. Aware of his peremptory disposition, in a paroxysm of phrensy and despair, she yielded to the base proposal, and assumed the name of John Taylor. She accordingly sailed from Falmouth, for the West Indies, in the Crown transport, Captain Bishop, on the 20th of March, 1792. Never, from the time that she went on board, did Captain Bowen suffer her to eat with him, but compelled her to live and mess with the ship's company. During their passage out, they suffered great distress of weather; the pumps were kept constantly at work; their guns, water, and part of their provisions, were obliged to be thrown overboard; the crew were on the short allowance of a biscuit per day each; for eight days they were wholly without water, excepting what they caught in their watch-coats, &c. from the heavens; but though poor Mary Anne participated in all these hardships, she cautiously concealed her sex! Her health became visibly impaired; but after her arrival at Port-au-Prince, she soon recovered.

Her stay, however, at St. Domingo, was but short, Captain Bowen's regiment being immediately remanded to Europe, to join the troops on the continent, under the

command of the Duke of York. Under the threat of sending her up the country, and disposing of her as a slave, her *protector* now compelled her to enrol herself in the regiment, as a drummer; in which capacity she re-embarked and accompanied him to the coast of Flanders. Previously to her arrival at head-quarters, she was given to understand that she must be the drudge and foot-boy of Captain Bowen, as before, whenever the performance of her duty, as a drummer, would permit. Her feelings were dreadfully galled; but no opening yet presented itself for relief.

Subjected to all the alarms, and terrors, and hardships of a campaign; compelled, during the frequent skirmishes which took place, to keep a constant roll upon the drum, to drown the heart-piercing cries of the wounded and of the dying, whilst her comrades were falling around her, the feeling mind may picture her sufferings, but no pen can adequately describe them. Towards the end of the siege of Valenciennes, on the very day that the Hon. Mr. Tolamache was killed, this unfortunate woman received two wounds: one from a musket ball, which glancing between her breast and collar-bone, struck her rib; the other, on the small of her back, from an accidental stroke of an Austrian trooper's broad-sword. From the dread of her sex being discovered, she carefully concealed her wounds, the cure of which she at length effected by the assistance of a little basilicon, lint, and Dutch drops.

In the attack upon the town, her tyrant was killed; but, notwithstanding the brutality with which he had treated her, she could scarcely suppress the sudden emotion which she experienced on the intelligence, or check the tear which started for his fate. She, however, searched for, and found his body; by which means she obtained the key of his desk, where she found several letters relating to herself. They were part of a correspondence between Captain Bowen and Mr. Sucker.

These she carefully preserved by sewing them up under the shoulder-straps of her shirt.

Though relieved from her cruel oppressor, Mary Anne's situation was yet truly distressing. She was in a strange country, without a friend, labouring under excruciating pain, and her wounds so situated, that she could not reveal them without discovering her sex. In this dilemma, she determined to quit the regiment, and endeavour to return to England; to which resolution she was prompted, in part, by having discovered, from Mr. Sucker's letters to Captain Bowen, that she had been grossly imposed on, in pecuniary concerns, money having been remitted for her which she never had received. She accordingly threw off her drummer's dress, assumed that of a sailor-boy, which she had reserved, and at length, by a circuitous route, avoiding towns and populous places, she reached Luxembourg. That town being in the possession of the French, she was not permitted to proceed any farther. From necessity, she here engaged with the commander of a French lugger, which she took for a trader, but soon found to be a privateer. This was in September, 1793. She was here subjected to the severest drudgery of the vessel. The Frenchman cruised about for four months, but without success, till at last he fell in with the British fleet, then in the Channel, under the command of Lord Howe. Mary Anne, with a spirit of patriotism, which does her great credit, obstinately persisted in refusing to fight against her countrymen, though severely beaten by the French captain. After a slight resistance, the lugger yielded; and Le Sage (the captain) and his crew, were carried on board the Queen Charlotte, to be examined by Lord Howe. Being questioned by his lordship, she stated, that being without friends in England, she had accompanied a gentleman to the continent in the capacity of a foot-boy: on the death of her master, she had, in the utmost distress, reached Luxembourg, under the hope of obtain-

ing a passage home; but, finding that impossible, she had been forced to enter into Le Sage's vessel, having experienced, from the inhabitants of the place, no attention to her distress; chiefly, as she supposed, from being English. Her determination, she added, from the moment that she engaged with the Frenchman, was to desert on the first opportunity that appeared favourable to her design, of getting to England; but, had she known that Le Sage's intentions had been hostile towards her countrymen, she would rather have perished than entered his ship.

Fortunately for our heroine, his lordship's inquiries were not too minute: she obtained a favourable dismissal, and was afterwards stationed on board the Brunswick, commanded by the late Captain Harvey, to whose memory a monument has since been erected in Westminster Abbey. Her post in the Brunswick was that of powder monkey, on the quarter-deck. She had not been long on board before her cleanliness, and general manners, attracted the notice of Captain Harvey, who questioned her respecting her friends, and whether she had not clandestinely quitted school, to try the sea. Finding, by her answers, that she was not altogether what she appeared, Captain Harvey most generously solicited her confidence, and proffered his services in her behalf. She related to him such of her adventures as were consistent with the concealment of her sex: he seemed much concerned, and appointed her to serve as principal *cabin-boy*.

In the spirited action, to which the gallant Captain Harvey owed his death, Mary Anne was very actively engaged. Just before the coming up of the Ramilies, she received a severe wound above the ankle of her left leg, by a grape-shot, which struck on the aftermost brace of the gun, and rebounding on the deck, lodged in her leg. Three times she attempted to rise, but without effect; and, in the last effort, the shattered bone

penetrated the skin, so as wholly to incapacitate her for standing, had she been able to rise. Subsequently to this, a musket-ball perforated her thigh, a little above the knee of the same leg. She lay in this crippled state till the action was over, when she was conveyed to the cock-pit; but, though subjected to the most excruciating pain, the grape-shot could not be extracted, through fear of injuring the tendons, amongst which it lay. On the arrival of the Brunswick at Spithead, Mary Anne was conveyed to Haslar Hospital; from which, after four months' attendance as an out-patient, having experienced a partial cure, she was discharged. During the period here alluded to, she derived her support from money which she had previously received from her benefactor, Captain Harvey.

Soon after her discharge from the hospital, she entered on board the Vesuvius, commanded by Captain Tomlinson. In this ship, which belonged to Sir Sydney Smith's squadron, she sailed from Spithead, cruised for some time off the French coast, and went to Gibraltar and back, without meeting with any occurrence deserving of notice. Off Dunkirk, however, the Vesuvius fell in with a couple of privateers; and being of inferior force, she was boarded and captured, after having maintained a running fight for seven hours. Mary Anne states, that she served as a midshipman, on board the Vesuvius, though she received only the pay of a common man; and that she, and another young midshipman, named William Richards, were taken on board one of the privateers; whilst the rest of the crew of the Vesuvius were conveyed on board of the other. Having been deprived of their dirks, Mary Anne and her companion were taken to Dunkirk, and confined in the prison—formerly, we presume, the convents of the Nuns of St. Clair—in Church-street. There she was incarcerated for eighteen months, endured a severe illness, and was treated with much cruelty. In the earlier part of

her confinement, she projected a plan for escape, in conjunction with Richards. Their intention was to leap from the top of the prison, but being detected, they were afterwards confined in separate dungeons; where, Mary Anne declares, it was so dark, that, for eleven weeks, she never saw day-light; her only allowance all that time, being bred and water, lowered down to her by a cord. Her bed was nothing but a little straw, which was never changed. Once she was so ill, for two days, as to be incapable of quitting her miserable pallet, and her wretched pittance of bread and water was drawn up untouched. Nature, however, performed the part of a skilful physician; and, when she recovered, her sorry fare was devoured with more genuine *gout*, than the pampered appetite of an epicure enjoys over his daintiest dish.

Mary Anne's imprisonment was not wholly unserviceable. Among the prisoners was an ingenious German, who lessened the hardships and privations of his confinement, by the disposal of various trinkets which he manufactured, in a peculiar manner, from gold wire. By frequent and attentive observation, Mary Anne acquired the art, which she turned to some account after her arrival in England. If her statement be correct, the chains of the bracelets which her majesty wore in the royal procession to St. Paul's, in commemoration of our great naval victories, were made by her, whilst she worked with a jeweller, of the name of Loyer, in Denmark-street, by order of Messrs. Gray and Constable.

An exchange of prisoners at length took place, above five weeks after her recovery, and Mary Anne obtained her liberty; but, from the time of attempting to escape, she did not see her friend Richards till she met him by chance in London.

From certain physical causes, into an explanation of which it is here unnecessary to enter, the first obtrusion of light always produces a distressing sensation in the

eyes of persons, who have been confined, for any considerable length of time, in darkness. Mary Anne experienced this sensation in a very painful degree; particularly as she was altogether in a very weak state, and as the surrounding country exhibited a chalky appearance. The reflection of light, from a white surface, is far more powerful than from a superficies of any colour whatsoever; a circumstance to which, in a great measure, may be ascribed that dreadful disorder the ophthalmia. The sun's rays are reflected, with accumulated brilliancy and heat, from the white and burning sands of Egypt.

Mary Anne intended to return immediately to England, but chance gave her adventures another direction. Whilst passing through Church-street, she overheard a gentleman inquiring for a lad, who might be willing to go to America, in the capacity of ship's steward, and immediately tendered her services. The person proved to be a Captain Field, of the *Ariel*, an American merchantman. A bargain was struck, and it was agreed that she should have fifty pounds, beside what she could make, for the passage from Dunkirk to New York, and thence to England, part of the money to be advanced to fit her out. She accordingly sailed for New York, in August, 1796. Whilst in America, she resided chiefly on shore, with Captain Field's family, at Rhode Island. Whether the American fair ones have any peculiarity of taste in their love affairs we know not; but Mary Anne, who seems to have been a great favourite with all the family, actually made a conquest of the captain's niece! Nor was this an attachment to be easily broken off. The young lady—the *American* young lady—went so far as to propose marriage; and, to the last hour of her beloved's residence at Rhode Island, did she indefatigably endeavour to accomplish her object. Previously to her departure, Mary Anne was under the necessity of pre-

senting her portrait to her *mistress* ; for which she sat in the full uniform of an American officer, and paid the sum of eighteen dollars.

Mary Anne had not proceeded more than two miles from Rhode Island, towards the ship, to sail for England, when she was overtaken by a servant, informing Captain Field and herself, that her *enamored* was in strong fits. Humanity of course compelled their return, and they found the young lady in the state described. With great difficulty she was recovered ; and our heroine, who certainly supported the male character with considerable address, soothed her with the promise of speedily returning from England, and then took her final departure ; leaving the love-sick fair “to sigh alone, and think on what was past.”

After a favourable passage, the *Ariel* arrived in the Thames, in the month of November, 1796. Captain Field intended to remain in England no longer than was necessary to discharge his cargo, and obtain a fresh one ; and as he had behaved with great kindness towards Mary Anne, she determined to proceed with him, on a trading voyage, up the Mediterranean. Another inducement to this determination was, that he had frequently intimated his intention of retiring, and of resigning the command of the ship to her, in the course of another voyage or two.

A fresh adventure now presented itself, which afforded additional proof that Mary Anne was by no means deficient in courage. Captain Field having engaged a couple of fresh hands, his *Steward* took their descriptions, &c. in the cabin, whilst some loose cash and bank notes were lying on the desk. The money did not escape notice. In the middle of the night a crash was heard at the upper cabin door, as though it had been forced. Alarmed at the instant, our heroine sought for the tinder-box ; instead of which her hands alighted on a brace of pistols : unfortunately they were not loaded.

A more violent attempt was now made, at the inner door, when, recollecting the situation of a sword, she seized it, and at the instant when the door gave way, by a third effort, she made a thrust. Neither groan nor noise was heard : the intruder retired in silence. From the difficulty she had found in drawing the sword back, Mary Anne was convinced that it must have wounded deeply. Having found the tinder-box, she obtained a light, made the door secure, and sat up till morning. One of the new hands was then found to be in bed, being unwell, as he said, from an accident which he had met with, the evening before, in getting into his birth. When Captain Field came on board, the man was examined, and was found to have received such a wound in the thigh as sufficiently revealed the nature of his accident. Being in a dangerous state, he was sent to St. Thomas's Hospital ; and, as the ship sailed before he was cured, he escaped prosecution.

Some days after this she went on shore accompanied by the mate, both of them in sailors' clothes, for the sake of amusement. Just as they were about to land at St. Catherine's Stairs, they were assailed by a press-gang ; and, as Mary Anne was somewhat obstreperous, she was tumbled out of the boat, and received a wound on the head from a cutlass. They were afterwards taken on board the tender, whence the mate, having his protection in his pocket, soon obtained his liberation. Our heroine was less fortunate : she had left hers in the ship ; and, as the mate was violently attached to Captain Field's niece, he informed the regulating officer, that his companion was an Englishman ; thus thinking to rid himself of a dangerous rival. Mary Anne received her liberty only by the disclosure of her sex. After this event, she sent for her friend Captain Field, to whom also she imparted her secret. He was anxious for her to continue her disguise, and return with him to America, but that she declined.

We have now arrived at what may be considered as an epoch in the life of our heroine. From the period here alluded to, her adventures have been confined to *terra firma*; and we may perhaps find it expedient to relate the remainder of them, with more brevity than we have hitherto adopted.

Finding herself at leisure, after her discharge from the tender, she made numerous applications to the Navy Pay-office, Somerset-house, for money due to her for service on board the Brunswick and the Vesuvius; but, meeting with repeated disappointments, her language was one day somewhat idecorous, and she was conveyed to Bow-street. There she underwent a long examination, but was at length dismissed; and several gentlemen, commiserating her sufferings, entered into a subscription, from which she received twelve shillings a week, till she got her money from the Navy-office, in the name of John Taylor. By the recommendation of some of the gentlemen, who thus interested themselves in her behalf, she was placed in a lodging, the keeper of which was strictly enjoined to break her, if possible, of her masculine habit. This, however, would have been a task not easily to be accomplished; as will be evident from the following facts.

Whilst living on the money which she received, as wages, from the American captain, she used to frequent the theatres, and certain well-known houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where she was soon known as a *bon companion*. Thus she became acquainted with Haines, the notorious highwayman, who at a subsequent period, atoned for his crimes, by swinging in chains upon Hounslow Heath. Ignorant of his profession, she one evening, in a fit of low spirits, mentioned the shortness of her cash; when Haines, clapping her on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Damn it, my fine fellow, I'll put you up to the best way in the world to get the

supply you stand in need of." Leaving the house together, he proposed an *excursion upon the road*, and actually furnished her with money to equip herself on the occasion, her sailor's habit not being thought adapted to the purpose. She accordingly bought a pair of buckskin breeches, and boots, and met Haines, with six others, at a place appointed, on the following evening. There she also received a brace of pistols; but, when every thing was ready for their departure, thoughts of danger, dishonour, &c. flashed across her mind, and she prudently declined the enterprise.

This adventure inspired her with serious ideas of seeking employment, and led her to apply to Mr. Loyer, the jeweller, whom we have already mentioned. She remained with him some time; but, not receiving pay equal to what she thought herself entitled to, she left his employ. Whilst with him, however, she became a member of a lodge of Odd Fellows, at the Harlequin in Drury-lane; and was probably the only female belonging to that society. At the time of admission, her sex, of course, was unknown.

Mary Anne did not continue long in the lodging which had been provided for her. She considered her landlady as ungrateful, for representing her as unbecomingly inclined to masculine propensities, such as smoking, drinking of grog, &c.; though she protests that she never took any of the latter without inviting the ingrate to participate, and that she was never backward in taking a good allowance.

In the month of February, 1797, the grape-shot, which had remained in her leg from June 1794, worked out of itself. This she attributed to her too free use of spirituous liquors. Her leg being in a very bad state, she obtained admission into St. Bartholomew's Hospital; whence, after having several pieces of shattered bone extracted, she was discharged. The cure, however, was

not complete : she was afterwards in different hospitals, and under the care of several medical men, but without receiving permanent relief.

The subject of this sketch had at one time acquired so much notoriety, that a female mendicant adventurer, of five feet ten inches high, attempted to pass herself off, in a light horseman's dress, as the John Taylor, who had fought in the Brunswick. Suspected of being an impostor, she was taken before Justice Bond, at Bow-street. Mary Anne was then in the Middlesex Hospital; but, on being sent for, attended, to confront her double. When the *real Simon Pure* appeared, the woman soon confessed the imposition, and was sent to the House of Correction.

On returning from this business, Mary Anne had an accidental rencontre with a hair-dresser, who mistaking her for another person, to whom he owed a grudge, knocked her down, cut her head, and materially hurt her wounded leg by kicking her. For this unmanly act—for Mary Anne was then in female attire—*le friseur* was tried at the next quarter sessions, and sentenced to pay ten pounds, as a compensation for the injury inflicted.

In 1799, Mary Anne was a second time an inmate of the Middlesex Hospital, whence she escaped without the loss of a limb, by a very remarkable circumstance. Previously to her going in, she had taken the charge of a little motherless boy, about three years old. The child, during her confinement in the hospital, was under the care of two young ladies. Unfortunately, they took the infant to dine with them, on board of a West Indiaman in the river; and, through want of attention, he fell over and was drowned; at least, so the case was represented. At the moment when Mary Anne received this distressing intelligence, her leg had been ordered for amputation, and was in a state preparatory for that operation. Frantic at the loss, and regardless of the consequences to herself, she removed the screw bandage

from her leg, and walked to Hermitage Stairs, off which the child was understood to have been drowned, without experiencing the slightest pain or impediment in her progress. The body of the child, however, was never found; and Mary Anne had some reason for thinking, that, instead of having been drowned, he had been carried off.

About a fortnight after this event, her leg became as bad as ever, and she obtained admission into the Marylebone Infirmary, where she obtained considerable relief.

Amidst her sufferings, Mary Anne had the consolation of enjoying a pension of twenty pounds a year from her majesty; and, at different times, she received handsome presents from several noble personages, amongst whom were the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Norfolk, &c. Once, at Buckingham House, after having petitioned the Duke of York, she had the honour of kissing her Majesty's hand in private.

It is now requisite to state, that, in consequence of the recommendation of Justice Bond, Messrs. Winter and Hay, of Long-acre, wrote several times to Mr. Wilson, of Trevallyn, to procure some particulars relative to the birth and expectations of Mary Anne, but without receiving any answer. She therefore determined on a personal application to Mr. Sucker. She accordingly went to Shrewsbury, in the mail, and proceeded thence to Mr. Sucker's residence, at Newport, in a return chaise. She declined mentioning her name, but sent in word, by the servant, that a lady wished to speak with him. This effort failing of success, she returned to Shrewsbury, procured an ensign's uniform, hired a horse, rode back to Mr. Sucker's, and sent in a message, that a gentleman, knowing the late Captain Bowen, had something to communicate. She now obtained an audience; and, on inquiring of Mr. Sucker, if he knew Miss Talbot, or could give any information concerning her, she received for answer, that he had known her well, and

that she died abroad in 1793. He had letters, he said, in his possession, which informed him of that fact. By a certain mark upon her forehead Mary Anne instantly proved the falsehood of his assertion, identified herself as Miss Talbot, drew her sword, and declared that he was her prisoner, and should account to her, for what she supposed he had defrauded her of. He appeared surprised and confounded, repeatedly exclaimed that he was a ruined man, and, trembling, abruptly left the room.

Mary Anne now went to Shrewsbury, intending to consult a lawyer on the business; but not meeting with one, she returned to Mr. Sucker's, with the intention, if possible, of getting some information respecting her family, &c. She learned, however, that her *ci-devant* guardian had suddenly left his house; and in less than three days after he was found dead in his bed, without having evinced any previous symptoms of illness, at a place a little distance from Newport.

Much distressed at her disappointment, Mary Anne would have proceeded to Mr. Wilson's, at Trevallyn, but was incapacitated for want of money: she therefore returned spiritless to London.

At a loss for an eligible mode of employment, she, at one time, turned her attention to theatricals, and became a member of the Thespian Society, in Tottenham-court-road. At such theatrical *seminaries*, it is customary for the embryo performers to assume such characters as happen to hit their fancy, rather than to confine themselves to such parts as nature may have furnished them with the requisites for. Mary Anne, however, neither raved as Richard, nor sighed as Romeo; but figured away as Juliet, Floranthe, Irene, Adeline, Lady Helen, &c. sometimes favouring the audience with low comedy, in such parts as Mrs. Scout, and Jack Hawser. In the latter, it may be presumed, she was quite *au fait*. This pursuit, however, proved more pleasant than profitable, and Mary Anne was compelled to decline it.

This lady, in the course of her adventures, occasionally fell into very extraordinary scrapes. Once she was robbed of all her clothes, by a soldier's trull, who was afterwards transported; and, but for charity, she would not have had an article to wear. Another time, by the malice of her landlady's sister, she was summoned before the commissioners of the Stamp-office, for wearing hair-powder without a licence. On this occasion, she *wittily* defended herself, by stating, that though she had never worn powder as an article of dress, she had frequently used it in defence of her king and country. The consequence was, that a handsome collection was made for her in the office. An order was one day left at her lodgings, purporting to be signed by Colonel Fisher, who was represented to have interested himself greatly in her behalf, for nine guineas, on the house of Cox and Co.; but, on inquiry, it was treated by Colonel Fisher as a forgery, by which Mary Anne had nearly been involved in very unpleasant circumstances.

Some time after this, she was arrested at the suit of her landlady, for upwards of eleven pounds, and thrown into Newgate, whence she was liberated by the society for the relief of persons confined for small debts; the plaintiff consenting to take five pounds, though she had previously refused six guineas, for her demand. Before the period of her emancipation, however, Mary Anne had nearly been *turned out* of Newgate. At one of the evening *convivial* meetings, which are holden in that abode of jollity and misery, having equipped herself in male attire, she officiated as president of a club; and, after a regale of singing, smoking, and drinking, when the hour of separation arrived, she was conducted into the lobby as a stranger. A remonstrance, however, on her part, set things to rights.

She had not long quitted Newgate, before she was plunged into fresh troubles. A person had become indebted to her, for washing, mending, &c. and for money



Engraved by R. Cooper.

RENWICK WILLIAMS.

Commonly called The Monster

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lent, which she had pledged her clothes to procure, to the amount of thirty-eight pounds. She believed him to be a man of property, but he did not pay her, and she was compelled to arrest him. About the same time, being in great distress, her trunk, containing all her letters and papers, with some needle-work which she had in hand, was stopped for a week's rent; a circumstance which enabled her debtor to enter a *non pros* to her action, from her inability of producing the papers requisite to prove the debt. Whether she ever renewed the process, or obtained the money, we know not. She arrested her landlord, in an action of trover, for the property detained; but, owing to some error in the proceedings, her suit, for that time, failed.

On taking a survey of the numerous incidents in the life of this female, it will be admitted, that few have experienced a succession of such unusual adventures. That she was deficient in that firmness and rectitude of mind, which shield their possessors from error, as well as from crime, must we think also be admitted. From her early misfortune, she was ever an object of pity; but, whilst we commiserate her sufferings, and extol her intrepidity, let us be careful of setting her up as an object of admiration, or as a model for the youthful mind to emulate. She must be regarded, rather as a beacon, to warn from danger, than as a friendly light, to lead to safety.

RENWICK WILLIAMS.

THIS "man of dark imaginings," commonly known by the name of the Monster, was the son of an apothecary in Broad-street, Carnaby-market. He lived a few years with a Mr. Gallini, as clerk; and then commenced the business of Artificial Flower Maker. His unnatural

and unaccountable propensities in maliciously cutting and stabbing females, wherever he found them unprotected, soon made him a terror to the metropolis: his behaviour was so revolting to the feelings, and carried with it such hellish appetite and dreadful consequences, that the horror he spread, it is impossible to describe. Indeed it was proposed, that public associations should be formed, in order the more effectually to apprehend him, and bring him to punishment. He carried on his diabolical purposes for nearly a year, notwithstanding every exertion was made to detect him. On the 5th of May, 1789, he stabbed Elizabeth Davis in the hip; then he assaulted in the same manner Miss Foster, as she was coming from the play. On January 18, 1790, he stabbed Miss Ann Porter, as she was coming from the Queen's Palace; upon which he was publicly advertised. He was described as a dark looking man, five feet seven inches high, long nose and face; generally wearing a cocked hat; his hair dressed; and his appearance altogether genteel. It was supposed he had accomplices, as from the many assaults that had been cruelly committed, most people imagined it impossible one person could have inflicted them; but we hope in charity he had no accomplice; that he was a character that stood alone and aloof from the rest of his species.

At length, by the perseverance of Mr. Coltman (an acquaintance of Miss Porter's), he was apprehended on Sunday, June 13, 1790; and the next day was brought up for examination; when many females appeared to identify him, some of whom who had been wounded could not swear to his person; but the two Miss Porters, two Miss Baughams, Miss Anne Frost, Miss Anne West, and Elizabeth Davies, spoke positively as to his being the perpetrator; whereupon he was committed to Newgate to take his trial. So great was the detestation in which he was held, that it was with the greatest difficulty the peace officers could prevent him falling a prey to the indignation of the people.

He was indicted under the Act of 6th Geo. II. sec. 11. for felony; and it was a fortunate circumstance for him, that the present act of parliament relative to cutting and maiming was not then in force; for if it had, the affair most probably would have ended tragically to Williams.

His trial commenced on Thursday, July 8, 1790, at the Sessions House, Old Bailey. He was arraigned upon seven indictments for cutting and maiming several females. He was tried first on the indictment of Miss Porter; who deposed, that on her coming through St. James's Park, on the 18th of January, 1790, she met Williams, who followed her till she arrived at her father's house in St. James's-street, when as she was ascending the steps, she received a violent cut on the right hip; the blow was so great that she was stunned. This was corroborated by her sisters; and a Mr. Tomkins, surgeon, deposed, that the cut Miss Porter received, was nine or ten inches long, and about three inches, deep.

The prisoner being called upon for his defence, begged the indulgence of the court, in supplying the deficiency of his memory, upon what he wished to state, from a written paper. He accordingly read as follows:

"He stood an object equally demanding the attention and compassion of the court. That, conscious of his innocence, he was ready to admit the justice of whatever sufferings he had hitherto undergone arising from suspicion. He had the greatest confidence in the justice and liberality of an English jury, and hoped they would not suffer his fate to be decided by the popular prejudice raised against him. The hope of proving his innocence had hitherto sustained him.

"He professed himself the warm friend and admirer of that sex whose cause was now asserted; and concluded with solemnly declaring that the whole prosecution was founded on a dreadful mistake, which, he had no doubt, but that the evidence he was about to call, would clear up, to the satisfaction of the court."

Several witnesses came, who stated, that Williams was at work the whole of the evening of the 18th of

January ; they also gave the prisoner the character of a quiet harmless creature.

Judge Buller then charged the jury, who immediately returned a verdict of guilty.

He was next tried on two indictments for assaulting Elizabeth Davies and Elizabeth Baugham ; and found guilty. He was then sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate for the assault on Miss Porter, two years for Elizabeth Davies, and two years for Miss Baugham ; and to find sureties, himself in 200*l.* and two in 100*l.* each.

As we cannot find any further notice of this man, we suppose his sentence entirely eradicated those diabolical propensities which so degraded the name of Renwick Williams. What time he paid the debt of nature is therefore uncertain.

JOHN HOWARD.

TO sooth affliction, to diffuse comfort even through the mansions of despair, and provide remedies for the miseries of our fellow-creatures, are acts highly honourable to man, and worthy his nature. But how few of those who are endowed with the means ever think of exercising the power. Still fewer are there who seek for opportunities to promote the welfare of society ; and scarce any who will hazard danger without the immediate prospect of reward. Different, however, was the character of the celebrated philanthropist, whose life we are now recording.

John Howard, the only son of a carpet-warehouseman and upholsterer in London, was born about 1727, either at Enfield or at Hackney, where his father lived, after retiring from business, with a handsome fortune. His education was among the protestant dissenters, of

which sect his father was a member ; but more care appears to have been taken to secure his moral and religious principles, than to instruct him in religious jealousies and controversies. His mind was ever pregnant with Christian toleration. In 1756, he set out upon a tour to the continent. In this, his leading object was, to view the ruins of Lisbon, lately desolated by a dreadful earthquake. His intention was, however, prevented by the capture of the vessel in which he embarked, and his visit was paid to France in the capacity of a prisoner of war. The sufferings which he underwent, and was witness to, on this occasion, made an impression upon his mind that probably was a principal cause of the philanthropical exertions which afterwards employed so great a portion of his life. Their immediate effect was to induce him, upon his liberation, to lay the state of his fellow-sufferers before the commissioners of the sick and wounded seamen, who received his information with thanks. In 1758, he made a very suitable alliance with the eldest daughter of Mr. Sergeant Leeds, of Croxton, Cambridgeshire. He was then settled at his estate at Cardington, near Bedford ; but he soon after purchased a seat in the New Forest, Hampshire, where he resided three or four years. Returning to Cardington, he thenceforth made it the place of his fixed abode, and began to put in practice those schemes for the good of his poor neighbours and tenants, in which he ever took peculiar delight. He built upon his estate a number of very neat and comfortable cottages, to each of which he annexed a little ground for a garden. These he peopled with sober and industrious tenants, over whose welfare he watched with the vigilance of a parent. He established schools, where both sexes were gratuitously taught what would be most useful in their condition of life. He also distributed much in private charity to the indigent, and promoted various plans for public benefit, beyond his own immediate vicinity. His own family

was distinguished for order and regularity, and he was exemplary in attention to religious duties, without any of the bigotry of party. One of his principal amusements was horticulture, in which he excelled. He was also fond of philosophical experiments and observations, and communicated to the Royal Society, of which he was a member, some papers in this class. In 1765 his domestic happiness was irreparably injured by the death of his beloved wife, soon after she had borne her only child. The education of his son, and his usual benevolent occupations, continued to employ him till the year 1773, in which he served the office of high-sheriff for the county of Bedford. That conscientious regard to his duty by which he was always actuated, would not permit him to pass over slightly any of the functions of this office; and the superintendence of the prisons seemed to him one of the most important. Finding many abuses to prevail, which he did not know how to remedy, he determined to obtain all possible information on the subject. With this view he began by visiting most of the county gaols in England. On a second journey he extended his researches into town gaols and houses of correction: and so diligently did he pursue his object, that he was enabled, in March 1774, to lay before the House of Commons a large mass of information, for which he received their public thanks. It was principally upon the credit of his testimony, that two bills were passed during this session: one, "For the relief of acquitted prisoners in matter of fees;" the other, "For preserving the health of prisoners." These Mr. Howard procured to be printed in a large character and sent to every keeper of a county gaol throughout England.

He was now entered upon a new field of philanthropical exertion, in which he discerned that much good was to be done; and with that steady ardour of temper which always led him to carry to the utmost perfection every scheme which he adopted, he resolved to devote

his time and fortune to the improvement of this important part of civil polity. He accordingly, in 1775 and 1776, made two tours on the continent; and during their intervals travelled into Scotland and Ireland, and revisited all the counties of England, solely employed, in all these places, in collecting every particular relative to the management of prisons. The fruit of these elaborate researches was given to the public in 1777, in a quarto volume, entitled, "The State of the Prisons in England and Wales; with Preliminary Observations, and an Account of some foreign Prisons." It was dedicated to the House of Commons, and enriched with a number of illustrative plates. This expensive publication was in a manner presented by him to his country; for, besides a very liberal donation of copies to individuals, he insisted upon fixing so low a price upon those for sale that the purchaser received gratuitously at least the whole value of the plates. And this practice he followed in all his publications. As soon as it appeared, the world was astonished at the mass of valuable materials accumulated by a private unaided individual, through a course of prodigious labour, and at the constant hazard of life, in consequence of the infectious diseases prevalent in the scenes of his inquiries. The cool good sense and moderation of his narrative, contrasted with that enthusiastic ardour which must have impelled him to his undertaking, were not less admired; and he was immediately regarded as one of the extraordinary characters of the age, and the leader in all plans for meliorating the condition of that wretched part of the community for whom he interested himself. He had no object more at heart than the correction of their vices, which he thought might be effected by gentle but strict discipline, accompanied with that degree of personal comfort which was compatible with confinement; and to this end the greater part of his observations was directed.

The House of Commons having laudably seconded his

zeal by bringing in a bill for the establishment of houses of correction according to his ideas, he thought himself obliged to new exertions in order to give all possible perfection to this design. He therefore, in 1778, repeated his visit to the continent, in which he included Italy, as well as the nearer countries. After his return in 1779, he made another complete survey of the prisons of England and Wales, and those of Scotland and Ireland. In these tours he comprehended another object of importance to humanity, that of hospitals. He every where observed, and carefully noted down, their structure and regulations, and procured plans and draughts where he thought they might suggest something useful for imitation. These researches furnished him with a large and interesting "Appendix" to his former work, printed in 1780, 4to. At the same time, he published an edition in large 8vo. of his "State of the Prisons," containing the additional matter of his Appendix. At this period he accepted the office of one of the three supervisors appointed by the act for establishing Penitentiary Houses. He made it an indispensable condition of his acceptance, that his friend Dr. Fothergill should be one of his associates, and he resolved to take no salary for his labours. The death of Dr. Fothergill, and difference in opinion with the other supervisor, concerning the situation of the first of these buildings, caused him, in January 1781, to resign his office, but it was only to resume his far greater exertions in the same laudable cause. In the course of that year he pursued his usual inquiries in a tour through the northern parts of Europe, comprising Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland; and he employed the next year in surveying the prisons of England, and revisiting Scotland and Ireland. The Protestant charter-schools in the latter kingdom were a new object of attention, and he freely exposed the abuses to which they had been subjected. The year 1783 completed his survey of all the civilized parts of Europe, with that of Spain and

Portugal; and upon his return, he again travelled into the three British kingdoms. Materials had now accumulated upon his hands sufficient for another "Appendix," which he printed in 1784, together with a new edition of his first work, comprising all the additional matter.

Though Mr. Howard had now almost exhausted the objects which first engaged his researches, yet the habits he had acquired would not suffer him to resign himself to repose, while any thing remained in which he thought his further labours might serve the interests of humanity. The progress of contagion in prisons and hospitals had led him to consider of all the means used for checking it; and he expected to find these practised in their fullest extent in the prevention of that most fatal contagious disease, the plague. He also knew that the regulations for quarantine in this country were frivolous, and usually evaded. He therefore thought an examination of all the principal lazarettos in Europe would produce much valuable information; and as personal hazard never, in his estimation, stood in competition with a matter of duty, he did not hesitate to expose himself to all the dangers which might attend on so near an approach to the most dreaded pestilence. He set out on this new expedition towards the end of 1785, unaccompanied by a servant, since he did not think it justifiable to expose to similar dangers any one not actuated by the same motives. He took his way by the south of France, through Italy, to Malta, Zante, Smyrna, and Constantinople. From the latter capital he returned to Smyrna, where he knew the plague then to prevail, for the purpose of going to Venice with a foul bill of health, that he might be subjected to all the rigour of a quarantine in the lazaretto, and by consequence become acquainted with its rules. On his return by Vienna, the Emperor Joseph expressed a desire of seeing him; for Mr. Howard was now a known and respected character

throughout Europe. The interview passed as between an enlightened sovereign desirous of information, and a plain independent gentleman above the awe of rank, or the vanity of being noticed. During his absence on this journey, the admiration of his countrymen suggested a design of doing him honour which proved highly oppressive to his feelings. A subscription was entered into for the purpose of erecting a statue, and it was soon filled with names of the first distinction. As soon as he was informed of the scheme, he expressed such a decided aversion to what he called being "dragged out in public," that it was reluctantly abandoned.

So great was his dislike to being publicly noticed, that on being asked whether he had read the following beautiful lines in Dr. Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, he replied, he had not; and that no person could disoblige him so much as to mention him in any publication whatever.

So when Contagion, with mephitic breath,
And wither'd Famine urg'd the work of death,
Marseilles' good Bishop, London's generous Mayor,
With food and faith, with med'cine and with prayer,
Rais'd the weak head and stay'd the parting sigh,
Or with new life relum'd the swimming eye.
—And now, Philanthropy! thy rays divine
Dart round the globe from Zembla to the Line;
O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
Like northern lustres o'er the vault of night.
From realm to realm, with Cross or Crescent crown'd,
Where'er mankind and misery are found,
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Thy HOWARD journeying seeks the house of woe.
Down many a winding step to dungeons dark,
Where Anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank;
To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,
And cells whose echoes only learn to groan;
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose;
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows;
He treads, unemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health;
With soft assuasive eloquence expands
Power's rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands;

Leads stern-ey'd Justice to the dark domains,
If not to sever, to relax the chains ;
Or guides awaken'd Mercy through the gloom,
And shews the prison, sister to the tomb !
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
To her fond husband liberty and life !
—The spirits of the good who bend from high
Wide o'er these earthly scenes their partial eye,
When first, array'd in Virtue's purest robe,
They saw her HOWARD traversing the globe ;
Saw round his brows her sun-like glory blaze
In arrowy circles of unwearied rays ;
Mistook a mortal for an angel guest,
And ask'd what Seraph foot the earth imprest.
—Onward he moves !—disease and death retire,
And murmuring demons hate him, and admire.

He returned in 1787 ; and after a short rest went to Ireland, and came back by Scotland. He revisited Ireland in 1788, chiefly for the purpose of completing a survey of its charter-schools, to which he had excited the attention of the parliament of that kingdom. All the county gaols, most of the bridewells, the infirmaries and hospitals, and the prison-hulks, of England, were again examined by him, during the course of these two years. The year 1789 was chiefly devoted by him to the methodising and printing the copious and important matter which had accrued from his researches since the last publication. It appeared in that year in a quarto volume, entitled, "An Account of the principal Lazarettos in Europe, with various papers relative to the Plague ; together with further Observations on some foreign Prisons and Hospitals ; with additional Remarks on the present State of those in Great Britain and Ireland." It was accompanied with many plates, illustrative and ornamental, which, as before, were *given* to the readers. This work opened several new sources of information to the author's countrymen, and was received with avidity. It concluded with the Draught of a Bill for the better regulation of gaols, particularly with

respect to the prevention of drunkenness in them, a vice which he regarded with particular detestation, as the origin of most others to which the lower classes of people are liable. At the close of this publication he declared his intention of again quitting his native country for the purpose of revisiting Russia and Turkey, and extending his travels in the east. What were the particular objects which he had in view in this protraction of his almost unequalled labours, at a time when advancing years and declining strength seemed to urge him to repose, was not clear even to his intimate friends; and it is probable that he was chiefly impelled by the long habit of pursuing a certain course of inquiry, joined to the disquietude of mind he felt at home in consequence of the unfortunate state of insanity into which his son had fallen. He quitted England in the summer of 1789, and proceeded through Germany to Petersburg and Moscow. He found every where the prisons and hospitals thrown open to him, as to the general censor of that part of the police, whose authority was recognised in every civilized country. Such is the force of pure and exalted virtue! He next proceeded to the new Russian settlements on the Black Sea, and took his station at the town of Cherson. At this place a fever of a malignant kind prevailed, among whose victims was a young lady whom he had been requested to visit; for he had been so conversant with infectious diseases, that he was thought (and thought himself) to possess medical skill in those cases. From her he probably received a contagion, which carried him off on January 20, 1790, about the age of 63. He was buried in the neighbourhood of Cherson, and all honours were paid to his memory by Prince Potemkin, and other nobles then in office.

After his death Prince Potemkin had two plaster casts taken from his face, one for himself, and one for Mr. Howard's servant.

The bare recital of what Mr. Howard did, in the cause of humanity, is sufficient to place him among the greatest benefactors of mankind, as well as the most extraordinary private characters recorded in biography. He was, indeed, singularly calculated for the task he undertook. Accustomed to the most rigorous temperance, so as to discard from his diet animal food and fermented liquors, he found no difficulty to live in the poorest countries. In all other respects, his mind was equally master of his body, and he incurred hardships of every kind without repugnance. In temper he was calm and composed, but firm and resolute; proof against every allurements or intimidation that might divert him from his purpose. Economical in private expenses, he knew no bounds in his expenditure on objects of public utility, and regarded money only as an instrument of beneficence. In honour, integrity, and attachment to principle, he was not surpassed by any human being. His talents were rather of the useful than the shining kind, but peculiarly adapted for that collection of facts and observations in which he surpassed all who have gone before him. The testimony of public respect which he refused when living, has been conferred upon his memory; and his monumental statue was one of the first of those by which the cathedral of St. Paul's has been made a receptacle of national worthies.

The late Mr. Bacon, in describing the ideas which predominated in his mind whilst he formed this figure, observes, that "his principal object was to present as much of the character of *active benevolence* as a single figure would afford.

"The right foot being placed considerably forward, and the body advanced upon it, is intended to give motion to the figure, while the expression of benevolence is attempted in the several features of the face, and the inclined air of the head.

"He holds a scroll of papers in his left hand: on one

is written, "Plan for the improvement of prisons;" and on a corner of another, the word "Hospitals" is introduced, pointing out the principal objects of his exertions. Another paper at the foot of the statue, has the word "Regulations" written. In his right hand he holds a key, by which is expressed the circumstance of his *exploring* the dungeons; and the rings and chains, among which he stands, are designed to interest the feelings of the spectator in the misery of the inhabitants of those wretched abodes; while his trampling on some fetters, which lie on the ground, suggest the hostility of his sentiments to their sufferings.

"The pedestal represents a scene in a prison, where Mr. Howard, having broken the chains of the prisoners, is bringing provisions and clothing for their relief."

The south side of the pedestal is thus inscribed:—

This Extraordinary Man
 Had the fortune to be honoured, whilst living,
 In the manner which his Virtues deserved.
 He received the Thanks
 Of both Houses of the British and Irish Parliaments,
 For his eminent Services rendered to his
 Country and Mankind.
 Our National Prisons and Hospitals,
 Improved upon the suggestion of his Wisdom,
 Bear testimony to the solidity of his Judgment,
 And to the estimation in which he was held
 In every part of the Civilized World,
 Which he traversed to reduce the sum of Human Misery.
 From the throne to the dungeon, his name
 Was mentioned with respect, gratitude, and Admiration!
 His Modesty alone
 Defeated various efforts that were made
 During his Life
 To erect a Statue,
 Which the Public has now consecrated to his Memory!
 He was born at Hackney, in the County of
 Middlesex, Sept. 2, 1726.
 The early part of his life he spent in Retirement,
 Residing principally on his Paternal estate at

Cardington, in Bedfordshire,
For which County he served the office of
Sheriff in the year 1773.

He expired at Cherson, in Russian Tartary,
On the 20th January 1790;

A victim to the perilous and benevolent Attempt
To ascertain the cause of, and find an efficacious
Remedy for, the plague.

He trod an open, but unfrequented, path to Immortality,
In the ardent and unintermitted exercise of
Christian Charity.

May this Tribute to his Fame
Excite an emulation of his truly glorious Achievements!

The following portrait of this great man is from the
elegant pen of the learned Dr. Aikin.

“The first thing that struck an observer on acquaintance with Mr. Howard, was a stamp of extraordinary vigour and energy on all his movements and expressions. An eye lively and penetrating, strong and prominent features, quick gait, and animated gestures, gave promise of ardour in forming, and vivacity in executing his designs. At no time of his life, I believe, was he without some object of warm pursuit; and in every thing he pursued, he was indefatigable in aiming at perfection. Give him a hint of any thing he had left short, or any new acquisition to be made, and while you might suppose he was deliberating about it you were surprised with finding it was done. Not Cæsar himself could better exemplify the poet’s

Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum.

“I remember that, having accidentally remarked to him that amongst the London prisons he had omitted *the Tower*, he was so struck with the deficiency (though of trifling consequence, since confinement there is so rare), that at his very first leisure he ran to London, and supplied it. Nor was it only during a short period of ardour that his exertions were thus awakened. He had

the still rarer quality of being able, for any length of time, to bend all the powers and faculties of his mind to one point, unseduced by every allurements which curiosity or any other affection might throw in his way, and unsusceptible of that satiety and disgust which are so apt to steal upon a protracted pursuit. Though by his early travels he had shown himself not indifferent to those objects of taste and information which strike the cultivated mind in a foreign country, yet in the tours expressly made for the purpose of examining prisons and hospitals, he appears to have had eyes and ears for nothing else; at least he suffered no other object to detain him or draw him aside. Impressed with the idea of the importance of his designs, and the uncertainty of human life, he was impatient to get as much done as possible within the allotted limits. And in this disposition consisted that *enthusiasm* by which the public supposed him actuated; for otherwise, his cool and steady temper gave no idea of the character usually distinguished by that appellation. He followed his plans, indeed, with wonderful vigour and constancy, but by no means with that heat and eagerness, that inflamed and exalted imagination, which denote the enthusiast. Hence, he was not liable to catch at partial representations, to view facts through fallacious mediums, and to fall into those mistakes which are so frequent in the researches of the man of fancy and warm feeling. Some persons, who only knew him by his extraordinary actions, were ready enough to bestow upon him that sneer of contempt, which men of cold hearts and selfish dispositions are so apt to apply to whatever has the show of high sensibility. While others, who had a slight acquaintance with him, and saw occasional features of phlegm, and perhaps harshness, were disposed to question his feeling altogether, and to attribute his exertions either merely to a sense of duty, or to habit and humour. But both these were erroneous conclusions. He felt as a man

should feel ; but not so as to mislead him, either in the estimate he formed of objects of utility, or in his reasonings concerning the means by which they were to be brought into effect. The reformation of abuses, and the relief of misery, were the two great purposes which he kept in view in all his undertakings ; and I have equally seen the tear of sensibility start into his eyes on recalling some of the distressful scenes to which he had been witness, and the spirit of indignation flash from them on relating instances of baseness and oppression. Still, however, his constancy of mind and self-collection never deserted him. He was never agitated, never off his guard ; and the unspeakable advantages of such a temper in the scenes in which he was engaged, need not be dwelt upon.

“ His whole course of action was such a trial of intrepidity and fortitude, that it may seem altogether superfluous to speak of his possession of these qualities. He had them, indeed, both from nature and principle. His nerves were firm ; and his conviction of marching in the path of duty made him fearless of consequences. Nor was it only on great occasions that this strength of mind was shown. It raised him above false shame, and that awe which makes a coward of many a brave man in the presence of a superior. No one ever less “ feared the face of man,” than he. No one hesitated less in speaking bold truths, or avowing obnoxious opinions. His courage was equally passive and active. He was prepared to make every sacrifice that a regard to strict veracity, or rigorous duty, could enjoin ; and it cannot be doubted, that had he lived in an age when asserting his civil and religious rights would have subjected him to martyrdom, not a more willing martyr would ever have ascended the scaffold, or embraced the stake.

“ The resolute temper of Mr. Howard displayed itself in a certain peremptoriness, which, when he had once

determined, rendered him unyielding to persuasion or dissuasion, and urged him on to the accomplishment of his purpose, regardless of obstacles. He expected prompt obedience in those from whom he had a right to require it, and was not a man to be treated with negligence and inattention. He was, however, extremely considerate, and sufficiently indulgent to human frailties; and a good will to please him could scarcely fail of its effect. That his commands were reasonable, and his expectations moderate, may be inferred from the long continuance of most of his servants with him, and his steady attachment to many of those whom he employed. His means of enforcing compliance were chiefly rewards; and the withholding them was his method of showing displeasure.

“The spirit of independence by which he was ever distinguished, had in him the only foundation to be relied on, *moderate desires*. Perfectly contented with the competence which Providence had bestowed on him, he never had a thought of increasing it; and, even when in a situation to expect a family, he made it a rule with himself to lay up no part of his annual income, but to expend in some useful or benevolent scheme the superfluity of the year. Lest this should be converted into a charge of carelessness in providing for his own, it may be proper to mention, that he had the best-grounded expectations, that any children he might have, would largely partake of the wealth of their relations. Thus he preserved his heart from that contamination, which (taking in the whole of life) is perhaps the disease most frequently attendant on a state of prosperity,—*the lust of growing rich*; a passion, which is too often found to swallow up liberality, public spirit, and, at last, that independency, which it is the best use of wealth to secure. By this temper of mind he was elevated to an immeasurable distance above every thing mean and sordid; and in all his transactions he displayed a spirit

of honour and generosity, that might become the "blood of the Howards" when flowing in its noblest channels.

"Had Mr. Howard been less provided with the goods of fortune, his independency would have found a resource in *the fewness of his wants*; and it was an inestimable advantage which he brought to his great work, an advantage perhaps more uncommon in this country than any of those already mentioned, that he possessed a command over all corporeal appetites and habitudes, not less perfect than that of any ancient philosopher, or modern ascetic. The strict regimen of diet which he had adopted early in life from motives of health, he afterwards persevered in through choice, and even extended its rigour, so as to reject all those indulgences which even the most temperate consider as necessary for the preservation of their strength and vigour. Animal foods, and fermented and spirituous drinks, he utterly discarded from his diet. Water and the plainest vegetables sufficed him. Milk, tea, butter, and fruit, were his luxuries; and he was equally sparing in the quantity of food, and indifferent as to the stated times of taking it. Thus he found his wants supplied in almost every place where *man* existed, and was as well provided in the posadas of Spain and caravanseras of Turkey, as in the inns and hotels of England and France. Water was one of his principal necessities, for he was a very Mussulman in his ablutions; and if nicety or delicacy had place with him in any respect, it was in the perfect cleanliness of his whole person. He was equally tolerant of heat, cold, and all the vicissitudes of climate; and, what is more wonderful, not even sleep seemed necessary to him, at least at those returns and in those proportions in which mankind in general expect it. How well he was capable of enduring fatigue, the amazing journeys he took by all modes of conveyance, without any intervals of what might be called repose

(since his only baiting places were his proper scenes of action), abundantly testify. In short, no human body was probably ever more perfectly the servant of the mind by which it was actuated; and all the efforts of the strongest constitution, not inured to habits of self-denial, and moral as well as corporeal exercise, would have been unequal to his exertions.

“With respect to the character of his understanding, that, too, was as happily adapted to the great business in which he engaged. He had not, in a high degree, that extensive comprehension, that faculty of generalizing, which is said to distinguish the man of genius, but which, without a previous collection of authentic materials, is ever apt to lead into erroneous speculations. He was rather a man of detail; of laborious accuracy and minute examination; and therefore he had the proper qualities for one who was to lead the way in researches where all was ignorance, confusion, and local custom. Who but such a man could have collected a body of information, which has made even professional men acquainted with interesting facts that they never before knew; and has given the English reader a more exact knowledge of practises followed in Russia and Spain, than he before had of those in his own country? This minuteness of detail was what he ever regarded as his peculiar province. As he was of all men the most modest estimator of his own abilities, he was used to say, “I am the *plodder*, who goes about to collect materials for men of genius to make use of.” Let those who look with fastidiousness upon long tables of rules and orders, and measurements of cells and work-rooms given in feet and inches, consider, that when a scheme is brought into practice, these small circumstances *must* have their place; and that the most ingenious plans often fail in their execution for want of adjustment in the nicer parts. Perhaps even the great Frederic of Prussia was more indebted for success to the exactness

of his dispositions in every minute particular connected with practice, than to deep and sublime views of general principle.

“From a similar cast of mind, Mr. Howard was a friend to subordination, and all the decorums of regular society; nor did he dislike vigorous exertions of civil authority, when directed to laudible purposes. He interfered little in disputes relative to the theory of government; but was contented to take systems of sovereignty as he found them established in various parts of the world, satisfied with prompting such an application of their powers as might promote the welfare of the respective communities. A state of imprisonment being that in which the rights of men are, in great part, at least suspended, it was natural that his thoughts should be more conversant with a people as the subjects, than as the source, of authority. Yet he well knew, and properly valued, the inestimable blessings of political freedom, as opposed to despotism; and, among the nations of Europe, he considered the Dutch and Swiss as affording the best examples of a strict and steady police, conducted upon principles of equity and humanity. To the character of the Dutch he was, indeed, peculiarly partial; and frequently asserted that he should prefer Holland for his place of residence, to any other foreign country. I can add, from undoubted authority, that Mr. Howard was one of those who (in the language of the great Lord Chatham) “rejoiced that America had resisted,” and triumphed in her final success; that he was principally attached to the popular part of our constitution; and that in his own country he distinguished himself by a spirited opposition to aristocratical influence.

“His peculiar habits of life, and the exclusive attention he bestowed in his latter years on a few objects, caused him to appear more averse to society than I think he really was; and it has been mentioned as an

unfortunate circumstance, that his shyness and reserve frequently kept him out of the way of persons from whom he might have derived much useful information. But it is vain to desire things incompatible. Mr. Howard can scarcely be denied to have chosen the best way, upon the whole, of conducting his inquiries; and if he had been a more *companionable* man, more ready to indulge his own curiosity, and gratify that of others, he would no longer have possessed one of the chief advantages he brought to his great work. Yet while he assiduously shunned all engagements which would have involved him in the forms and dissipation of society, he was by no means disinclined to enter into conversations on his particular topics; on the contrary, he was often extremely communicative, and would enliven a small circle with the most entertaining relations of his travels and adventures.

“Mr. Howard had in a high degree that respectful attention to the *female sex* which so much characterises the *gentleman*. Perhaps, indeed, I may here be referring to rules of politeness which no longer exist. But he was as thoroughly impressed with the maxim of *place aux dames* as any Frenchman, though without the strain of light and complimentary gallantry which has accompanied it in the individuals of that nation. His was a more serious sentiment, connected with the uniform practice of giving up his own ease and accommodation, for the sake of doing a real kindness to any female of decent character. It is excellently illustrated by an anecdote related in a magazine, by a person, who chanced to sail with him in the packet from Holyhead to Dublin, when, the vessel being much crowded, Mr. Howard resigned his bed to a servant-maid, and took up with the cabin floor for himself. It is likewise displayed throughout his works, by the warmth with which he always censures the practice of putting female prisoners in irons, and exposing them to any harsh and indelicate

treatment. He was fond of nothing so much as the conversation of women of education and cultivated manners, and studied to attach them by little elegant presents, and other marks of attention. Indeed, his soft tones of voice, and gentleness of demeanour, might be thought to approach somewhat to the effeminate, and would surprise those who had known him only by the energy of his exertions. In his judgment of female character, it was manifest that the idea of his lost Harriet was the standard of excellence; and, if ever he had married again, a resemblance to her would have been the principal motive of his choice. I recollect to this purpose a singular anecdote, which he related to us on his return from one of his tours. In going from one town in Holland to another in the common passage boat, he was placed near an elderly gentleman, who had in company a young lady of a most engaging manner and appearance, which very strongly reminded him of his Harriet. He was so much struck with her, that, on arriving at the place of destination, he caused his servant to follow them. It was not without some disappointment that he learned, that the old gentleman was an eminent merchant, and the young lady,—*his wife*.

“Mr. Howard’s predilection for female society, was in part a consequence of his abhorrence of every thing gross and licentious. His own language and manners were invariably pure and delicate; and the freedoms which pass uncensured or even applauded in the promiscuous companies of men, would have affected him with sensations of disgust. For a person possessed of such feelings, to have brought himself to submit to such frequent communication with the most abandoned of mankind, was perhaps a greater triumph of duty over inclination than any other he obtained in the prosecution of his designs. Yet the nature of his errand to prisons probably inspired awe and respect in the most dissolute; and I think he has recorded, that he never met with a

single insult from the prisoners in any of the gaols he visited.

“As Mr. Howard was so eminently a *religious* character, it may be expected that somewhat more should be said of the peculiar tenets he adopted. But, besides that this was a topic which did not enter into our conversations, I confess, I do not perceive how his general plan of conduct was likely to be influenced by any *peculiarity* of that kind. The principle of *religious duty*, which is nearly the same in all systems, and differs rather in strength than in kind in different persons, is surely sufficient to account for all that he did and underwent in promoting the good of mankind, by modes which Providence seemed to place before him. It has been suggested, that he was much under the influence of the doctrine of *predestination*; and I know not what of *sternness* has been attributed to him as its natural consequence. For my own part, I am not able to discover in what those notions of Providence, general and particular, which make part of the profession of all religions, differ essentially from the opinions of the *predestinarians*; and, from manifold observation, I am certain that the reception of the doctrine of *predestination*, as an article of belief, does not necessarily imply those practical consequences which might seem deducible from it. The language, at least, of our lower classes of people is almost universally founded upon it; but when one of them dies of an infectious disease, notwithstanding the bystanders all speak of the event as fated and inevitable, yet each, for himself, does not the less avoid the infection, or the less recur to medical aid, if attacked by it. With respect to Mr. Howard, he never seemed to adopt the idea that he was moved by an irresistible impulse to his designs; for they were the subject of much thought and discussion; nor did he confront dangers because he had a persuasion that he should be preserved from their natural consequences, but because

he was elevated above them. This sentiment he has himself more than once expressed in print ; and surely none could be either more rational, or more adequate to the effects produced. ' Being in the way of my duty (says he), I fear no evil.' I may venture to affirm, that those of the medical profession, whose fearlessness is not merely the result of habit, must reason upon the same principle, when they calmly expose themselves to similar hazards. *They*, for the most part, use no precautions against contagion : Mr. Howard *did* use some ; though their effects were probably trifling compared with that of his habitual temperance and cleanliness, and his untroubled serenity of mind. On the whole, his religious confidence does not appear to have been of a nature different from that of other pious men ; but to be so steadily and uniformly under its influence, and to be elevated by it to such a superiority to all worldly considerations, can be the lot of none but those who have formed early habits of referring every thing to the divine will, and of fixing all their views on futurity.

" From Mr. Howard's connexions with those sects who have ever shown a particular abhorrence of the frauds and superstitions of popery, it might be supposed that he would look with a prejudiced eye on the professors and ministers of that persuasion. But such was his veneration of true vital religion, that he was as ready to pay it honour when he met with it in the habit of a *monk*, as under the garb of a *teacher* : and throughout his works, as well as in conversation, he ever dwelt with great complacency on the pure zeal for the good of mankind, and genuine Christian charity, which he frequently discovered among the Roman catholic clergy, both regular and secular. He was no friend to that hasty dissolution of convents and monasteries which formed part of the multifarious reforms of the late Emperor of Germany. He pitied the aged inmates, male

and female, of these quiet abodes, who were driven from their beloved retreats into the wide world, with a very slender and often ill paid pittance for their support. 'Why might not they (he would say) be suffered gradually to die away, and be transplanted from one religious house to another as their numbers lessened?' Those orders which make it the great duty of their profession to attend with the kindest assiduity upon the sick and imprisoned, and who therefore came continually within his notice, seemed to conciliate his good-will to the whole fraternity; and the virtues of order, decency, sobriety, and charity, so much akin to his own, naturally inclined him to a kind of fellowship with them. He rigorously, however, abstained from any compliances with their worship which he thought unlawful: and gave them his esteem as men, without the least disposition to concur with them as theologians.

"Such were the great lines of Mr. Howard's character;—lines strongly marked, and sufficient to discriminate him from any of those who have appeared in a part somewhat similar to his own on the theatre of the world. The union of qualities which so peculiarly fitted him for the post he undertook, is not likely, in our age, again to take place; yet different combinations may be employed to effect the same purposes; and, with respect to the objects of police and humanity concerning which he occupied himself, the information he has collected will render the repetition of labours like his unnecessary. To propose as a model, a character marked with such singularities, and, no doubt, with some foibles, would be equally vain and injudicious; but his firm attachment to principle, high sense of honour, pure benevolence, unshaken constancy, and indefatigable perseverance, may properly be held up to the view of all persons occupying important stations, or engaged in useful enterprises, as qualities not less to be imitated, than admired."

The following lines on his death are also by Dr. Aikin.

Howard, thy task is done ! thy master calls,
 And summons thee from Cherson's distant walls.
 " Come, well approv'd ! my faithful servant, come !
 No more a wand'rer, seek thy destin'd home.
 Long have I mark'd thee with o'er-ruling eye,
 And sent admiring angels from on high,
 To walk the paths of danger by thy side,
 From death to shield thee, and through snares to guide.
 My *minister of good*, I've sped thy way,
 And shot thro' dungeon-glooms a leading ray,
 To sooth, by thee, with kind unhop'd relief
 My creatures lost—and whelm'd in guilt and grief;
 I've led thee, ardent, on thro' wond'ring climes.
 To combat human woes and human crimes,
 But 'tis enough—thy *great commission's* o'er,
 I prove thy faith, thy zeal, thy love, no more :
 Nor droop, that far from country, kindred, friends,
 Thy life, to duty long devoted, ends ;
 What boots it were the high reward is given,
 Or whence the soul triumphant springs to heav'n !"

The following interesting account of the singularities of the great philanthropist, is taken from the third volume of "Gleanings through Wales, Holland, and Westphalia," by Mr. Pratt.

"Howard had many singularities, but very few affectations. It was singular for mere mortal man to go about doing good for the sake of doing it : to devote his fortune and his life, to explore the most neglected and the most forlorn of the wretched, and to relieve them 'according to their several necessities'—to begin the work of benevolence, where other people's bounty commonly ends it—in a prison. All this was very singular, but wholly pure of affectation. Further, it was singular, deserving that word, indeed, inasmuch as in human history—it is without a parallel—to put himself to the greatest personal inconveniencies, and to encounter the greatest dangers, often of life itself, to ac-

comply with the proposed ends of his philanthropy, since it is notorious, that he traversed the earth, without any considerations of political distinctions, or the nature of climate, in search of his objects, by which perseverance and intrepidity of resolution, he overcame all impediments that would have deterred many excellent persons from attempting the like enterprises ; and made even those faint by the way, who, with like good hearts, but less firm minds, would have found themselves unequal to like undertakings : yet in Howard this was altogether unaffected : and before any man sets down any part of it to a love of being particular, or to a love of fame arising therefrom, let him well and truly examine his own heart, his own disposition, and see that he is not hunting about for an excuse to his own want of benevolence, or to his own vanities in being bountiful, by lowering the principle of benevolence in another. Let it not be imputed to John Howard, as a dishonour, that he had enemies, who, while they could not but applaud the blessed effects of his virtue, laboured to depreciate the cause. The Saviour of the whole world, whom, perhaps, of human creatures he most correctly imitated, had the same ; and to resemble his divine example, even in the wrongs that were heaped on his sacred head, is rather glory than shame.

“He was singular in many of the common habits of life : for instance, he preferred damp sheets, linen, and clothes, to dry ones, and both rising and going to bed swathed himself with coarse towels dipped into the coldest water he could get ; in that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great-coat in the coldest countries ; nor had been a minute under or over the time of an appointment, so far as it depended on himself, for six and twenty years. He never continued at a place, or with a person, a single day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his whole life ;

and he had not for the last sixteen years of his existence, eaten any fish, flesh, or fowl; nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk, and rusks, all that time.—His journeys were continued from prison to prison, from one group of wretched beings to another, night and day; and where he could not go with a carriage he would ride, and where that was hazardous he would walk. Such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

“There are those who, conscious of wanting in themselves what they envy in others, brand this victorious determination of suffering no let or hindrance to stop him from keeping on in the right way, as madness. Ah, my friend, how much better would it be for their neighbours, and for society were they half as mad. Distractions they doubtless have, but it is to be feared, not half so friendly to the interests of human kind. But, indeed, all enthusiasm of virtue is deemed romantic eccentricity, by the cold-hearted.

“With respect to Mr. Howard’s personal singularities above described, though they were certainly hazardous experiments, in the first instance, it was not useless for a man, who had pre-resolved to set his face against wind and weather, and, after passing all sorts of unhealthy climes, to descend into the realms of disease and death, to make them.

“Some days after his first return from an attempt to mitigate the fury of the plague in Constantinople, he favoured me with a morning visit in London; the weather was so very terrible, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up even the hope, for his own sake, of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the hour, and exactly as the clock, in my room, struck it, he entered; the wet, for it rained torrents, dripping from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep just landed from its washing. He would not even have attended to his situation, having sat himself down

with the greatest composure, and begun conversation, had I not made an offer of dry clothes, &c.

“ ‘ Yes,’ said he, smiling, ‘ I had my fears, as I knocked at your door, that we should go over the old business of apprehensions, about a little rain water, which, though it does not run from off my back, as it does from that of a duck, goose, or any other aquatic bird, it does me as little injury ; and after a long drought is scarcely less refreshing. The coat I have now on has been as often wetted through as any duck’s in the world, and, indeed, gets no other sort of cleaning. I do assure you, a good soaking shower is the best brush for broad-cloth in the universe. You, like the rest of my friends, throw away your pity upon my supposed hardships with just as much reason, as you commiserate the common beggars, who, being familiar with storms and hurricanes, necessity and nakedness, are a thousand times less to be compassionated than the sons and daughters of ease and luxury, who, accustomed to all the enfeebling refinements of feathers by night, and fires by day, are taught to feel like the puny creatures stigmatised by Pope, who shivered at a breeze. All this is the work of art, my good friend ; nature is more independent of external circumstances. Nature is intrepid, hardy, and adventurous ; but it is a practice to spoil her, with indulgences, from the moment we come into the world—a soft dress, and soft cradle, begin our education in luxuries, and we do not grow more manly the more we are gratified : on the contrary, our feet must be wrapt in wool or silk, we must tread upon carpets, breathe, as it were, in fire, avoid a tempest, which sweetens the air, as we would a blast that putrefies it ; and, guarding every crevice from an unwholesome breeze, when it is the most elastic and bracing, lie down upon a bed of feathers, that relax the system more than a night’s lodging upon flint-stones.’ ”

“ ‘You smile,’ added Mr. Howard, after a pause ; ‘ but I am a living instance of the truths I insist on. A more puny whipster than myself, in the days of my youth, was never seen. I could not walk out an evening without wrapping up : if I got wet in the feet, a cold succeeded ; I could not put on my shirt without its being aired ; I was politely enfeebled enough to have delicate nerves, and was, occasionally troubled with a very genteel hectic. To be serious, I am convinced what emasculates the body debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions which are of such use to us as social beings. I, therefore, entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree, that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapours, nor any other alarming disorder, since I surmounted the seasoning. Prior to this, I used to be a miserable dependant on wind and weather ; a little too much of either would postpone, and frequently prevent—not only my amusements, but my duties ; and every one knows that a pleasure, or a duty, deferred, is often destroyed. Procrastination, Young very justly called the Thief of Time. And, if pressed by my affections, or by the necessity of affairs, I did venture forth in despite of the elements, the consequences were equally absurd and incommodious, not seldom afflictive. I muffled up even to my nostrils ; a crack in the glass of my chaise was sufficient to distress me, a sudden slope of the wheels to the right or left set me a trembling, a jolt seemed like dislocation, and the sight of a bank or precipice, near which my horse, or carriage, was to pass, would disorder me so much, that I would order the driver to stop, that I might get out and walk by the difficult places. Mulled wines, spirituous cordials, and great fires, were to comfort me, and to keep out the cold, as it is called, at every stage ; and, if I felt the least damp in my feet or other parts of my body, dry stockings, linen, &c. were to be instantly put on, the

perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot going to bed, and before I pursued my journey in the morning a dram was to be swallowed down to fortify the stomach. In a word, I lived, moved, and had my being, so much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a disease.

“ ‘Every man,’ continued Mr. Howard, ‘ must, in these cases, be his own physician. He must prescribe for, and practise on, himself. I did this by a very simple, but as you will think, very severe, regimen; namely, by denying myself almost every thing in which I had long indulged. But as it is always much harder to get rid of a bad habit than to contract it, I entered on my reform gradually; that is to say, I began to diminish my usual indulgences by degrees. I found that a heavy meal, or a hearty one, as it is termed, and a cheerful glass, that is to say, one more than does you good, made me incapable, or at best disinclined, to any useful exertions for some hours after dinner; and if the diluting powers of tea assisted the work of a disturbed digestion, so far as to restore my faculties, a luxurious supper comes so close upon it, that I was fit for nothing but dissipation, till I went to a luxurious bed, where I finished the enervating practices, by sleeping eight, ten, and sometimes a dozen, of hours on the stretch. You will not wonder, that I arose next morning, with the solids relaxed, the nerves unstrung, the juices thickened, and the constitution weakened.—To remedy all this, I ate a little less at every meal, and reduced my drink in proportion. It is really wonderful to consider, how imperceptibly a single morsel of animal food, and a teaspoonful of liquor, deducted from the usual quantity daily, will restore the mental functions without any injury to the corporeal; nay, with increase of vigour to both. I brought myself, in the first instance, from dining upon many dishes, to dining on a few, and then to be satisfied with one; in like manner, instead of

drinking a variety of wines, I made my election of a single sort, and adhered to it alone. In the next place—but I shall tire you.’

“I intreated him to go on till I either showed by words, or actions, that I was weary.

“He proceeded thus:—‘My next business was to eat and drink sparingly of that adopted dish and bottle. My ease, vivacity, and spirits, augmented. My clothing, &c. underwent a similar reform, the effect of all which is, and has been for many years, that I am neither affected by seeing my carriage dragged up a mountain, or driven down a valley. If an accident happens, I am prepared for it, I mean so far as respects unnecessary terrors; and I am proof against all changes in the atmosphere, wet clothes, wet feet, night air, damp beds, damp houses, transitions from heat to cold, and the long train of hypochondriac affections.

“‘Believe me, we are too apt to invert the remedies which we ought to prescribe to ourselves—for instance, we are for ever giving hot things when we should administer cold. On my going down to my house last week in Bedfordshire, the overseer of my grounds met me with a pail-full of comfortable things, as he called them, which he was carrying to one of my cows, which was afflicted sorely with, as he called it, the racketty complaint in her bowels. I ordered him to throw away his pail of comforts, and take to the poor beast a pail of cold water. ‘Cold water, your honour,’ exclaimed the man, with every mark of consternation! ‘would you kill the poor dumb creature? Why, she is in such desperatious pain, that I don’t think a bucket of sheer brandy would have any more effect upon her, than If I were to pour it against a dead wall.’ ‘No matter for that,’ said I, ‘take her a pail of water! Suppose, honest friend, she had all her life run wild in a forest, and fell into the sickness under which she now labours, dost thou think that nature would ever carry her the hot

comforts you have got in that pail?'—'Nature, your honour, but with submission, Nature must, when either man or beast is sick, be clapped on the back a little: if not, nature will let them die.' 'Not she, truly; if they are recoverable, she will, on the contrary, make them well. Depend upon it, she is the best physician in the world, though she has not taken her degrees in the college; and so make haste to throw away what is now in your pail, and fill it as I directed; for, whether my cow die or live, she shall have nothing but grass and cold water.' Though the poor fellow dared not any longer to resist, I could plainly see that he put me down as having lost not only my senses, but my humanity.—However, the cow did very well; and I am satisfied, that if we were to trust more to nature, and suffer her to supply her own remedies, to cure her own diseases, the formidable catalogue of human maladies would be reduced to a third of their present number. Dr. Sydenham, I think, reckons sixty different kinds of fevers, for example; of these I cannot suppose less than fifty are either brought about, or rendered worse, by misapplication of improper remedies, or by our own violation of the laws of nature. And the same, I take it, may be said of other disorders.'

"He now pulled out his watch, telling me he had an engagement at half past one, that he had about three quarters of a mile to walk to it, that he could do this in twenty minutes, and as it then wanted seven minutes and almost an half of one, he had exactly time enough still to spare, to state the object of his visit to me;—'Which is to thank you very sincerely,' said he, taking my hand, 'for the honour you have done me in your verses: I read them merely as a composition in which the poetical licence had been used to the utmost: poets, you know, my dear sir, always succeed best in fiction.'

"You will see by this conversation, that it was about the time when the English nation had been emulous of

commemorating their respect for this great and good man, by erecting a statue, towards which, I had contributed my mite, by devoting to the fund the profits of my little poem, called, 'The Triumph of Benevolence;' and, while I am touched very sensibly with even the recollection of the public favour, which crowned this little work, I very sincerely attribute a great deal of its success to the popularity of a subject in which every lover of humanity took such an interest.

"In reply to Mr. Howard, I assured him, that he ought to be, and doubtless was, conscious, the liberty allowed a poet was never more unnecessary or less made use of, than on the occasion alluded to; and, if an agreeable fiction was any test of the poetical art, I could pretend to none, from having very closely, as his heart could not but at that moment tell him, adhered to truth: and that I assured myself he would admit that truth was the same, whether expressed in prose or verse. I added, it was my earnest hope, there was no ground for an idea that had gone forth of his refusing the offering of gratitude, which his country were preparing for him.

"'Indeed but there is,' answered he, with the most lively earnestness; 'I was never more serious than in my refusal of any and every such offering, and for the simplest reason in the world; namely, my having no manner of claim to it. What I do, have done, or may hereafter do, is, has been, and will always be, matter of inclination, the gratifying which always pays itself; and I have no more merit in employing my time and money in the way I am known to do, than another man in other occupations. Instead of taking pleasure in a pack of hounds, in social entertainments, and a fine stud of horses, and in many other similar satisfactions, I have made my election of different pursuits; and being fully persuaded a man's own gratifications are always, more or less, involved in other people's, I feel no desire

to change with any man, and yet I can see no manner of pretension whereon to erect a statue; beside all which, I have a most unconquerable aversion, and ever had, to have public exhibitions made of me, insomuch, that I protest to you, it has cost me a great deal of trouble, and some money, to make this insignificant form and ugly face, escape a pack of draftsmen, painters, &c. that are lying in wait for me.'—

“Unless you had personally known Mr. Howard, it is impossible you should have the smallest idea of the pleasant manner with which he spoke on his own personal subject.—‘I have detected a fellow at work upon this face of mine, ugly as it is,’ said he, ‘even as I have been walking in the streets of London; and, if a hackney-coach has been within call, I have popped into it, drawn up the blinds, and sat snug, till I got to my own door, and then I have leaped out, and run into my own house, as if I was apprehensive a bailiff was at my heels; nay, I have often had my door itself infested by a lurking artist, who was literally in wait to take me off. But one day, since my return, a trick I played one of these takers-off diverted me excessively. You must know I am a great gaper at the novelties that are continually presented at the print-shops in this great city; I was standing at that of Carrington Bowles, in St. Paul’s churchyard, the other day, to look at some political caricatures very pleasantly executed, when, happening to cast my eye side-long, I discovered a fellow operating on my phiz with all his might. Perceiving himself caught in the fact, he lowered his paper, and pretended to be, like myself and a number of others, looking only at the prints. I was just then in the humour to pay off this deception by another; so seeming, like him, to be wholly engrossed by a figure, called Scotch Economy, well calculated to provoke the risible muscles, I threw mine into such contortions, and gave such sudden changes from one deformity to another, that, had my

painter etched any one of my features in its then position the resemblance betwixt my actual self and the copy would have been just as striking as—I could desire it to be. The painter, however, at length perceived the stratagem, and smiling, as if he gave me credit for it, put his pencil into his pocket and went away. I own I enjoyed the joke, and have since, practised it, more than once, with no less success.

“ You will, doubtless, throw these sallies amongst his singularities, my friend ; but they are by no means to be stigmatised as affectations. From a very intent observation on Mr. Howard, I am perfectly satisfied, that, as he had but few who acted like himself, the proportion of those who felt in the same way the ordinary results of such actions were not greater. That he was insensible to honest praise cannot be supposed, without depriving him of emotions which the most ingenuous modesty may indulge, and which are indeed amongst the natural pleasures of the human mind ; but to court the reputation of benevolence, by suffering the lucre of it to mix with any of his motives, or, still worse, to make it, as alas too many people do, a first great cause of being bountiful, argues an envy or a depravity in those who impute to him such vanities. In a word, if ever a human being could be truly said to ‘do good, and blush to find it fame,’ it was the late Mr. John Howard.

“ Among his other singularities, is to be enumerated his generous care of his superannuated horses. He had a range of pastures sacred to the old age of those who had carried him pleasantly, or worked for him honestly and industriously till they were no longer fit for service. This is the moment when horses are, in general, either sold at an under price to people who are constrained to allow no touch of pity to predominate over that charity which begins at home, or else they are destroyed, and given to the dogs, their masters alleging that it is an act of humanity. Our philanthropist’s humanity never lead-

ing him to kill an old servant, he turns his useless horses into the aforesaid pastures, where they remain happy pensioners on his bounty for the rest of their lives.

“I was much delighted, on walking over those grounds with the generous master of them, to see twenty or thirty of these quadruped pensioners, enjoying themselves in perfect freedom from labour, and in full supply of all that old age requires.—Each of the fields has a comfortable shed, where the inhabitants can resort to in the hard weather, and are sure of finding the rigours of the season softened by a well-furnished crib of the best hay, and a manger either of bran or corn ground, or some other nourishing food. Chelsea hospital is not better accommodated: the day on which I made the circuit of the pastures, was one of the finest of August; some of the pensioners were renovating in the sun, others reposing in the shade; but on the approach of their benefactor, all of them, actuated by a spirit of gratitude worthy of imitation, that could move with ease, came towards him, invited his attentions, and seemed very sensible of their situation. Some, whose limbs almost refused their offices, put themselves to no small difficulties to limp towards him; and even those, who, being confined to their hovels, might be fairly said to be bed-ridden, turned their languid eyes toward him, and appeared sensible of his pity and caressings.

“‘These have been all very faithful creatures, sir,’ said he, ‘and who, have strong claims upon me: that poor fellow, who has now scarcely a leg to stand upon, was the constant companion of my peregrinations for six and twenty years, and was as proud and prancing as he is now humble and decrepid; and the iron-grey invalid, which you see yonder, dragging his slow length along, was, in the days of his youth, such a roving riotous fellow, that no gate or hedge could keep him within bounds, and it was a day’s work sometimes to catch

him; nay, when he was caught, it required more address and horsemanship than ever I was master of to make him understand, that the philosophy of a parson's pad had more charms for me than all the flights of Bucephalus, or even of Pegasus himself. Look at him now. The morality of the contrast is obvious.'—

“In this manner he went on, enumerating the several qualities and historical anecdotes of the several pensioners. The one last described he told me, ‘was at no time a horse for him, and would not probably have been amongst his pensioners, but that he had been once rode by a relation of his, a young agreeable rake, who valued him for the very points that made him useless to me, skittishness and impetuosity; all which he asserted, were the sure marks, both in man and beast, of a generous spirit, high heart, and noble disposition. Now, as my little frolic-loving cousin was precisely of this character himself, and, after a mad, but not vicious, career of fifteen years, consolidated into a very good man, I suffered the horse and his master to reform themselves at leisure, and wish, with all my soul, that half the reformed rakes about town had turned out so well, after sowing their wild oats, as did this young gentleman, and his favourite steed, who, for the eight last years of his servitude, was a pattern of sobriety to horses and riders.’”

Mr. Howard had other singularities peculiar to himself, as the following instances will testify.

A gentleman, travelling with him from Lancashire to London in 1777, Mr. Howard observed, that he had found few things more difficult to manage than post-chaise drivers, who would seldom comply with his wishes of going slow or fast, till he adopted the following method. At the end of a stage, when the driver had been perverse, he desired the landlord to send for some poor industrious widow, or other proper object of charity, and to introduce such person and the driver together. He then paid the latter his fare, and told him, that as

he had not thought proper to attend to his repeated requests as to the manner of being driven, he should not make him any present; but, to show him that he did not withhold it out of a principle of parsimony, he would give the poor person present double the sum usually given to a postillion. This he did, and dismissed the parties. He had not long practised this mode, he said, before he experienced the good effects of it on all the roads where he was known.

Another anecdote will evince a more extraordinary instance of his determined spirit. Travelling once in the King of Prussia's dominions, he came to a very narrow piece of road, admitting only one carriage, where it was enjoined on all postillions entering at each end, to blow their horns by way of notice. He did so; but, after proceeding a good way, they met a courier travelling on the king's business, who had neglected this precaution. The courier ordered Mr. Howard's postillion to turn back; but Mr. Howard remonstrated that he had complied with the rule, while the other had violated it; and therefore that he should insist on going forwards. The courier, relying on an authority to which, in that country, every thing must give way, made use of high words, but in vain. As neither was disposed to yield, they sat still a long time in their respective carriages: at length the courier gave up the point to the sturdy Englishman, who would on no account *renounce his rights*.

For many years previous to his death he did not taste animal food, and for thirty years never tasted wine. His usual diet for the whole day consisted of two penny rolls with some butter, or sweatmeat, a pint of milk, and five or six dishes of tea, with a roasted apple on going to bed.

When he travelled in England or Ireland, it was generally on horseback, and he rode about forty English miles a day. He was never at a loss for an inn. When



Engraved by R. Cooper.

ELIAS HOYLE,

Of Sowerby, Yorkshire - Aged 113.

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in Ireland, or the Highlands of Scotland, he used to stop at one of the poor cabins that stick up a rag by way of sign, and get a little milk. When he came to the town he was to sleep at, he bespoke a supper, with wine and beer, like another traveller, but made his man attend him, and take it away, whilst he was preparing his bread and milk. He always paid the waiters, postillions, &c. liberally, because he would have no discontent or dispute, nor suffer his spirits to be agitated for such a matter; saying, that in a journey that might cost three or four hundred pounds, fifteen or twenty pounds addition was not worth thinking about. When he travelled on the continent, he usually went post in his own chaise, which was a German one that he bought for the purpose. He never stopped till he came to the town he meant to visit, but travelled all night, if necessary; and from habit could sleep very well in the chaise for several nights together. In the last tour but one he travelled twenty days and nights together without going to bed, and found no inconvenience from it. He used to carry with him a small tea-kettle, some cups, a little pot of sweetmeats, and a few loaves. At the post-house he could get his water boiled, send out for milk, and make his repast, while his man went to the *auberge*.

ELIAS HOYLE.

FROM the light which history affords us, there is great reason to believe, that long life is in some measure hereditary; and that healthy long-lived parents would commonly transmit the same to their children, were it not for intemperance, and the frequent errors in medical advice, which so evidently tend to the abbreviation of human life. Whence is it, but from these causes, and the unnatural modes of living, that, of all the children

which are born in the capital cities of Europe, nearly one half die in early infancy ! To what else can we attribute this extraordinary mortality ? Such an amazing proportion of premature deaths is a circumstance unheard of among savage nations, or among the young of other animals ! How few persons, in these times, arrive at that period which nature seems to have designed ! Man is by nature a field-animal, and seems destined to rise with the sun, and to spend a large portion of his time in the open air, to inure his body to robust exercises and the inclemency of the seasons, and to make a plain homely repast only when hunger dictates. But art has studiously defeated the kind intentions of nature ; and, by enslaving him to all the blandishments of sense, has left him, alas ! an easy victim to folly and caprice. To enumerate the various abuses which take place from the earliest infancy, and which are continued through the succeeding stages of modish life, would carry us far beyond our present intention. Suffice it to observe, that they prevail more particularly among people who are the most highly polished and refined. To compare their artificial mode of life with that of nature, or even with the long livers, would probably afford a very striking contrast ; and at the same time supply an additional reason why, in the very large cities, instances of longevity are so very rare.

Immediately after the creation, when the world was to be peopled by one man and one woman, the ordinary age was 900 and upwards. Immediately after the flood, when there were three persons to stock the world, their age was cut shorter, and none of those patriarchs, but Shem, arrived at 500. In the second century we find none that reached 240 : in the third, none but Terah that came to 200 years ; the world, at least a part of it, by that time being so well peopled, that they had built cities, and were cantoned out into distinct nations. By degrees, as the number of people increased, their lon-

gevity dwindled, till it came down at length to 70 or 80 years: and there it stood, and has continued to stand ever since the time of Moses. This is found a good medium; and by means hereof the world is neither overstocked nor kept too thin; but life and death keep a pretty equal pace.

That the common duration of man's life has been the same in all ages since the above period, is plain both from sacred and profane history. To pass by others, Plato lived to 81, and was accounted an old man; and the instances of longevity produced by Pliny, as very extraordinary, may most of them be matched in modern histories.

We have already given several instances of remarkable longevity, and now add to the list the venerable name of Elias Hoyle.

This venerable man was a native of Sowerby, in Yorkshire, being, at the time the accompanying portrait was taken, 113 years of age. His life is another convincing proof of the invaluable blessings of sobriety and industry; for, by his labour alone "that offspring of want and mother of health," he maintained a numerous family in glorious independence; not one of them receiving parochial relief, although he was only a journeyman mechanic: he was enabled to follow his employment till he was 110 years old.

FREDERIC TRENCK.

BARON FREDERIC TRENCK was born at Königsberg in Prussia, on the 16th of February, 1726, of one of the most ancient families in the country. His father who died in 1740, with the rank of major-general of cavalry, bestowed particular care on the education of his son and sent him at the age of thirteen to the university of his

native city, where he made a rapid progress in his studies.

It was not long before he began to manifest that hot and impetuous disposition, and those violent passions which were probably the cause of all his subsequent misfortunes. At this period the barbarous practice of duelling was very common in the university of Königsberg, where it was considered honourable to send a challenge. By the time Trenck was sixteen he had been engaged in three affairs of this kind, and in all of them had wounded his antagonist. In 1742 he was introduced as a cadet into the body-guards of the king, who was so highly pleased with the talents which he displayed as to give him a cornet's commission in the space of six weeks. His majesty likewise equipped him splendidly for the service, and in 1743, selected him to instruct the Silesian cavalry in the new manœuvres, an honour never before granted to a youth of eighteen.

During the following winter Trenck's corps was garrisoned at Berlin, where a table was kept at court for the officers, and where he associated with the celebrated literati whom Frederic II. had assembled round him.

Trenck was now near six feet high, and nature had endowed him with every requisite to please. It was about this time that his heart began to feel a passion which eventually drew down upon him the indignation and severity of his sovereign, though he would himself fain ascribe it to a very different cause. The object of his love was the Princess Amelia, the king's sister, and from the notice which Trenck himself takes of this affair it is not improbable that the first advances were made by the lady. He informs us that he was appointed to escort another of his majesty's sisters who had been married to the King of Sweden, as far as Stettin. "Amid the tumult," says he, "inseparable from occasions like these, on which it was my duty to maintain order, a thief had the address to steal my watch and cut

away a part of the gold lace from the waistcoat of my uniform, and escape unperceived. This accident brought on me the raillery of my comrades, and the lady alluded to thence took occasion to console me, saying, it should be her care that I should be no loser. Her words were accompanied by a look I could not misunderstand, and a few days afterwards I thought myself the happiest of mortals."

This amour it was Trenck's interest to keep as profound a secret as possible. His mistress supplied him with more money than he could spend, so that he made the greatest figure of any officer in his corps. The style in which he lived was remarked, and it was known that the income of the estate left him by his father was inadequate to support such an expenditure.

Never did the days of youth glide away with more apparent success and pleasure than those of Trenck during the first years of his residence at Berlin. His good fortune was, however, but of short duration. In the beginning of September, 1744, war broke out between Austria and Prussia. In the course of the campaign the baron received from his sovereign the order of merit, and when it was ended, returned to Berlin, where he says he was received with open arms. He became less cautious in regard to his amour, and perhaps was more narrowly observed. A lieutenant of the foot-guards having indulged in some impertinent jokes on the subject, Trenck bestowed on him such an epithet as he thought he deserved, on which they drew their swords and his antagonist was wounded. It would appear that his intrigue was no longer a secret to the king, for the next Sunday when the baron presented himself to pay his respects to his majesty on the parade, he addressed him in these remarkable words: "The thunder begins to roll and the bolt may fall: beware." This warning probably made little impression on Trenck, and obliged the king to have recourse to severity; for a

short time afterwards being a few minutes too late on the parade, the king remarked it, and made this neglect a pretext for sending him under arrest to Potsdam; nor did he recover his liberty till three days before the army marched to commence the second campaign.

During this campaign some letters passed between the baron and his cousin who held a command in the Austrian army opposed to that of the Prussian monarch. This correspondence was made the ostensible reason of Trenck's being sent under an escort of fifty hussars from the army to Glatz and there confined. Whether Frederic had any fresh reason for this act of severity, whether he had received any new provocation from Trenck, or was instigated by the malicious insinuations of persons inimical to the baron, it is impossible to determine.

On his arrival at Glatz, he was not confined in a dungeon, but was lodged in a chamber belonging to an officer of the garrison, and was allowed his own servants to attend him. His first care after this painful reverse was to establish a safe correspondence with the princess, who endeavoured to soothe his mind and sent him a thousand ducats. He wrote to the king, requesting to be tried by a court martial, and desiring that no favour might be shown, if he should be found guilty. No answer was returned, and Trenck thought himself justified in using every possible means to obtain his liberty. To this end he employed the supplies he had received from the princess in bribing some of the officers of the garrison, but his plan was ungratefully betrayed by a prisoner, whom he intended to rescue from bondage at the same time with himself.

Trenck's situation now became much more unpleasant. He was closely confined in a chamber, for having endeavoured to corrupt the king's officers, and was guarded with greater caution. This treatment was insupportable to his impatient temper, and he resolved to avail himself of the first opportunity of escape.

The window of his apartment looked towards the city, and was ninety feet from the ground in the tower of the citadel. With a notched pen-knife he sawed through three iron bars, and with a file, procured from one of the officers, he completed the business of effecting a passage through five more which barricaded the window. This done, he cut his leathern portmanteau into thongs, sowed them end to end, added the sheets of his bed, and safely descended from this astonishing height. The night was dark and every thing seemed to promise success, but a circumstance he had never considered was, that he had to wade through moats full of mud, before he could enter the city. He sunk up to the knees, and after long struggling and incredible efforts to extricate himself, he was obliged to call the sentinel and desire him to go and tell the governor that Trenck was stuck fast in a ditch.

Having failed in a subsequent attempt, the result of sudden indignation and resentment, made in open day and in the face of the guard, the severities of imprisonment were still farther increased. With no better success he attempted to seduce a part of the garrison, who had secreted arms, with the intention of giving liberty to all the prisoners and retiring into Bohemia. The design was betrayed by an Austrian deserter who had been intrusted with the secret, and Trenck now appeared to his sovereign in the light of a conspirator, desirous of corrupting the officers and soldiers of the king, and involving them in a participation in his treasonable designs. Nor was this the whole of his misfortune. His money was expended; and the princess, with whom he had kept up a continual correspondence, now wrote that she durst do no more for him.

Being thus abandoned entirely to his own exertions, Trenck contrived to procure money from a friend at Schweidnitz, and the inferior officers being still favorable to his views, he prevailed upon one of them, Lieutenant

Schell, not only to aid him in his escape, but to be the companion of his flight. This plan, however, like all the preceeding, had nearly failed, and that at the very moment when it was about to be put into execution. The night appointed for this purpose was that of the 14th of December, when Schell mounted guard. The governor had prohibited the officers to enter Trenck's apartment, and being informed by a spy, who was likewise a prisoner, that Schell was then with Trenck, he gave orders that the lieutenant should be taken from the guard, and put under arrest. Schröder, a brother officer who was dining at the governor's table when these orders were issued, conceiving that Schell's intention was discovered, ran to inform him of the circumstance, and to give him warning to provide for his safety.

"Schell," says the baron in his memoirs, "might easily have provided for his own safety by flying singly, Schröder having prepared horses, on one of which he himself offered to accompany me to Bohemia. How did this worthy man act toward his friend in so critical a moment? Running suddenly into my prison, he drew a corporal's sabre from under his coat, and said, 'Friend we are betrayed; follow me, only do not suffer me to fall alive into the hands of my enemies.' As we went out of the prison, Schell said to the sentinel, 'I am taking the prisoner into the officer's apartment, stand where you are.' Into this room we really went, but passed out at the other door. The design of Schell was to go under the arsenal, which was not far off, to gain the covered way, leap the pallisades, and afterwards escape in the best manner we were able.

"We had scarcely gone a hundred paces before we met the adjutant and Major Quaadt. Schell started back, sprung upon the rampart, and leaped from the wall, which was not there very high. I followed and alighted unhurt, except having grazed my shoulder. My poor friend was not so fortunate, having put out his

angle. He immediately drew his sword, presented it to me, begging me to dispatch him and fly. Instead of complying with his request, I took him in my arms, for he was a small, weak man, threw him over the palisades, and afterwards getting him on my back, began to run without very well knowing which way I went.

“The sun had just set as we took to flight. No one would run the same risk we had done by making so dangerous a leap, and before they could go round the citadel and through the town in order to pursue us, we had got full half a league. The alarm guns were fired before we were a hundred paces distant; at which my friend was very much terrified, knowing that, in such cases it was generally impossible to escape, unless the fugitives had got the start full two hours before the alarm guns were fired, the passes being immediately stopped by the peasants and hussars.

“Scarcely had I borne my friend three hundred paces before I set him down, and looked round me, but darkness came on so fast that I could see neither town nor citadel. Schell’s mind was all confusion; he despaired of our escape, and still intreated I would not let him be taken alive. Having promised by all that was sacred, to save him from an infamous death if no other means were left, and thus raised his spirits, he looked round, and knew by some trees that we were not far from the city gates. He directed me to the Neiss, and taking him again on my shoulders, I carried him to the river, which was a little frozen. I entered it with my friend, and carried him as long as I could wade, and when I could not feel the bottom, he clung round me, and thus we safely reached the opposite shore.”

Having thus gained the mountains, the fugitives continued to wander about all night, and when day appeared they thought themselves near the frontiers, which are twenty miles from Glatz, when to their great terror they heard the town-clock strike. Overwhelmed with hunger,

cold, fatigue, and pain, they perceived a lone house, on the side of the mountain, to which they proceeded. Here they found two horses belonging to an old peasant, with which they made free, and arrived without accident at Braunau, on the Bohemian frontiers.

After a residence of three weeks at that place, Schell recovered his lameness, and Trenck, who was utterly destitute of money, having left all he possessed behind him in the prison, now resolved to travel on foot to his mother, in Prussia, in order to obtain a supply, and then enter into the Russian service. Schell refused to abandon him, and they accordingly set out on this expedition. They had travelled above a fortnight and reached Ozenstochowa in Poland, when three Prussian officers, who pretended to be merchants, arrived at the inn where they passed the night. These officers were sent by Fouquet, the governor of Glatz, who had obtained information of their route, for the purpose of carrying them back to that fortress. They endeavored to purchase the acquiescence of the landlord in their plan, which he honourably refused, and informed the fugitives of the scheme laid to entrap them.

Notwithstanding this intelligence, and the probability of being way-laid by this party, our adventurers resolved to continue their journey. The landlord had told them that their enemies had only one musket, Trenck had also a musket, and an excellent sabre, and each of them was provided with a pair of pistols. On the second day after they had quitted their honourable host, they had not been an hour upon the road before they discovered a carriage, which, on a nearer approach they knew to be that of their enemies, who pretended it was fast in the snow and called for help. Guessing this was an artifice to entrap them, Trenck and his companion turned about thirty paces from the road, answering they had no time to give them help. On this their enemies took their pistols from the carriage and pursued them full speed, calling to them to stop. A conflict ensued, in which

Schell was wounded, and two of the assailants lost their lives.

Schell's wounds some time afterwards rendered it necessary for his companion to leave him behind for the purpose of his recovery, and he proceeded by himself. After a variety of adventures he reached Elbing, where he met his former tutor Brodowsky, who wrote so affectingly to his mother that she came to see him at that place, and brought with her a relief for his necessities. By her he was persuaded to relinquish his intention of entering the Russian service and to go to Vienna to his cousin, who possessed large estates in the Austrian dominions, and to which our adventurer was the next heir.

Trenck accordingly went to Vienna, where he arrived in the month of April, 1747, accompanied by his faithful friend Schell, who found means to procure a lieutenant colonel's commission in an Austrian regiment then serving in Italy. At Vienna, Trenck found his cousin, the celebrated partisan and colonel of Pandours, imprisoned and involved in a most perplexing prosecution instituted by officers whom he had broken for various offences, and favoured by persons in high official situations, with whom he had refused to share the spoils he had amassed.

The baron as it may be supposed, on his arrival at Vienna, made every exertion in behalf of his cousin, who appears to have been most unjustly persecuted. He was permitted to have free access to him and to procure him any assistance he might need. By these means he became acquainted with all his secrets. A revision of the suit being at this time instituted, his ungrateful kinsman thought he should be able to gain his cause without obligation to the baron. As he was a man who stuck at nothing that could in any way promote his views, he had determined to rid himself of our hero, and even employed assassins to take away his life. This circumstance is thus related by Trenck.

"I left him one evening to return home, taking under my coat a bag with papers and documents relating to the prosecution, which I had been examining for him and transcribing. Leaving the arsenal I crossed the court and perceived that I was followed by two men in grey roquelaures, who, pressing upon my heels, held loud and insolent conversation concerning the runaway Prussian Trenck. I found they sought a quarrel, and supposing they were two of the accusing officers broken by Trenck, endeavoured to avoid them. They quickened their pace. I turned round, and in a moment received a thrust with a sword in the left side where I had put my bag of papers, which accident alone saved my life. The sword pierced through the papers and slightly grazed the skin. I instantly drew and the heroes ran. I pursued; one of them tripped and fell. I siezed him; the guard came up: he declared he was an officer of the regiment of Kollowrat, showed his uniform, was released, and I was taken to prison. The town major came next day and told me I had intentionally sought a quarrel with two officers. I was alone, and could produce no witness; I must of course be in the wrong and for this remained six days in prison. No sooner was I released than they sent to demand satisfaction for the pretended insult. The proposal was accepted and I promised to be at the place appointed by them within an hour.

"I went to my cousin to ask his assistance, related what had happened, and as the consequences of this duel might be very serious, desired him to give me a hundred ducats that I might be able to fly if either of them should fall. Hitherto I had expended my own money on his account, and had asked no reimbursement, but what was my surprise when this wicked man said to me with a sneer: 'Since, good cousin, you have got into a quarrel without consulting me, you will also get out of it without my aid.' As I left him he called me

back to tell me, 'I will take care and pay your undertaker,' for he certainly believed I should never return alive. I now ran, half despairing, to Baron Lopresti, who gave me fifty ducats and a pair of pistols, with which I cheerfully repaired to the field of battle. Here I found half a dozen officers of the garrison. I had no second, but an old Spanish captain of invalids, who met me going in all haste, and having learned whither, insisted on accompanying me.

"Lieutenant K—n was the first with whom I fought, and who received satisfaction by a deep wound in the right arm. On this I desired the spectators to prevent farther mischief; for my own part I had nothing more to demand. Lieutenant F—g next entered the lists, with threats which were soon quieted by a lunge in the belly. Hereupon Lieutenant M—f second to the first wounded man, said very angrily: 'Had I been your man you would have found a very different reception.' My old Spaniard of eighty, proudly advanced with his long whiskers and tottering frame, and cried: 'Hold! Trenck has proved himself a brave fellow, and if any man thinks proper to assault him farther he must first take a breathing with me.' Every one laughed at this bravado from a man who could scarcely stand or hold a sword. I replied: 'Friend, I am safe, unhurt, and want no assistance. Should I be disabled, you may then, if you think proper, take my place; but as long as I can hold a sword, I shall take pleasure in satisfying all these gentlemen one after another.' I would have rested myself a moment, but the haughty M—f, enraged at the defeat of his friend, would not give me time, but furiously attacked me, and having wounded him twice, he wanted to close and sink me to the grave with himself, but I disarmed and threw him. None of the others had any desire to renew the contest. My three enemies were sent bleeding to town; and as M—f appeared to be mortally wounded, and the Jesuits and Capuchins

of Vienna refused me an asylum, I fled to the convent at Keltenberg; but, by the good offices of Baron Lopresti, had liberty to appear, in a week, at Vienna.

“The blood of Lieutenant F—g being in a corrupt state, his wound, though not dangerous in itself, made his recovery doubtful. He sent to intreat I would visit him, and when I went, having first requested I would pardon him, gave me to understand I ought to beware of my cousin. I afterwards learned that the treacherous Trenck had promised him a company and a thousand ducats, if he could find means to quarrel with and dispatch me, and the lieutenant being deeply in debt was the more easily induced to accept this infamous offer.”

The baron having now full conviction of the ingratitude and malignity of his kinsman resolved to abandon him to his fate. He quitted Vienna with the intention of going to Holland and embarking for the East Indies, but at Nuremberg, meeting with a body of Russians commanded by General Lieuwen, a relation of his mother's, he was prevailed upon to enter into the Russian service. The peace of 1748 afterwards followed, and Trenck proceeded with the troops to Russia, by way of Dantzick, where he narrowly escaped being entrapped by the Prussians.

At the Russian court Trenck was received with the highest distinction, and was on the road to honours and emoluments, when he received intelligence of the death of his cousin, at the fortress of Spielberg, who left him his heir on condition that he should only serve the house of Austria. Nothing but the immense property which his cousin was known to have possessed, and the persuasions of his friends, could have induced Trenck to return to Vienna, which, in his heart, he had renounced for ever.

To that metropolis he however returned, and there, by the glorious uncertainty of the law, he found all his ex-

pectations disappointed, and out of the large estates and immense wealth of his cousin he received no more than sixty-three thousand florins, with which in the sequel he purchased the lordship of Zwerbach in Austria.

In the month of March, 1754, his mother died, and he took a journey to Dantzick to settle some family affairs with his brothers and sister, his own estates in Prussia having been confiscated. Here an amicable partition of his mother's effects was made, and he remained with his brothers and sister a fortnight. Trenck's only acquaintance at Dantzick was the Austrian resident, to whom he brought letters of recommendation from Vienna. The politeness of this man's conduct was only a cloak for the basest perfidy; for, in conjunction with the Prussian resident, he secretly prevailed on the magistrates of Dantzick to deliver the baron into the hands of the King of Prussia, who having been informed of his journey sent to demand him. The magistrates, too weak to resist, complied with this requisition, seized the baron, who was at the same time plundered of all the property he had about him, and delivered him to a party of Prussian soldiers. A close carriage was provided, and the unfortunate Trenck was conveyed to Berlin, and through Spandau to Magdeburg, where he was conducted to a dungeon expressly prepared for his reception.

"This dungeon," says the baron, "was built in a casemate, ten feet long and six broad. Two doors shut close on each other, and there was a third at the entrance of the casemate. The light came through a window, at the opening of the arch of the vaulted roof, and went through a wall seven feet thick. Though it gave light enough, it was placed in such a manner that I could see neither heaven nor earth; I could only perceive the roof of the magazine. On the inside and outside of this window were bars of iron, and in the substance of the wall between them a grate of wire, worked so close

together, that it was impossible to distinguish any object either within or without. Besides all this, the window was guarded with pallisades on the outside, to prevent the sentinels from approaching and giving me any assistance. My furniture in this horrible abode, consisted of a bedstead, fastened to the floor, for fear I should remove it to the window, and get upon it, a mattress, a small stove, and near the stove a box, fixed against the wall, and intended to serve me for a seat. I was not permitted to have any instrument of iron, and my allowance for four and twenty hours, was a pound and a half of ammunition bread, and a jug of water. Though I had always been a great eater in my youth, I was nevertheless obliged to throw away half my bread, it was so exceedingly mouldy.

“Judge, reader, what I suffered from hunger the eleven long months that I lived on this involuntary regimen! for I should have required at least six pounds of bread a day to satisfy my appetite. I had no sooner received and devoured my allowance, than I felt again the attacks of hunger. I was, however, obliged to wait the revolution of the twenty-four hours, before I could hope for relief. Hunger seldom permitted me to sleep; and when it did, I instantly dreamed that I was sitting at a table covered with the most delicious viands, and that I was devouring them with the greatest voracity: I thought that the company wondered at my appetite. But as my dream did not fill my stomach, the illusion was not of long duration: I waked, the dishes disappeared, and left me nothing but chagrin. My cravings, however, became every day more pressing. This kind of suffering prevented my closing my eyes, and rendered my situation a thousand times more dreadful; the want of sleep doubling the duration of time, and consequently that of my torments.

“Prayers and representations were all to no effect. The answer was; ‘it is forbidden by the king’s ex-

press order to give you more.' General Borck, commandant of Magdeburg, a man of a cruel and severe disposition, said to me one day, when I begged him to make a small addition to my portion : 'You gormandized long enough on the king's plate,' (which Trenck stole from him at the battle of Sorau,) 'but you must now learn to eat our ammunition bread in your dirty hole. Your empress has not sent money for your support, and you neither deserve the bread allowed you, nor the expense you occasion.' "

In consequence of his attempts to escape, the king ordered a new dungeon to be built in such a manner as to put it out of his power to have any communication with the sentinels. Giving a description of his second dungeon, he says :

" My prison having been built of lime and plaster, in the short space of eleven days, and I having been committed to it immediately after, it was thought that my sufferings could not be of long duration. Indeed, during the first half year, the water dropped continually from the vaulted roof upon my body ; and I can assure my readers, that for the first three months I did not know what it was to be dry. My health, however, did not suffer.

" When the officers came to visit me, (which was every day after the relief of the guard,) they were obliged, before they entered, to leave the doors open for a few minutes, as otherwise the exhalations from the walls, added to the thickness of the air, extinguished the candles.

" Left to myself in this horrid abode, without friends, without assistance, and without consolation, my imagination filled with the most dreadful images, and the most calculated to drive a man to despair, I cannot conceive what it was that withheld my hand from completing the tragedy. Twelve o'clock, however, struck, and my tomb was opened for the first time. Pity and commiseration

were painted on the faces of my keepers ; but the profound silence they observed, and the time they employed in opening the doors, to the locks and bolts of which they were not yet accustomed, inspired terror."

In this dismal place he was not thought sufficiently safe without the additional horrors of cumbrous irons. Round his neck was a collar of a hand's-breadth ; to the ring of which the chains and their whole weight were appended. These chains he was obliged to sustain with one hand, day and night, for fear of being strangled. Above the elbows were two irons to which a chain was fixed behind his back that passed up to the neck collar. These however were removed a month after they were put on, as the baron fell ill. A broad iron rim was rivetted round his body, between which and the bar which separated his hands there was another chain. The bar, two feet in length, was ironed to the handcuffs, so that he could only bring the ends of his fingers in contact. The chains were also fixed to a thick iron staple in the wall, a triple row of chains descended to the right foot, and the whole weight, the projecting neck-collar acting as a lever, was enormous.

The confinement of the unfortunate baron in this dreadful cell continued nine years and five months, during which time he made many astonishing but fruitless attempts to escape. These had no other effect than of rendering his confinement still more severe ; all possible means being taken to render him perfectly secure by adding strength to his fetters and making alterations in his dungeon.

It would be impossible to introduce into this brief account of the life of Trenck, a narrative of the various expedients he employed for disencumbering himself of his irons, cutting through bars, bolts, and doors, undermining his prison, gaining over the officers and sentinels to his interest, or to describe the numberless extraordinary incidents which from time to time occurred during

his operations, the keenness of his disappointment on the detection and frustration of his plans, and the hardships and fatigues which he underwent during the long period of his captivity.

We shall therefore be contented with introducing a few anecdotes of his confinement, tending partly to show the singularity of his character, and the manner in which he passed his time when not engaged in projects for the recovery of his freedom.

After one of the many unsuccessful attempts which he made for that purpose, being very strictly examined and asked where he concealed all his implements, he replied: "Beelzebub is my best and most intimate friend. He brings me every thing I want, supplies me with light; we play whole nights at piquet, and guard me as you please, he will finally deliver me out of your power." Some of the persons present were astonished, and others laughed; at length as they were barring the door of his dungeon, he called out: "Come back, gentlemen; you have forgotten something of great importance." In the mean time he had taken one of his files from the place of concealment. When they returned: "Look you, gentlemen," said he, "here is a proof of the friendship which Beelzebub has for me, he has brought me this in a twinkling." Again they examined and again they shut the door. While they were doing this, he took out a knife and ten louis d'ors, called, and they returned muttering curses; he then showed them the knife and louis d'ors. Their consternation was excessive, and Trenck diverted himself under his misfortunes, by jesting at the short-sightedness of his keepers. It was soon rumoured through Magdeburg, especially among the simple and vulgar, that the captive Trenck was a magician to whom the devil brought all he asked.

One Major Holzkammer, a very selfish man, profited by this report. A foolish citizen offered him fifty dollars for permission to see Trenck through the door,

being extremely desirous to have a peep at a wizard. Holzkammer informed Trenck of the circumstance, and they jointly determined to sport with the man's credulity. The major furnished the baron with a mask with a monstrous nose, which he put on when the doors were opening, and threw himself into an heroic attitude. The affrighted citizen drew back, but Holzkammer stopped him, saying: "Have patience a few minutes and you will see him assume quite a different countenance." The burgher waited, the mask was thrown aside, and Trenck's face, whitened with chalk, made a ghastly appearance. The burgher again shrunk back; Holzkammer kept him in conversation, and Trenck assumed a third farcical form. He tied his hair under his nose, fastened a pewter dish to his breast, and when the door a third time opened, he thundered out: "Begone rascals, or I'll wring your heads off." They both ran, the silly citizen, eased of his fifty dollars, being the first to scamper away. The major in vain enjoined the burgher not to reveal what he had seen. In a few days Trenck, the magician, was the theme of every ale-house in Magdeburg, and the person was named who had seen him change his form thrice in the space of an hour. Many false and ridiculous circumstances were added, till the story at length reached the ears of the governor. The citizen was sent for, and offered to swear to the truth of what himself and the major had seen. Holzkammer in consequence, received a severe reprimand, and was put under arrest for some days.

Trenck having read much, having lived and seen a great deal of the world, was but little troubled with vacuity of thought during the tedious period of imprisonment. The past events of his own life and those which had happened to others, revolved so often in his mind, that they became as familiar and connected as though they had been written in the order in which they occurred. Habit rendered him so perfect in this kind of

exercise that he could compose speeches, fables, odes, and satires, all which he repeated aloud, and had so treasured them in his memory that after he had obtained his freedom he committed to writing two volumes of these his prison labours.

Another kind of employment likewise contributed to beguile the days of his captivity. On the appointment of a new lieutenant-governor, who was a very humane man, Trenck's doors were suffered to stand open several hours daily, to admit light and air. Having the advantage of light he now began to engrave for amusement, with a nail on the pewter cup, out of which he drank, satirical verses and various figures, and at length attained such perfection in this art, that his cups were considered as master pieces both of composition and execution, and were sold as rarities. His first attempt, as may be well imagined, was rude. His cup was carried to the governor, who showed it to his visitors and sent him another. He improved by practice, and each of the inspecting officers wished to possess one. Thus engaged, a whole year passed swiftly away, and his expertness obtained him the permission of candle light. The king gave orders that all these cups should be inspected, as Trenck was desirous by his verses and devices to inform the world of his fate. This command, however, was not obeyed: the officers making a considerable profit of the exertion of his talents and selling the cups at last for twelve ducats a piece.

The difficulties of this kind of engraving will be conceived when it is recollected that Trenck worked by candle light on shining pewter, attained the art of producing light and shade, and by practice could divide a cup into thirty-two compartments as regularly with a stroke of the hand, as with a pair of compasses. The writing was so small that it could not be read without glasses. In this employment Trenck could use but one of his hands, both being separated by the bar, and

therefore held the cup between his knees. His only instrument was a sharpened nail, yet with this rude graver he inscribed two lines on the rim alone.

Some of these cups fell into the hands of persons of the highest distinction. The female branches of the royal family of Prussia saw and admired them, and one which was presented to the Emperor of Germany, made so strong an impression on his consort, Maria Theresa, that she immediately commanded her minister to make every exertion for Trenck's deliverance.

Peace, however, was concluded between Austria and Prussia, and nothing was done in his behalf. Finding himself neglected, he now resolved to resort to his old expedients which he had for some time relinquished, in consequence of the mild treatment of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, the then governor of Magdeburg, and the hope of regaining his liberty by other means. He opened a hole in his floor, which he had made some time before, and formed a subterranean passage for the purpose of escaping. One day while thus engaged, an accident befel him which threatened to terminate at once his captivity and his life. We shall relate it in his own words.

"While mining under the foundation of the rampart, I struck my foot against a stone in the wall above, which fell down and closed up the passage. What was my horror to find myself thus buried alive! After a short time for reflection, I began to work the sand away from the side, that I might obtain room to turn round. By good fortune there were some feet of empty space, into which I threw the sand as I worked it away: but the small quantity of air soon became so foul, that I a thousand times wished myself dead, and made several attempts to strangle myself. Farther labour began to seem impossible. Thirst almost deprived me of my senses, but as often as I put my mouth to the sand, I inhaled fresh air. My sufferings were inconceivable, and

I imagine that I passed full eight hours in this distraction of horror. Of all dreadful deaths surely such a death as this is the most dreadful. My spirits fainted; again I recovered a little, and again resumed my labour; but the earth was as high as my chin, and I had no more space into which I might throw the sand so as to be able to turn round. I made a more desperate effort, drew my body into a ball and turned round. I now faced the stone, which was as wide as the whole passage, but there being an opening at the top, I respired fresher air. My next labour was to remove the sand from underneath the stone and let it sink, so that I might creep over, and thus I at length once more reached my dungeon.

“The morning was advanced; I sat down so exhausted that I supposed it impossible to cover up and conceal my hole in time. After half an hour’s rest, however, my strength returned; again I went to work, and scarcely had I ended, when the resounding locks and bolts announced the approach of my visitors. They found me pale as death; I complained of the head-ach, and continued some days so much affected by the fatigue I had sustained, that I began to imagine my lungs were impaired. After a time, health and strength returned, but perhaps of all my nights of horror this was the most horrible. I long repeatedly dreamed I was buried alive in the centre of the earth, and after three and twenty years had elapsed, my sleep was still haunted with this incident. After this, whenever I worked in my cavity, I always hung a knife round my neck, that in case I should be again so enclosed, I might shorten my miseries. Over the stone that had fallen were several others that hung tottering, under which I was several hundred times obliged to creep, but no danger could deter me from endeavouring to obtain my liberty.”

About this time Trenck sustained the severe loss of a companion which for two years had contributed to be-

guile the solitary hours of his captivity. This was a mouse which he had tamed so perfectly, that the little animal was continually playing with him, and used to eat out of his mouth. One night it skipped about so much, that the sentinels heard a noise, and made their report to the officer of the guard. As the garrison had been changed at the peace, and as Trenck had not been able to form at once so close a connexion with the officers of the regular troops, as he had done with those of the militia, one of the former, after ascertaining the truth of the report with his own ears, sent to inform the commandant that something extraordinary was going on in the prison. The town major arrived in consequence early in the morning, accompanied by locksmiths and masons. The floor, the walls, the baron's chains, his body, every thing in short, was strictly examined. Finding all in order, they asked the cause of the last evening's bustle. Trenck had heard the mouse, and told them frankly by what it had been occasioned. They desired him to call his little favourite; he whistled, and the mouse immediately leaped upon his shoulder. He solicited that its life might be spared, but the officer of the guard took it into his possession, promising however on his word of honour, to give it to a lady who would take great care of it. Turning it afterwards loose in his chamber, the mouse, who knew nobody but Trenck, soon disappeared, and hid itself in a hole. At the usual hour of visiting his prison, when the officers were just going away, the poor little animal darted in, climbed up his legs, seated itself on his shoulder, and played a thousand tricks, to express the joy it felt on seeing him again. Every one was astonished, and wished to have it. The major, to terminate the dispute, carried it away, gave it to his wife, who had a light cage made for it; but the mouse refused to eat, and a few days after was found dead.

At length, through the interference of the imperial ambassador at Berlin, Trenck was restored to the enjoy-

ment of that liberty of which he had been nearly ten years deprived. He hastened to Vienna, but what was his astonishment to find that he was escorted like a prisoner from Prague to that metropolis, and, on his arrival there, kept in confinement at the barracks. In this state of captivity he continued six weeks, through the contrivance of those, who, during his absence, had been the trustees of his property, and who now wished it to be generally believed that he was insane; in order that they might still retain the management of his affairs. He obtained his liberty through the interposition of Colonel, afterwards Field-marshal, Count Alton, and, indignant at the treatment he had received, determined to quit Vienna.

Trenck accordingly went to the baths of Aix la Chapelle, and where, in 1765, he married the daughter of the former burgomaster De Broc. He now settled at Aix la Chapelle, where he was largely engaged in the wine trade, in the prosecution of which he also visited England. Much of his time was likewise occupied in writing, in unmasking the deceit and impostures of the monks who swarmed in that part of Germany where he resided, and in conducting a newspaper which he commenced. The rancour of the priests exposed him several times to the risk of assassination: but his extraordinary escapes from all their machinations at length persuaded the credulous multitude that he was invulnerable. So enraged were the jesuits and monks by the asperity with which he attacked their proceedings, that a day was appointed on which the baron's writings were to be burned before his house, the house itself razed to the ground and its inhabitants massacred. His wife received letters warning her to fly with her children for safety, which advice she from terror obeyed. Trenck and two huntsmen remained, provided with eighty-four loaded muskets. These he displayed in the gallery before the window, to show that he was resolved to make

a desperate defence. The appointed day arrived, and the jesuit Father Zünder, with the baron's works in his hand, attended by all the students in the town, appeared ready for the attack. The other monks had incited the townspeople to a general storm, but no man had the heart to appear in the market-place, while Trenck stood prepared to give them so warm a reception.

In the year 1780, the baron removed with his wife and family to Vienna, where they were received with distinguished favour by the Empress Maria Theresa, whose sentiments towards Trenck seemed to have undergone a total alteration. She settled a pension on him, and promised still farther to befriend him and his family. He purchased the lordship of Zwerbach, and his prospects seemed to brighten, when the death of the empress once more drew a cloud over the scene. The pension granted by that sovereign to Trenck's wife was suppressed by her successor, and nature seemed to have united with fortune to persecute him even in his rural retreat. Repeated floods, hail-storms and other calamities ravaged his little manor and reduced him to poverty.

At this juncture died Frederic the Great, the inveterate persecutor of Trenck. Frederic William II. immediately sent him a passport to Berlin; the confiscation of his estates was annulled, and his surviving brother had declared the baron's children his heirs. Early in 1787, he accordingly proceeded to Berlin, where the king received him with the most condescending affability. He had also an interview of two hours with his former mistress the Princess Amelia, and if we are to believe the account of a recent writer, the sensations of either were far from being of the most agreeable kind. The ravages of Time during upwards of forty years, and the deep traces which grief had impressed on the countenance of the one and hardship and misfortune on that of the other, produced feelings little short of mutual disgust. Five days after his departure from Berlin, the princess expired.

Trenck now pursued his journey to Königsberg, where his only remaining brother impatiently awaited his arrival. Here he found himself in the midst of relations and kinsmen of all degrees who came to compliment him on his return to the place of his nativity. Here also it was that for the first time he learned how the vengeance of the great Frederic had extended to the rest of his family, and in what misfortunes it had involved them.

He returned to Berlin, and after the king had conferred on him a pension of twelve hundred dollars, hastened back to Vienna. In November, 1788, Trenck undertook another journey to Berlin, to try what farther could be done to advance his interest there; but perceived so many changes in the course of a single year, and so many parties contending with each other for power, that he resolved to defer his design till some more favourable opportunity.

Quitting Berlin with the intention of returning once more to Vienna, he paid a visit by the way to General Count Solms at Königstein, a celebrated fortress in Saxony, of which he relates in his memoirs the following interesting circumstances, which could not fail to remind him forcibly of his own situation at Magdeburg.

“When I was there (at Königstein) parts of the rock were blown up to form casemates. In doing this was found a dungeon hollowed out of the solid rock to the depth of sixty fathoms. At the bottom of this dungeon appeared a bedstead, on which lay a human skeleton; and by its side the remains of a dog. Horrible spectacle to a heart endued with the feelings of human nature! Even now the walls of this prison confine three persons not unworthy of notice. One of these was private secretary to the court of Saxony, and in 1756 betrayed its secrets to the King of Prussia. He was taken in Poland, and has now been thirty-four years in a dungeon. He still lives, but his appearance is rather that of a wild

beast than a man—Another is one Colonel Acton. He who is acquainted with the secret history of Dresden, will recollect the horrid poison scheme which was detected, but was thought proper to be kept secret. Acton was the chief in this conspiracy. He was by birth an Italian, possessed a Calabrian heart, was a bold and handsome man, and was the favourite of the dowager electress. He has still many friends in Dresden, and enjoys more liberty than his fellow prisoners. Where he is, however, he must die, and cannot accuse his imprisonment of injustice.—The third is a fine young Swede. Six years ago he was arrested at Leipsic, at the private request of the King of Sweden and brought to Königsstein in a mask. When he was taken he defended himself like a lion, claiming his right to be protected by the law of nations. This man is excluded from the light of day. No one sees him; no one speaks to him; and, on pain of death, no one must know who or what he is. From what I could learn he is no criminal; he has had no trial, but some state or love intrigue at the Swedish court has brought on him this fate. He has no deliverance to hope for but in death, for the elector has promised the king of Sweden, that he shall never more behold the light of the sun. He is now under thirty years of age, and the worthy governor cannot speak of him without the tear of compassion in his eye: he shrugs his shoulders, looks up to heaven, and says: ‘It is the elector’s order, and I must obey. God help him!’

“It is not difficult to guess what passed in my mind at the thought of such victims: my blood curdled when departing I cast an eye back on the grave of living beings, and when I recollected that I too was in Königsstein, I looked forward with terror lest the door should be shut on me likewise. With a heavy heart I returned to Dresden.”

In that city Trenck was prevailed upon to visit France, and in every part of that country, where his history had

been worked up into dramatic exhibitions, he was received with universal enthusiasm.

He arrived in February 1789, at Paris. The reception he there experienced surpassed every thing he had hitherto met with. He had scarcely been three days in the French capital, before his arrival was generally known, and he received visits or invitations from all the people of consequence. Ladies too came, excited by curiosity, to see him. Feasts and entertainments were given in his honour, and in most houses the desert was enriched with allusions to his imprisonment and adventures, with triumphal arches and laurel crowns.

Paris was at this time the focus of those intrigues which immediately preceded the revolution; and it is natural to imagine, that a man of so impetuous and restless a spirit as Trenck could not forbear to mingle with them. At this juncture also appeared Mirabeau's "Secret Memoirs of the Court of Berlin," to which Trenck printed a reply, exposing the malignity and falsehoods of that publication. Mirabeau, however, had sufficient weight to suppress this vindication by menacing Trenck's bookseller, and finding this expedient successful, he himself printed a surreptitious edition of the work, previously taking care by various alterations to pervert the sense of the original. Nor was the baron more successful in his publication of a French translation of his memoirs; which was attended with considerable expense, but the commencement of the revolution attracting the whole of the public attention, left him a considerable loser by the speculation.

The emperor had granted him a pension of fifteen hundred florins on condition that he would subscribe an engagement not to publish any thing either in the Austrian dominions or elsewhere. The baron, however, was guilty of an unpardonable breach of faith. He went to Hungary, and no sooner had he arrived at Buda, than he committed to the press a work in favour of the

French revolution, in which he had the temerity to declare, that the convulsion in France ought to serve as a model for other states, and that he had himself contributed much to that event. He was in consequence arrested by order of the Hungarian government, and conducted under an escort of twelve grenadiers, to Vienna, and confined in a mad-house, where it was supposed he would end his days. In 1791, however, he was again set at liberty, but was obliged to sign a new promise to live quietly, to behave loyally, and not to travel without assigning a reason, or without having obtained permission for that purpose.

Such is the account which has been given of Trenck's conduct on this occasion, in various publications, but he himself relates the circumstance of this business in a very different manner. He states that, on his accession to the Austrian throne, the Emperor Leopold, to whom he was previously well known, required the assistance of his pen in support of his power in Hungary, where a serious ferment had taken place. He employed his talents with such success, that the malcontents, headed by the clergy, were highly exasperated. The latter were particularly indignant at the asperity with which he attacked them in several of his performances. He received several anonymous letters, warning him not to accept invitations to the tables of certain nobles from whom there was reason to apprehend attempts on his life. He went, however, undaunted, but no one had the courage to execute such a design. One attempt was actually made in the house of an Hungarian count, but frustrated by the caution of a trusty servant, to whom, at a side-board, they positively insisted on filling for Trenck out of a particular bottle of wine. At Buda, he purposely walked every evening on the bridge of boats, to show that he was not afraid, and there assassins were once planted to throw him into the Danube. As he always went well armed, they were,

however, afraid to attack him. At length the business was carried to such a pitch, that the Pandours came to him, and offered him their assistance to throw all the bishops in the diet out of the window. Trenck inculcated peace, patience, and quietness, and hastened post to Vienna to receive farther orders from the monarch.

Immediately on his arrival, he had a private audience, and the emperor's first words were, "Trenck, there are complaints of you already made to me, but I am not irritated against you. You go too violent to work; you are in extreme danger. It is absolutely necessary that I should recal you from Hungary, and I cannot publicly afford you protection. You are not ignorant of clerical vengeance." Trenck then asked, if his majesty was displeased with his writings or conduct in Hungary. The answer was, "No: on the contrary, I am indebted to you for them, but I dare not protect you."—"If so," replied Trenck, "I fear nothing; I will cheerfully return." "Only be more moderate, be more cautious," were the emperor's last words.

Again he hastened to Buda, and wrote in all thirteen pamphlets during the sitting of the diet, and contributed greatly to the favourable issue of affairs in Hungary. The clergy and monks were, however, too imbitered against him for unveiling their designs not to entertain ideas of vengeance. "One of them," says Trenck, "with the most artful malice, selected passages from my *Macedonian Hero*, a work published twenty-six years before, to prove that I had then entertained designs against monarchs in general, and endeavoured to render them objects of distrust to the people. To these, he added extracts from a book, in which I had spoken of the origin of the French revolution in a way to deter all people from copying it; which, taken by themselves, appeared to convey a meaning totally different from what they bore when considered with the context. The devil himself could not have acted with more malevolence. His con-

clusion from these was, that I sought to stir up the people against the nobility and clergy, and that as my writing and conduct in Hungary had procured me a great number of partisans, particularly among the Protestants, his majesty would do well to forbid my writing any more, as being a dangerous man in that country; to prevent my visiting it again; to cause me to be narrowly watched, or to secure my person."

Though the emperor secretly approved of all Trenck's proceedings, yet the baron relates that he was obliged to acquiesce in the plan of the above-mentioned engagement, in the form of a bond, and which he was threatened with confinement if he refused to subscribe. He acknowledges having been sent a prisoner from Buda to Vienna for some neglect of military etiquette, and confined for nineteen days in his own house, in the latter city. Irritated at this treatment, which originated with the Prince of Coburg, the baron demanded public satisfaction or his discharge, renouncing his pension and his rank in the army, and also claiming the bond he had signed on compulsion. The emperor not only returned the bond, but accepted his resignation of his rank, increased his pension from nine to fifteen hundred florins, but gave him permission to employ his talents in whatever manner he pleased.

"When I found," says the baron, "that I could obtain no satisfaction for the gross treatment I had received from the military court, having sought justice in vain, I appeared in public and at the theatre. Every one stared at me with astonishment; for my enemies had spread a report, that I had excited a rebellion in Hungary, had been conveyed to Vienna, chained hand and foot, and thence sent to the Spielberg for life. The very day, on which I was at the play, and held my head erect in the midst of my abject enemies, who wished me joy of my good fortune, a counsellor declared on his honour, in a private company, that he saw me shut up in the tower

destined for the reception of lunatics; and the public papers had already incarcerated me as a traitor in the most dreary dungeon."

Trenck informs us, that the Emperor Leopold not only treated him on all occasions with the greatest friendship, and condescension, but even intimated his design to compensate him for the injustice he had sustained, with respect to the Hungarian estates of his cousin. Unfortunately for the baron's hopes, the monarch, before he could accomplish his intention, was snatched away suddenly by the hand of death, after a very short reign, and with him died all the expectations of Trenck.

The baron, affected by this disappointment, quitted Vienna, resolving to traverse Europe in quest of an asylum where his pen might be employed with the greatest security and advantage. This intention he intimates in the following terms: "Literature is now my hobby-horse, on which the Belisarius of Austria and Prussia will probably prance throughout Europe; those parts of it excepted where fire and faggot threaten heretics like me, till he finds some corner secure from ministerial rancour, and prelatical vengeance, whence the thundering voice of truth may pierce the remotest region of the atmosphere, and crowned with conviction, subside into gentle murmurs, when the rigid censor, backed by his satellites, has threatened it with fetters in vain. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the public will yet be greeted with a numerous progeny from my fertile pen. But should sovereign commands operate universally throughout Germany to bring back the times of the crusades, I will learn the language of savages, and write for the Hurons the biography of our European monarchs and ministers of state, in plain honest terms; and dispatch my faithful pictures to the inquisition at Rome and Madrid, where they who wish to have genuine copies of them may apply."

It does not appear, however, that Trenck executed

this intention ; or at least if he did, it is more than probable, that the infirmities attendant on the advanced period of life he had now attained, prevented him from attracting any portion of public attention. He lived in obscurity a few years, and died in 1797. Thus terminated the career of a man, who, doubtless, possessed an ardent and extraordinary genius, and who might have raised himself to the greatest honours, under the patronage of the greatest monarchs of the earth, had he possessed less impetuosity and more prudence.

Trenck left a family of eight children out of eleven his wife had brought him during their union. Two of his sons were in the military service of Prussia, and one in the imperial army. His pension of fifteen hundred florins was continued to his family after his decease.

NICHOLAS FENY.

NICHOLAS FENY, the real name of the King of Poland's dwarf, better known by the name of Bébe, was born at Plaisnes, a principality of Salins, in Vosges. His father and mother were of good size, but yet, when he came into the world he was only eight or nine inches long, and weighed no more than twelve ounces. He was besides extremely delicate. A wooden shoe served him for a cradle, and he could never suck his mother, his mouth being too small to receive the nipple. A goat therefore supplied her place ; he had no other nurse than this animal, which on her side seemed to conceive an attachment for him.

At the age of six months he had the small-pox, and the milk of the goat was his only sustenance, and his only medicine. At eighteen months he began to speak, and at two years could almost walk without assistance ; it was then that he first wore shoes, which were eighteen lines in length.

The coarse food of the natives of the Vosges, such as pulse, bacon, and potatoes, constituted the nourishment of his infancy till the age of six years, and during that time he had several fits of illness, from all which he happily recovered. At five years he was completely formed, though he had only attained the height of twenty-two inches; and to this singularity he was indebted for his subsequent good fortune.

Stanislaus, King of Poland, having heard of this extraordinary child, was desirous of seeing him. He was sent for to Luneville, where he had for his habitation the palace of that beneficent king, for whom he conceived a strong attachment, though otherwise he manifested but little sensibility. That prince gave him the name of Bébe. Notwithstanding all the pains that were bestowed on his education, he showed no signs either of judgment or of reason.

The very small portion of knowledge he was able to attain was insufficient to give him any notion of religion, or to render him capable of any connected reasoning. His capacity never exceeded that of a sagacious dog. He seemed fond of music, and would occasionally beat time with great exactness. He even danced with tolerable precision, but it was only while his eyes were attentively fixed on his master, that he might direct all his steps and all his movements by the signs he received from him.

Being once in the country, he one day straggled into a meadow, the grass of which was higher than himself. On another occasion, when he imagined that he was lost in a copse, he cried out for help. He was susceptible of passions, as desire, anger and jealousy. On these subjects his discourse was without connexion, and only displayed confused ideas. In a word, he showed only that kind of sensibility which arises from circumstances that strike the eye, or from a temporary impression. The

small degree of reason he manifested, seemed to be very little superior to the instinct of animals.

The Princess of Talmond became his instructor; but notwithstanding the talents she herself possessed, she could not develop any in Bébe. The result was such as might have been expected. He conceived such a strong attachment for her that seeing her one day caress a little dog, he snatched the animal from her hands and threw it out of the window, crying, "Why do you love him more than me?"

The celebrated Polish dwarf Count Borulawski resided some time at the court of Stanislaus, with Bébe, during which a ludicrous quarrel took place between these *gigantic heroes*.

One day they were both in the apartment of the king, when the prince greatly caressed Borulawski and asked him several questions, to which the count replied in a manner which gave the prince great satisfaction; and calling Bébe to him, said: "you see Bébe what a difference there is between Borulawski and you! He is amiable, cheerful, entertaining, and full of knowledge, whereas you are but a little machine." Bébe made no reply, but his countenance proved he was violently agitated. Soon after, the king being gone to his closet, Bébe availed himself of that instant to execute a revengeful project, which he had meditated, and slyly approaching his rival, seized him by the waist, and endeavoured to push him into the fire. Luckily, his antagonist caught hold of an iron hook by which the fire irons are kept upright, and thus prevented the dreadful catastrophe. The noise of Borulawski brought back the king, and thus saved the count's life. The king immediately called his servants, and ordered them to inflict a corporeal punishment on the revengeful Bébe.

Till the age of fifteen Bébe possessed the use of all his organs, and his whole diminutive figure was well-formed

and justly proportioned. He was then only twenty-nine inches in height. At this age puberty began to appear, but the efforts of nature were prejudicial to him. Hitherto the juices had been equally distributed throughout his whole frame, but when the age of manhood declared itself, this harmony was disturbed, and it had the effect of enervating an already weak and slender body, of impoverishing his blood, and drying up his nerves. His strength diminished, his spine became incurvated, his legs fell away, one shoulder-blade grew out of place his nose acquired a disproportionate size ! Bébe lost his gaiety, and became quite infirm. He however grew four inches in the four succeeding years.

The Count de Tressan, who attentively observed the progress of nature in the development of this dwarf, foresaw that he would die of old age before he was thirty. In fact, at the age of twenty-one he became quite infirm, and those who had the care of him, remarked traits of childishness, not resembling that of his early years, but the consequence of decrepitude. During the last year of his life he was so enfeebled that he could scarcely walk. The external air incommoded him unless it was very warm. He was led out to walk in the sun, which seemed to revive him, but he could scarcely go one hundred steps at a time. In the month of May 1764, he had a slight indisposition, which was succeeded by a cold, attended with fever, that threw him into a kind of lethargy, from which he recovered for a few moments, but without speaking.

During the last four days of his life he was more than commonly sensible. His ideas were more clear and connected than they had ever been in his full vigour; a circumstance that not a little surprised those about him. He died the 9th of June, 1764, having almost completed his 23d year, and attained the height of thirty-three inches.

MADAME TERESIA.

THIS attractive little specimen of the human species, better known by the designation of the Corsican Fairy, was born in the Island of Corsica, on the mountain of Stata Ota, in the year 1743: at the time of her being shown in London, in October 1773, she was then only thirty-four inches high, and weighed but twenty-six pounds. Her surprising littleness made a strong impression, at first sight, on the spectator's mind; nothing disagreeable, either in person or conversation, was to be found in her, although many of nature's productions in miniature are often so in both. Her form afforded a pleasing surprise; her limbs were exceedingly well proportioned, her admirable symmetry engaged attention; and upon the whole was acknowledged a perfect beauty. She was possessed of much vivacity and spirit; could speak Italian and French, and gave the most inquisitive mind an agreeable entertainment: in short, she was the most extraordinary curiosity ever known, or ever heard of in history; and the curious in all countries where she was shown, pronounced her to be the finest display in human nature they ever saw.

At what time, or place, Madame Teresia died is unknown. We shall here give some general observations on the subject of dwarfs, with a few of the most remarkable instances on record.

It was supposed by the ancients, that a race of men of diminutive stature composed a peculiar nation. Homer gives an account of a pigmy nation contending with the cranes; and however the poet might be supposed to exaggerate, Athenæus has gravely attempted to confirm this. If we attend to these, we must believe that in the internal parts of Africa, there are whole nations of pigmy beings, not more than a foot in stature, who continually wage an unequal war with the birds and



Engraved by R. Cooper.

MADAME TERESIA,

The Corsican Fairy.

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beasts that inhabit the plains in which they reside. Some of the ancients, however, and Strabo in particular, have supposed all these accounts to be fabulous ; and have been more inclined to think this supposed nation of pigmies nothing more than a species of apes, well known to be numerous in that part of the world. With this opinion the moderns have all concurred ; and that diminutive race, which was described as human, has been long degraded into a class of animals that resemble us but very imperfectly.

The existence, therefore, of a pigmy race of mankind, being founded in error or in fable, we can expect to find men of diminutive stature only by accident, among men of the ordinary size. Of their antiquity, however, we have undoubted proof, for in the Book of Leviticus, dwarfs are mentioned among those who are prohibited from offering the bread of God.

Of these accidental dwarfs, every country, and almost every village, can produce numerous instances. There was a time when these unfavoured children of nature were the peculiar favourites of the great ; and no prince or nobleman thought himself completely attended, unless he had a dwarf among the number of his domestics. These poor little men were kept to be laughed at, or to raise the barbarous pleasure of their masters, by their contrasted inferiority. Even in England, as late as the time of King James I. the court was at one time furnished with a dwarf, a giant, and a jester : these the king often took a pleasure in opposing to each other, and often fomented quarrels among them, in order to be a concealed spectator of their animosity. It was a particular entertainment of the courtiers at that time to see little Jeffery, for so the dwarf was called, ride round the lists, expecting his antagonist, and discovering in his actions, all the marks of contemptible resolution. *

* See vol. i. p. 88.

In the reign of Charles I. a dwarf named Richard Gibson, who was a page of the back-stairs, and a favourite at court, was married to Miss Anne Shepherd, a lady of equal height; the king honoured this singular wedding with his presence, and gave away the bride. On this occasion Waller composed the following lines:

Design or chance make others wive,
But nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom heav'n seem'd to frame,
And measure out this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly,
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show,
Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
And ev'ry man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem:
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
Ah, Chloris! that kind nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As love has me for only you!

Each of them measured three feet ten inches. This little pair were painted at whole length by Sir Peter Lely. They had nine children, five of which attained to maturity, and were well proportioned to the usual standard of mankind. Mr. Gibson's genius led him to painting, in the rudiments of which art he was instructed by De Clein, master of the tapestry works at Mortlake, and distinguished by his drawings for several of the cuts to Ogilby's Virgil, and Sandy's Translation of Ovid.

Gibson's paintings in water-colours were well esteem-

ed, but the copies which he made of Lely's portraits gained him the greatest reputation. He had the honour to be employed in teaching Queen Anne the art of drawing, and was sent for into Holland to instruct her sister the Princess of Orange. To recompense the shortness of their stature, nature gave them an equivalent length of days, for he died in the 75th year of his age, and his wife, having survived him almost twenty years, died in the year 1709, at the great age of 89.

The Romans, especially under the first emperors, placed dwarfs among the objects of their luxury and ostentation; and the passion they had for these little men, made them an object of commerce. They are likewise appendages to the dignity of the Grand Seignior; and when deaf and dumb, are deemed invaluable.

Dwarfs formed a part of the retinue of William, Duke of Normandy; in fact, it was the custom of that time, for every lord to use them for valets or pages. They were employed also to hold the bridle of the king's horse, in grand processions. Domenichino has placed dwarfs in the suite of the Emperor Otho; Raphael has done the same in a series of paintings of the history of Constantine; and Volasquez has painted some of the Spanish court.

Wanley, in his *Wonders of the Little World*, has given several instances of ancient dwarfs, of which the following are the most particular.

“In the time of Theodosius there was seen in Egypt, a pigmy, so small of body that he resembled a partridge; yet did he exercise all the functions of a man, and could sing tuneably; he lived to the twentieth year of his age.

“M. Antonius is said to have had Sisyphus, a dwarf, who was not of the full height of two feet, and yet of a lively wit.

“Augustus Cæsar exhibited in his plays one Lucius, a young man born of honest parents; he was not full two

feet high, saith Ravisius; he weighed seventeen pounds, yet he had a strong voice.

“ In the time of Jamblicus, lived Alypius of Alexandria, a most excellent logician, and a famous philosopher, but of so small and little a body that he hardly exceeded a cubit, or one foot five inches and a half in height. Such as beheld him would think he was scarce any thing but spirit and soul: so little grew that part of him which was liable to corruption, that it seemed to be consumed into a kind of divine nature.

“ Cardan saith, that he saw a man at full age in Italy, not above a cubit high, carried about in a parrot's cage. This would have passed my belief had I not been told by a gentleman of a clear reputation, that he saw a man at Sienna, about two years since, not exceeding the same stature. A Frenchman he was, of the county of Limosin, with a formal beard, who was also shown in a cage for money, at the end whereof was a little hatch, into which he retired; and when the assembly was full, came forth, and played on an instrument.”

In the year 1710, Peter, Czar of Russia, celebrated a marriage of dwarfs, which was attended with great parade. Upon a certain day, which he had ordered to be proclaimed several months before, he invited the whole body of his courtiers, and all the foreign ambassadors, to be present at the marriage of a pigmy man and woman. The preparations for this wedding were not only very grand, but executed in a style of barbarous ridicule. He ordered that all the dwarf men and women, within two hundred miles, should repair to the capital; and also insisted that they should be present at the ceremony. For this purpose he supplied them with proper vehicles; but so contrived it, that one horse was seen carrying a dozen of them into the city at once, while the mob followed shouting, and laughing, from behind.

Some of them were at first unwilling to obey an order,

which they knew to be calculated to turn them into ridicule, and did not come ; but he soon obliged them to obey ; and, as a punishment, enjoined, that they should wait upon the rest at dinner. The whole company of dwarfs amounted to about seventy, beside the bride and bridegroom, who were richly adorned, and in the extremity of the fashion. For this little company in miniature every thing was suitably provided ; a low table, small plates, little glasses, and, in short, every thing was so fitted, as if all things had been dwindled to their own standard. It was his great pleasure to see their gravity and their pride ; the contention of the women for places, and the men for superiority. This point he attempted to adjust, by ordering, that the most diminutive should take the lead ; but this bred disputes, for none would then consent to sit foremost. All this, however, being at last settled, dancing followed the dinner, and the ball was opened with a minuet by the bridegroom, whose height was exactly three feet two inches. In the end, matters were so contrived, that this little company, who met together in gloomy disgust, and with an unwillingness to be pleased, being at last familiarized to laughter, entered into the diversion, and became extremely sprightly and entertaining.

We have now laid before our readers particulars of the principal dwarfs upon record ; some of whose mental powers were certainly such as entirely to disprove the assertion of Lavater, who has said that no person above or below the ordinary standard of mankind, ever attained any eminence for talent beyond the generality of the human race.

MESSENGER MONSEY.

MESSENGER MONSEY was born in the year 1693, at a remote village in the county of Norfolk, of which his

father was rector; but at the revolution, by declining the oaths, he forfeited his preferment. He was more fortunate than the generality of the nonjuring clergy, as he had some resource in a paternal estate, which is still in the family, and preserved him from those difficulties which too many at that time encountered, who sacrificed temporal interest to a steady adherence to their principles.

The subject of these memoirs received a good classical education, which his father chiefly superintended himself. He was then removed to St. Mary Hall, Cambridge, and, after five years spent at the university, studied physic some time under Sir Benjamin Wrench, at Norwich, from which place he went and settled as a physician at Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk.

Here he married a widow, with a handsome jointure, who at her death, left him one daughter. This lady became the wife of a gentleman of a reputable mercantile family, in the city of London.

At Bury, Dr. Monsey experienced the common fate of country physicians, being obliged to submit to constant fatigue, long journeys, and the inconveniences of an inadequate income. He has been heard to confess, that with the utmost exertion of unwearied application, his receipts never exceeded three hundred pounds a year, by efforts, which, in an easy chariot, and in the streets of London, secured Dr. Warren nearly twenty times that income. Here had it not been for a fortunate accident, his merits might have been confined to a provincial newspaper, and his fame to a country churchyard.

Lord Godolphin, the son of Queen Anne's lord treasurer, was seized with an apoplectic complaint, on his journey to his seat near Newmarket; the nearest medical help was at Bury, and Dr. Monsey, either by the assistance of nature or his own skill, was so successful as to save Lord Godolphin's life, and secure his warmest gra-

itude. Lord Godolphin was single, not very young, nor much addicted to company or dissipation. He felt, that by attaching himself to worth so superior to the situation in which he found it, he should obtain a rational companion for his leisure hours, and a medical friend, so desirable in the decline of life. During the intervals of illness his regard for the doctor increased; and, after his lordship's recovery, his behaviour was so unassuming, and his patron's offers so liberal, that he immediately accompanied him to the metropolis. Here he was not doomed to struggle with the painful disappointment of hope deferred, for he was treated at Lord Godolphin's as a friend and companion, and introduced to many of the first characters of the age. Among others, Sir Robert Walpole assiduously cultivated his acquaintance; and the Earl of Chesterfield always acknowledged, with gratitude, the benefit he derived from his medical skill and assistance.

He thus trod the pleasantest part of life, the midway between leisure and fatigue, while friendship, polished society, and literary amusement, might be said to strew it with flowers. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, though his great age, for many years before his death, prevented his attendance at their meetings; and, on the death of Dr. Smart, physician to Chelsea hospital, he was appointed to succeed him. Although Lord Godolphin readily embraced every opportunity to forward the interest of his friend Monsey (as he always used to call him), yet he could not persuade himself to lose his agreeable society, which he was frequently heard to declare, was the solace and comfort of his life. He, therefore, on Dr. Monsey's appointment to Chelsea, procured leave for him still to reside in town, on condition of visiting the hospital as occasion required.

He was at one time in the habit of the closest intimacy with David Garrick, whose fascinating powers

of conversation and elegant manners, formed a striking contrast to Dr. Monsey's. The latter, during a long intercourse with the great and the gay, ever preserved a certain plainness of behaviour, which, to those who associated with him, was by no means unpleasing.

He could never be persuaded to sacrifice sincerity at the shrine of adulation; he spoke the truth; and, which sometimes gave offence, the whole truth. This frequently afforded occasion to ignorance and malignity to cry him down as a cynic; but his censure, though severe, was generally just, and his shafts were directed against vice, folly, and affectation.

This difference of manners between him and the manager produced a mutual, but not unfriendly exchange of raillery: to raise a laugh at the doctor's expense, was the amusement of many a happy hour at Hampton.

Garrick told him one evening, after his return from performing at Drury-lane, that, wishing to see a favorite scene acted by a performer at Covent-Garden, then much in fashion, he had silyly slipped from his own stage, and trusted an under actor, known by the name of Dagger Marr, for a few minutes to supply his place, which was only to stand silent and aloof; and that, having satisfied his curiosity, he returned time enough to resume his part. The doctor credulously swallowed the story, and circulated it with a degree of serious wonder; the town enjoyed the joke, and he was heartily laughed at for his pains.

Those who knew Mr. Garrick, admired and loved him; but they knew, and universally confessed, that although he eagerly sought and enjoyed a joke at the expense of another, he was most seriously nettled if a laugh was raised at his own. Monsey frequently retorted with success. The little manager was sore, and, on a

particular occasion, allowed himself a most unjustifiable asperity of reply, that called forth the latent spark of resentment in his friend.

The Bishop of Sodor and Man, (Dr. Hildesly, who preceded Dr. Wilson,) was saying that Garrick certainly meant to quit the stage: "He never will do it," said Monsey, "as long as he knows a guinea is cross on one side, and pile on the other,"—an expression proverbial in Norfolk. This was industriously reported. The violence with which it was resented proved *that it was true*; and the long acquaintance was closed by an anonymous letter, sent by Garrick, containing the frequently quoted extract from Horace: *Absentem qui rodit amicum*, &c. a sentiment which Roscius ought to have been the last man to quote, as the *eccentric oddities* of his friend, as he used to call them, afforded him at all times, and at all places, an inexhaustible fund of ridiculous anecdote.

Intimate friends are said to make the most inveterate enemies; and Garrick, by his repeated and widely diffused sarcasms, certainly imbittered the enmity. Mutual recriminations, produced by the interference of some officious meddlers, who enjoyed their quarrel, passed between them to the very last.

Some unfinished stanzas were penned by the doctor, during the manager's illness, in which several physicians had been called in; but, as soon as Garrick died, which Monsey did not expect, they were instantly destroyed and he could never be prevailed on to repeat them.

A gentleman who was favoured with a sight of them, has given from memory the following passages, which afford a tolerable specimen of the satirical talents of the doctor.

Seven wise physicians lately met

To save a wretched sinner:

Come, Tom, says Jack, pray let's be quick,

Or I shall lose my dinner.

The consultation then begins, and the case of the patient is stated; after which,

Some roar'd for rhubarb, jalap some,
And some cried out for Dover,
Let's give him something, each one said,—
Why e'en let's give him—over.

This desperate counsel is, however, rejected by one of the medical sages, who, after some reflections on the life and habit of the patient, declares that he has great confidence in chink; adding

Not dried up chinks, you ninnies;
The chinking that I recommend
Is the famous chink of guineas.

A humorous altercation now ensues to determine by whom this auricular application of the purse should be made. With a humility and politeness to each other, for which physicians are so remarkable, each declines the honour to the superior rank or years of his neighbour; but the poet shrewdly guesses, that this backwardness arose from the majority of them not choosing to exhibit the comfortless state of their pockets.

At last a physician in vogue prides himself on his purse, replenished with guineas, which he had weighed, found *heavy*, and not *returned* to his patients as light; in the moment of exultation he exclaims:—

I and my long tails seldom fail,
To earn a score a day.

After due solemnity he approaches the bedside; the curtain is withdrawn, and the glittering gold shaken in the sick man's ear.

Soon as the fav'rite sound he heard
One faint effort he tried;
He op'd his eyes, he stretch'd his hand,
He made one grasp, and died.

Lord Bath in vain attempted to reconcile them. "I thank you," said Dr. Monsey, "but, why will your lordship trouble yourself with the squabbles of a merry andrew and a quack doctor?"

On the death of Lord Godolphin, Dr. Monsey was obliged to retire from the courtly air of St. James's, and to quit the splendid equipage, and retinue of a peer, together with a most agreeable circle of London friends, for a solitary apartment at Chelsea, his plate at the hall-table, his time-piece and his old woman.

As age and all its additional cares came on, an asperity of manners and a neglect of decorum was observed in Dr. Monsey; it became the fashion for the young, the delicate, and the gay, to exclaim against him as an interrupter of established forms, and as a violator of those minute rules of good breeding, which, however trifling they may appear to the sage and the philosopher, contribute essentially to the ease and comfort of modern life. The character which usually passes under the denomination of an oddity, has been defined, as a man, who sacrifices the good opinion of others to his own whim and *conveniency*. Nor can Dr. Monsey be wholly exculpated from these charges. In his intercourse with mankind he met with so many trifling and worthless characters, that he was apt to suspect what *such persons* so much valued was beneath *his* attention; but idle, fantastic, vain women, and womanish men, always excited in him the most violent emotions of anger and contempt.

He was acquainted with a clergyman of this class, a *near* neighbour, remarkable for puerile and silly behaviour, and very much in the habit of contradicting the doctor, without learning, or even a single idea to support his argument. "If you have any faith in your opinion, will you venture a small wager on it?"—"I could, but I won't," was the answer. "Then you have very little wit, or very little money," said Monsey.

With respect to religion, after long study and much reading, Dr. Monsey was a staunch and rational supporter of the unitarian doctrine, and early imbibed an unconquerable aversion to Bishops and establishments, to creeds and to tests; but when the "blasphemous Athanasian doctrine," as he called it, was mentioned, he burst into the most vehement expressions of abhorrence and disgust.

During his abode at Lord Godolphin's, he was one fine day riding in Hyde-park with a Mr. Robinson, a well meaning man, who was lamenting the deplorable state of the times, and concluded his harangue with his saying, "And, doctor, I talk with people who believe there is *no* God."—"And I, Mr. Robinson," replied the doctor, "talk with people who believe there are *three*." The frightened Trinitarian immediately set spurs to his horse, and would never after speak to the author of such a profane reply.

Sir Robert Walpole knew and valued the worth of his "Norfolk doctor," as he called him—he *knew it*, and neglected it. The prime minister was fond of billiards, at which his friend very much excelled him. "How happens it," said Sir Robert, in his social hour, "that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Dr. Monsey?"—"They get places," said the doctor, "I get a dinner and praise."

At one time the late ingenious Mrs. Montague was intimate with Dr. Monsey, so much so, that for many years she received from him a poetical compliment on her birth-day. Whether from his lines at last not having compliment enough, or from his coolness with Garrick, their acquaintance declined, he was always silent on the subject; but it was suspected to be owing to an extreme parsimony which appeared in the lady's conduct ever since she built her magnificent house in Portman-square.

Dr. Monsey was always strangely infatuated with

fears of the public funds, a bugbear that drove him to risk his money on troublesome securities, and ultimately produced heavy losses.

The doctor was frequently anxious, in his absence from his apartment, for a place of safety in which to deposit his cash and notes: bureaux and strong boxes he was conscious had often failed of security. Previous to a journey to Norfolk, to visit his brother and friends, during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire-place of his sitting room for his treasury, and placed bank notes and cash to a considerable amount in that unusual situation, in one corner under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his old woman (as he always called his housekeeper) preparing to treat a friend or two with a cup of tea; and by way of showing respect to her guests, she had made a fire in the parlor (or master's sitting room) fire-place to make the kettle boil, as she never expected her master till she saw him. The fire had not long been lighted, when Monsey arrived at the critical moment.

When the doctor entered the room, her company had scarcely begun tea: he ran across the room like a madman, swearing she had ruined him for ever, and had burned all his bank notes! First went the contents of the slop-bason, then the tea-pot, and then he rushed to the pump in the kitchen, and brought a pail of water, which he threw partly over the fire and partly over the company, who, in the utmost consternation, retreated as speedily as possible. His housekeeper cried out "For God's sake sir, forbear; you will spoil the steel stove and fire-irons." "Damn the stove, irons, you, your company and all!" replied the doctor; "you have ruined and undone me for ever: you have burned my bank notes." "Lord, sir," said the half drowned woman, "who'd think of putting bank notes in a Bath stove, where the fire is ready laid?" "Fire," said he, "who'd think of making a fire in summer time, where

there has not been one for these several months?" He then pulled out all the coals, and cinders, and at one corner he found the remains of his bank notes, for, being twice folded, one quarter of them so doubled, and wrapped in brown paper, were entire, so as to be legible.

Next day Dr. Monsey went to Lord Godolphin's, told his lordship the story, producing the remains of the notes, and with such energetic gestures in acting the part of finding them, as made him ready to burst his sides with laughter. He was, however, so well pleased that he told him he would go with him to the Bank the next day, and get the cash for him through his influence, and would be collateral security for the doctor's integrity and honesty as to their value.

Lord Godolphin having occasion to see the king (George II.) that day on business, told his majesty the story of Monsey and his bank notes. Being well acquainted with the doctor's strange character, the king resolved to go to Lord Godolphin's next morning, and conceal himself in a closet. When Monsey came, it was agreed that Lord Godolphin should get him to repeat the story, which, upon his arrival, he effected with much difficulty. His majesty was so highly diverted, that in attempting to stifle the mirth it excited, and to withdraw unperceived, he stumbled and the closet door opened. The doctor was much chagrined with Lord Godolphin for running the laugh on him, and just broke out "God"—when his majesty appeared, and on seeing him, the doctor continued: "bless your majesty! this may be a joke with you and his lordship, but to me a loss of near 400*l*." "No, no," replied Lord Godolphin, "for I am ready to go with you immediately and get your notes renewed, or the money for them." His lordship ordered his carriage, and agreed to meet the doctor at the room in the Bank, where some of the directors daily attend.

The doctor being obliged to go to the Horse-guards, on business, took water at Whitehall for the Bank. In going down the river his curiosity excited him to pull out his pocket-book, to see if the remains of his bank notes were safe ; when a sudden puff of wind blew them out of his pocket-book into the river. The doctor, with a volley of oaths, desired the waterman to put back, for that his bank notes were overboard. He was instantly obeyed ; and, when they reached them, he took the hat from his head and dipping it in the river took up his notes, together with half a hatful of water. In this state he put it under his arm, and desired to be set on shore immediately. He was landed at the Three Cranes, walked straight to the Bank, and was shown into the room where Lord Godolphin had just before arrived, and had given notice of Dr. Monsey's coming.

"What have you under your arm?" said Lord Godolphin. "The damned notes," replied the doctor, throwing the hat with the contents on the table among all the books and papers, and with such force as made the water fly in the faces of those who were standing near it. "There," said the doctor, "take the remains of your damned notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them !" A burst of laughter succeeded on being informed of the last adventure, and the doctor was obliged to repeat the original story over again with the addition of the water scene. An order was then made out for the whole amount, on the doctor's veracity, and Lord Godolphin's assurance of his integrity and singularity.

All this time the watermen were very noisy for their fare, swearing that the doctor was a madman. When he left the place with Lord Godolphin to return to his carriage, they even laid hold on him, and the doctor was so absent that he entirely forgot their errand, and absolutely knocked one of them down with his stick for insulting him. Lord Godolphin interfered ; when he recollected that he came by water, and had not paid the

men, on which he gave them a crown to drink for the mistake, and half-a-crown for their fare.

Experience, for which he paid so dear, at last taught him to put as much confidence in *public* as in *private* faith, and he invested property to a considerable amount in the funds.

It was a prevailing opinion that he was avaricious—a charge often bestowed on prudence by the foolish and profuse. If he was so, it was not a principle that pervaded his whole conduct; for he has been known in two instances to burn a bond for 100*l.* which he had advanced to industrious tradesmen, who were able, but would have been distressed, to repay it.

A neighbour of the doctor's, possessed of a large sinecure, used to be fond of ridiculing him in all companies for his meanness and love of money; though the doctor professed and proved himself a friend on all occasions, both to him and his wife. He attended them both at different times, for some years, without a fee being thought of, or offered; and on one occasion at some distance from town, when the doctor's chaise-hire cost him seven guineas. After some time, this *abuser* and *practiser* of sordid actions, sent his friend a ten-pound bank note, which Dr. Monsey directly returned, saying "that the attentions of a *friend* cannot be repaid with *money*;" adding, "if he had sent me a piece of plate worth forty shillings, I should have thought myself obliged to him."

He was ever ready to advance sums to assist inferior tradesmen, often with very little prospect of receiving the money again. Not long before his death, he advanced a servant, retiring from a gentleman's service, a hundred pounds to set him up in business. The tradesman had applied for assistance to his master, a finical, delicate, woman's man, who trembled at a breeze; he *generously* lent him *twenty pounds*, which he made him repay in a *fortnight*. The performer of this *generous* ac-

tion has been heard to exclaim against the doctor as a miser and a brute.

Among a number of instances that might be related of Dr. Monsey's absence of mind, the following is one which he frequently mentioned, and laughed at very heartily, when in a good humour, at the same time observing, that his brother was as bad as himself.

Being once on a visit to his brother in Norfolk, in the beginning of winter, and intending to set off for London the next day, his brother proposed to go and shoot wild ducks early in the morning, that he might take two or three couple fresh killed to London with him. The servant had orders to clean the long fowling-piece, get plenty of powder and shot, and to grease their boots. Every thing being in readiness, according to their desire, about an hour before day-light the doctor and his brother set off for the place where the ducks resort, in order to be there by break of day, when they generally take wing to go to feed.

They had walked nearly three miles; and it having rained in the night, the clay-mud wall was very dirty and greasy, when they heard the cry of the ducks. They were now obliged to get over the wall and a gate across a sluice into the marsh, where the ducks were. The rain had raised the water about a foot. It was then proposed that one should go over, and the other remain behind. Says the doctor, "George, do you go over, for I have forgotten my boots."

"By God, doctor, so have I," said his brother, "but we won't lose our sport, as we have come thus far." So both waded through, and got over the gate into the marsh: and advancing along the fleet, they at length perceived the ducks. "You are near enough, George," said the doctor. "Aye," replied George, "I think we are not above one hundred yards off." "Why, then, fire," says the doctor. "Do you fire," returned George. "Why, I have not got the gun, do you fire." "I fire!

why I have not got the gun," said the brother, "I thought you had it. What a fine opportunity is lost! Here are not less than thirty ducks within shot, and neither of us have got the gun!" Thus, after rising very early, walking at least three miles in a most dirty place, along the salt marshes, and wading midleg in water above fifty yards, they found that they had both forgot to take the gun, as well as their boots.

By way of ridiculing family pride, Dr. Monsey used to relate that the first of his ancestors, of *any note*, was a baker and dealer in hops, a trade which enabled him with some difficulty to support a large family. To supply an urgent demand, he robbed his feather beds of their contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. A few years afterwards, a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce, and excessively dear. The hoarded treasure was ripped out of the beds, and a good sum was procured for hops, which, in a plentiful season, would have been unsaleable, and thus said the doctor our family *hopped* from obscurity.

Of Dr. Monsey's eccentric character, the following circumstances may serve as an addition to the examples that have already been given.

One time, when the doctor was coming from his brother's in Norfolk up to London, in the Norwich coach, during the Christmas holidays, the inside of the coach was crowded with game, as presents from country gentlemen to their friends in town. As there was just room for only one passenger, the doctor would gladly have deferred his departure, although it was on particular business, as there was no living passengers; but, as they refused at the coach-office either to return his earnest money, or to permit it to stand a part of his coach-hire to town next day, he entered the coach. When day-light appeared, seeing that the game had different assignments, he thought it better to be doing mischief than nothing at all; therefore, to amuse himself,

he altered all the directions: the pheasants that were going to my lord, or his grace, were sent to some tradesman. In short, every thing had a different destination from what was originally assigned it. Thus, on the delivery of the parcels an universal confusion took place, and those who by advice in a letter expected one thing, received another; but the doctor observed, that he always took care to send a good turkey to the tradesman.

The doctor once going along Oxford market observed a poor woman, far advanced in pregnancy, at a butcher's shop, asking the price of a fine piece of beef. The brute answered the woman, "one penny a pound," thinking, no doubt, it was too good for her. "Weigh that piece of beef," said the doctor.

"Ten pounds and a half," said Mr. Butcher.

"Here, good woman," cried the doctor "hold up your apron, and take that beef home to your family."

"God bless your honour!"

"Go off, directly—home: no compliments! Here, Mr. Butcher," continued the doctor, "give me change out of this shilling for that poor woman's beef."

"What do you mean, sir?" replied the butcher.

"Mean, sir! why to pay for the poor woman's beef, what you asked her,—a penny a pound. Come, make haste and give me three halfpence: I am in a hurry."

"Why, sir,"—said the butcher.

"No why sirs with me," answered the doctor, "give me my change instantly, or I will break your head."

The butcher again began to expostulate, and the doctor struck him with all his force with his cane. A number of butchers had by this time gathered around him. The doctor told the story, and they could not refrain from laughing at their brother steel. The butcher vowed he would summons the doctor before the court of conscience. The latter gave the man his address, but never got his change, or heard any more of his butcher.

A particular apartment in Dr. Monsey's house was de-

voted to mechanics, and displayed a confused collection of pendulums and wheels, nails, and saws, hammers and chissels; and, as long as age and sight allowed, he amused himself almost every day in this recess, and was particularly pleased in executing any necessary joiner's work.

It was always his pride to have an excellent watch and a good clock; he possessed a time-piece of great value, and exquisite workmanship, partly put together by Mr. Barber.

To two of his favourite clocks he had a string, which he could pull as he lay in bed; and when he could not sleep, which towards the conclusion of his life was too often the case, it was his amusement to have recourse to his nocturnal companions, and count the tedious hours. A mischievous rogue, just as the doctor was going to bed, put a feather into each of the clocks, and stopped them. In the night, his old friends, in spite of all the doctor's applications, were both silent; he rung his bell, instantly rose himself, called his servants, and the whole house was in confusion. The remainder of the night was spent in searching for and removing the cause of this misfortune; but the author of the joke was forbidden his house for ever.

The doctor had a particular mode of drawing his own teeth: it consisted in fastening a strong piece of catgut firmly round the affected tooth: the other end of the catgut was, by means of a strong knot, attached to a bullet, with a hole made through it; with this bullet, a pistol was charged, and, when held in a proper direction, by touching the trigger, a troublesome companion was got rid of, and a disagreeable operation evaded. Though he declared that he never knew this method attended with any ill consequence, yet he scarcely ever met with any body who would adopt it, notwithstanding his frequent persuasions.

The doctor, who dearly loved a smart repartee, was

one day riding with his servant, in his own county, when he observed a shepherd tending his flock, with a new coat on. "Harkee, friend," said the doctor, "who gave you that coat?" The shepherd (taking him for a parson, as he was dressed in black) replied "The same that clothed you—the *parish*." The doctor, highly pleased with the answer, rode on a little way, and then desired his man to go back, and ask the shepherd if he wanted a place, as he wanted a fool. The servant went and delivered his message. "*Why, are you going away?*" said the shepherd. "No," answered the servant.—"Then tell your master," replied the shepherd, "*that his living, I am sure, cannot maintain three of us.*" This answer being brought to the doctor, he dispatched the fellow off again to the shepherd, with a crown for the joke.

Such, was Dr. Monsey; but at length infirmity clouded his faculties; garrulous old age came on, and languor, pain, and petulance, succeeded to that gaiety and wit which had very often set the table in a roar, and to those sallies of ironical sarcasm, which no, "*power of face*," could resist. He had far exceeded the usual age of man; the accomplishment of his century was near at hand; and he declared, in the querulous voice of decrepitude, that he had out-lived his pleasures and his friends. Nature was at last completely exhausted, and he expired in the 96th year of his age.

His will, as might be expected, had a tincture, of the traits and oddities of his life. He left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about 16,000*l.* to his daughter for her life, and afterwards, by a long and complicated entail, to her *female* descendants. He also mentions a young lady, with the most lavish encomiums on her wit, taste, and elegance, and bequeaths her an old battered snuff-box, scarcely worth sixpence.

He mentions another young woman, to whom, he says, he meant to have left a legacy; but discovering

her to be a pert, conceited minx, with as many silly airs as a foolish woman of quality, he was induced to alter his mind.

He directs his body to be anatomized, and the skeleton to be kept at Chelsea Hospital; bequeaths an old velvet coat to one friend, and the buttons to another; inveighs most vehemently against bishops, deans, and chapters; and gives annuities to two clergymen, who had resigned their preferment on account of the Athanasian doctrine.

The doctor lived so long in his office of physician at Chelsea Hospital, that, during many changes in administration, the reversion of the grant had been promised to several of the medical friends of the different paymasters of the forces. The doctor, one day looking out of his window, and seeing a gentleman examining the house and gardens, who he knew had just got a reversion of the place, came out to him, and thus accosted him: "Well, sir, I see you are examining your house and gardens that *are to be*, and I assure you they are both very pleasant and very convenient; but I must tell you *one* circumstance, you are the *fifth* man that has got the reversion of the place, and I have buried them all; and what is more (said the doctor, looking very archly at him,) there is something in your face that tells me I shall bury you too."

The event justified the doctor's prediction, as the gentleman very soon after died; and what was still more extraordinary, at the time of Dr. Monsey's death, there was no person who had the promise of the reversion.

JOHN BAPTISTE NEGRETTI.

THE following singular instance of sleep-walking is extracted (from the Journal Encyclopedique,) and, how-

ever incredible some parts of it may appear, it is too well attested to admit any doubt of its authenticity.

John Baptiste Negretti, of Vicenze, a domestic of the Marquis Louis Sale, was a man of a brown complexion, of a very dry, hot constitution, by nature choleric, and by custom a drunkard. From the age of eleven he became subject to sleep-walking; but he was never seized with these fits, except in the month of March, and at the farthest they left him by the middle of April.

Mess. Reghelini and Pigatti took a particular pleasure in observing him, while in this condition; and it is to the latter of these gentlemen, whose probity is beyond the reach of slander, that we are now indebted for the following circumstantial detail.

In the month of March, 1745, towards the evening, Negretti having sat down upon a chair in an anti-chamber, fell asleep, and passed a quarter of an hour like any other man in the same situation. He then stretched himself for some time, and afterwards remained motionless, as if he wanted to pay attention to something. At length he arose, walked across the apartment, took a tobacco-box out of his pocket, and seemed desirous to have some tobacco: but finding he had hardly any left, he assumed a look of disappointment; and advancing to a chair which a person was about to occupy, he called him by his name, and asked him for some tobacco: the other accordingly presented him his box open; and Negretti having taken his quid, put himself in an attitude of listening: when, imagining he heard himself called, he ran with a wax taper to a place where there usually stood a burning candle. Thinking he had lighted his taper, he crossed the hall with it, went gently down stairs, stopping and turning about from time to time, as if he had been conducting along a visitor: on reaching the outward door, he placed himself on one side of it, saluted the company he imagined he was ushering out, and bowed as each of them seemed to pass him. This

ceremony over, he returned up stairs very quick, extinguished his taper, and went to put it back in the place he had found it. This scene he repeated three times the same evening. Having left the anti-chamber, he went into the dining-room, searched in his pocket for the key of the beaufet, and not finding it, he called by name for the servant whose duty it was to deliver that key to him every night before he went to bed. On receiving it, he opened the beaufet, took a silver waiter or salver out of it, on which he put four glass decanters, and went to the kitchen, in order, no doubt, to fill them with water. He came back with them empty, however; and when he had reached the middle of the stair-case, he put what he had in his hands upon a kind of post or pillar, ascended the remaining steps, and knocked at a door: as it was not opened to him, he returned down stairs, went in search of the valet de chambre, asked him some questions, turned upon his heel, and running precipitately up the stair-case, he touched the salver with his elbow, and broke the decanters. He again knocked at the door, but to no purpose: and, on his return down stairs, he took the salver with him, which having carried into the dining-room, he placed upon a little table. Thence he went to the kitchen, took a pitcher, carried it to the pump, where he filled it with water, and then to the kitchen again. He returned to the salver, and missing the decanters, he was displeased, and said they certainly ought to be there, as he had placed them himself; and inquired of the other servants if they had taken them away. After a long search he opened the beaufet again, took out two other decanters, rinsed them, poured water into them, and put them on the salver. He then carried the whole into the anti-chamber, to the very door of the dining-room, where the valet de chambre was wont to receive them from his hands. They accordingly took the salver and decanters from him, and a little while after returned them. On this he went to

the kitchen, wiped some plates with a cloth, held them to the fire as if he had wanted to dry them, and in like manner cleaned the other plates. These preparations completed, he returned to the beaufet, put the cloth and napkins into a small basket, and went, loaded with all these things, directly to a table where there used to be a lighted candle. Having, by the light of this candle, seemed to search for a knife and fork, he carried back the basket, and shut the beaufet; and having thereafter carried into the anti-chamber every thing he had taken out of the beaufet, and placed it upon a chair, he took a round table, at which the marchioness, his lady, used to eat, and covered it with great neatness. Beside it, was another table of the same form: this he sometimes touched by mistake, but he always returned to that he wanted to cover.—Now that his business was finished, he walked about, blowed his nose, took out his tobacco-box again, but withdrew his fingers from it, without offering to take any tobacco, as if he recollected, at the distance of at least two hours, that there was none in it: yet, though he could not procure a quid, he found a few grains to throw upon his hand.—Here concluded the first scene. The people about him threw some water upon his face, and he awaked.

The next day, while Negretti was yet awake, the marquis received company in his chamber; a circumstance which rarely happened. As the visitors increased, so increased the demand for chairs. Negretti having in the interim fallen asleep, he rose up, after a very short nap; and, after blowing his nose, paid his respects to his tobacco-box, and hurried away in search of chairs. What is the most remarkable, is, that while he held one chair in both hands, he came to a door which was shut; when, instead of knocking at it, he let go one hand from the chair, opened the door, took up the chair as before, and carried it to the very place it ought to have been in. This done, he went to the beaufet, searched

for the key of it, and seemed to be vexed that he could not find it: he took a candle, and examined every corner of the apartment, and every step of the staircase, walking about with great quickness, and groping with his hands, in the hopes of finding the lost key: the valet de chambre slid it into his pocket, and Negretti soon after putting his hand there by accident, found the key. Enraged at his folly, he then opened the beaufet, when, after taking out a napkin, a plate, and two rolls, he shut it again, and went to the kitchen: there he dressed a sallad, producing from a closet every thing necessary for that purpose; and, when he had done, he sat himself down in order to eat it. This dish they presently took from him, and in the place of it gave him one of cabbage, highly seasoned. He continued to eat; and for cabbage they substituted a cake, which he swallowed in the same manner, without appearing to know any difference; a circumstance which proves that he had not relished the sallad by the organs of the taste, but that the soul alone enjoyed this sensation without the intervention of the body. While eating, he now and then listened, thinking he was called; and once he persuaded himself that he actually was. Accordingly he went down in great haste to the hall, and finding he was not wanted, he stepped into the anti-chamber, and asked the servant if he had not been wanted? Rather peevish at being disturbed, he returned to his supper in the kitchen, which, after having finished, he said, in an half whisper, that he should be glad to go to the next public house, in order to have a draught, if he had any money; and he examined his pockets to no purpose: at length he rose from his seat, saying, he would go, however; that he would pay next day, and they would not scruple to trust him. With great alacrity he ran to the public house, which was at the distance of two gun shot from the house: he knocked at the door, without trying whether it was open, as if he had known that at so late

an hour it necessarily must be shut ; and, on gaining admission, he called for half a pint of wine, instead of which the landlord gave him the same quantity of water : this he drank up, insensible of the difference, and at his departure said he would pay for it on the morrow. With all haste he returned homeward, and, on entering the anti-chamber, he asked the servants if his master had not wanted him ? He then appeared in high spirits said he had been out to drink, and was the better for it. On this they panned his eyes with their fingers, and he awoke.

The third scene.—One Friday evening he recollected in his sleep that the family tutor had said to him, if he was seized with his somnambulency that night, and would bring him a bason of soup, he would give him some drink-money. On this he arose while fast asleep, and said aloud that he would plan a trick for the tutor. He accordingly went down to the kitchen, and repairing thence to the tutor's chamber, as directed, he reminded him of his promise. The tutor gave him a small piece of money ; on which Negretti, taking the valet de chambre by the arm, carried him along with him to the public house, and, as he drank, related to him in a very circumstantial manner how he had duped the tutor, whose money he imagined he had received while awake. He laughed heartily, drank repeatedly to the tutor's health, and returned, all life and spirits, to the house.

Once, while Negretti was in this state of somnambulency, a person took it in his head to hit him on the leg with a stick : imagining it to be a dog, he grumbled ; and as the person continued to strike him, he went in search of a switch, and pursued the supposed dog, brandishing it about him with all his might : at length he fell in a rage ; and, in despair of finding him, poured forth a load of abuse upon the cur. He produced a morsel of bread from his pocket, called the dog by his name, and kept the switch concealed. They threw a muff to him,

which he took for the dog, and upon it he discharged his fury.

M. Pigatti, in the course of his repeated observations upon Negretti, remarked, that every night he did something new. He likewise observed, that while his fit lasted he enjoyed neither the sense of seeing, nor of hearing, nor of smelling, nor of tasting. We have seen that he would eat victuals of different sorts without perceiving the change. He heard no noise, however great; he perceived not a candle, though it was held near enough to scorch his eye-lids; he felt not a feather, though they violently tickled his nose with it. As for the touch, he sometimes had it tolerably acute, and sometimes exceedingly blunt.*

* Numerous other instances of somnambulism are on record, among the most remarkable of which are the two following.

Henricus ab Heeres gives us a relation of a young man, much addicted to poetry, while he was in a famous academy, who, cudgelling his brains sometimes the whole day, in making, correcting, and blotting out again his compositions, and not being able to please himself, was forced to leave many gaps and spaces till a more lucky sitting; but then would rise in the night, open his desk, fall to writing, fill up the chasms, read aloud what he had written, laugh heartily at what pleased him, and call his chamber-fellow to do the like, and yet all this while he was fast asleep: then putting off his shoes and clothes, shutting his desk, and laying his papers in the same posture he had done before, went to his bed again, and slept till he was called up, utterly ignorant of what he had writ, said, or done in the night-time. In the morning, returning to his studies, and finding his chasms in his verses filled up with his own hand, he was surprised to think whether 'twas done by man, or some evil genius, and was in great perplexity till his fellow students put him out of them, by resolving his doubts. Some time after he left the schools he married, and was still haunted with the same infirmity, would rise in the night, take the child out of the cradle, walk about the house with it, and answer any question truly that his wife then propounded to him, which he would not do at other times. About the 40th year of his age, and to his great satisfaction, this custom left him, unless he had drank hard over night. His wife, and whole family, that had seen him walking, reading, and



Engraved by R. Cooper

NICE NEW.

A well known character at Reading.

Published by J. Robins & Co. Albion Press, London, Dec. 1821.

NICE NEW.

THIS curious harmless fellow, in the early part of the nineteenth century, formed one of the principal living curiosities of Reading, in Berkshire, where he resided many years. Although not having much beauty to boast of, he yet had numerous followers and admirers; for the articles he vended rendered him an object of peculiar attraction to the rising generation; his unwieldy baskets on each side being always well stored with cakes and other delicacies for children. His cry also of *Nice new! Nice new!* with sometimes the alluring addition of *Here they be, two sizes bigger than last week*, delivered in a most melancholy sepulchral tone, gained him much celebrity.

His dress, like his person, was singularly remarkable; and his baskets were so large, that they used to engage the whole of the foot-path, to the annoyance of the other passengers; but this inconvenience the good inhabitants kindly submitted to, as it was known that by

writing, being desired to observe it, affirmed that he spoke as plainly as if he had been awake, and that his eyes were open all the time, of which he was wholly ignorant, and sincerely protested he saw not at all, and remembered nothing of what they said he had done.

Gregorious Horstius, in one of his epistles to Fabricius, relates the history of a young kinsman of his, that dwelt in the same house with him at Wirtemberg in Germany; that coming home one night full of drink, went to bed, and slept till about twelve o'clock, then rose in his sleep, and after walking about the room awhile, went directly to the window to get out; the unusual noise that he made awaked Horstius, who considering with himself, that possibly this man might be one of those that are called Somnambuli's, or Sleep-walkers, he leapt out of his bed, and run to the window, in hopes to find him sticking in it; but just as he came to help him, the young man fell three stories high into the paved street, where lying speechless and immoveable, he expected he had been dashed to pieces in his fall, but it proved better, for though he was much hurt and bruised, yet at length he was recovered.

his industry he made a small provision for some female relations; indeed, in order to render them some comfort, this poor fellow nearly starved himself. On the sabbath, he filled the important station of organ-blower at a dissenting chapel. On one occasion, happening to fall asleep during the sermon, which he did not very well comprehend, and dreaming he was travelling the streets, he all at once broke out in his usual tone *All hot! All hot!* to the great surprise of the congregation.

Venders of eatables, from time immemorial, have been persons of peculiarly eccentric notoriety; the first we have on record, is

Colly Molly Puff, a poor little creature, who was scarcely able to support the basket of pastry which he carried on his head; he sung the above cant words, which at length passed into his name. This singularity was crawling between heaven and earth in the reign of James II.

About the middle of the eighteenth century a rustic, mounted on a white hobby, with a basket on one arm, used to invade the North purlieus of London, mumbling "*Holloway Cheesecakes!*" which, from his mode of utterance, sounded like, *all my teeth ake!*

Another well known noted vender of gingerbread, at Bartholomew, Southwark, and other fairs in the reign of George II. was called *Tiddy Doll*, because, to collect his customers around his basket, he used to chaunt a song, in which scarcely any thing was articulated, but the cant expression, "*Tiddy Doll!*" he used to wear a high cocked hat and feather, with a broad scalloped gold lace on it, and had the honour, like the pig-man, of being imitated by succeeding venders of gingerbread. Hogarth, in one corner of his inimitable picture of Southwark Fair, has introduced this eccentric character.

Another noted Peripatetic was the *Pig-pie-man*, well known in the metropolis about the close of the eighteenth century. He used to sell pigs, made of what is called

standing crust, about three inches long, with currant sauce in their bellies, and chaunted the following ditty :

“ A long tail’d pig, or a short-tail’d pig,
Or a pig without ever a tail ;
A sow pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.
Come buy a nice pig and a currant sauce !”

These, and other cries, used to be so much noticed, that Shuter, the most luxuriant comedian of his time, frequently entertained the audience on his benefit nights, with an admirable imitation of them ; which were styled in the play-bills “ The Cries of London.”

“ Let not Ambition mock their useful toil
Their homely *songs*, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor !”

JONATHAN SWIFT.

IN no class of mankind do we find more frequent instances of eccentricity than among men of extraordinary genius and talents. To an attentive observer the lives of the majority of human beings would probably furnish abundance of singularities, but they pass unnoticed and unrecorded, as the attention of the biographer is attracted by those characters that are distinguished from the general mass by particular abilities, qualities, or passions. Among these none perhaps has rendered himself more conspicuous, by the indulgence of the most unaccountable caprices and the most whimsical singularities, than the celebrated Dean Swift.

The grandfather of Dr. Swift was the Rev. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodridge in Herefordshire, who, at his

death, left six sons. Of these Jonathan, the fifth, married Mrs. Abigail Erick, of Leicestershire, and practised as an attorney in Dublin. One of the fruits of this union was the subject of the present article, who came into the world on the 30th of November, 1667, two months after the death of his father, who having left barely sufficient to support his widow, the care of Jonathan and his orphan sister devolved upon their uncle Godwin. He sent the son when six years old to school at Kilkenny, and at fourteen entered him a student at Trinity College, Dublin.

In his academical studies, young Swift was either not diligent or not happy. It must disappoint the expectation of every reader, that when, at the usual time, he claimed the Bachelorship of Arts, he was found too conspicuously deficient for regular admission, and obtained his degree at last by *special favour*, a term used in that university to denote want of merit.

Of this disgrace it may easily be supposed that he was much ashamed, and shame had its proper effect in producing reformation. He resolved from that time to study eight hours a day, and continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is sufficiently known. This part of his history well deserves to be remembered; it may afford useful admonition and powerful encouragement to men, whose abilities have been made useless, for a time, by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair. In this course of daily application he continued three years longer at Dublin, and in this time he drew the first sketch of his "Tale of a Tub."

At the age of about twenty-one, being left without subsistence by the death of his uncle who had supported him, he went to consult his mother, who then lived at Leicester, about the future course of his life. By her direction he solicited the patronage of Sir William

Temple,* who had married one of her relations. By this gentleman Swift was received with considerable kindness, and so much pleased was Sir William with his young kinsman that he kept him two years in his house. Here he became known to King William III. who sometimes visited Temple when he was disabled by the gout, and being attended by Swift in the garden, showed him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way. This prince's notions were all military, and he expressed his kindness to Swift by offering to make him a captain of horse; a favour which he, however, declined.

Before he left Ireland, he contracted a disorder, as he thought, by eating too much fruit. Whatever was the cause of his indisposition, certain it is that on this occasion he first experienced that giddiness which attacked him from time to time through the whole of his life, and at last terminated in the most afflicting of maladies.

* Sir William Temple, an eminent statesman, born in London, in 1628. His family was ancient, and assumed the surname of Temple from the manor of Temple, in the hundred of Sparken Hall, Leicestershire. He was first sent to Pensehurst, in Kent, under his uncle, Dr. Hammond; but at ten he was removed to Bishop's Stortford, in Hertfordshire. In his 17th year, he went to Cambridge, where he was placed under the tuition of Dr. Cudworth. At the restoration he became a member of Parliament of Ireland, but soon left that kingdom and settled in England. He rendered his country important services as ambassador to the United States; particularly in effecting the league between England, Holland, and Sweden, in 1668, and in bringing about the marriage of the Prince of Orange with Mary, daughter of the Duke of York. In 1680 he retired from public affairs, and divided his time between his books and his gardens, but he was often consulted by the ministers, and by King William in person. He died at his seat of Moor Park, in Surry, in 1700. His works consist of Memoirs of what passed in his public employments; Letters; Miscellanies; and observations on the United Provinces of the Netherlands, in 2 vols. folio. His son John Temple was appointed secretary at war immediately after the revolution, but drowned himself the same year.—*Imperial Encyclopædia*, vol. iv, p. 706.

Having removed with his patron to Moor Park, and being much oppressed by his disorder, he was advised to try the effect of his native air, but finding no benefit, he returned to Sir William, at whose house he continued his studies. He thought exercise of great necessity, and used to run half a mile up and down a hill every two hours. The mode in which his first degree was conferred, left him no great fondness for the University of Dublin, and he therefore took his degree of Master of Arts, at Oxford, in 1692.

During his residence with Sir William Temple, Swift used to pay his mother at Leicester a yearly visit. He travelled on foot, unless the violence of the weather drove him into a waggon; and at night he would go to a penny lodging, where he purchased clean sheets for sixpence. This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of grossness, and vulgarity. Some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human nature in all its varieties, and others, perhaps with equal probability, to a passion which seems to have been deeply fixed in his heart,—the love of a shilling.

In time he began to think that his attendance at Moor Park deserved some other recompence than the pleasure, however mingled with improvement, of Sir William Temple's conversation, and became so impatient that, in 1694, he went away in discontent. He returned to Ireland and resolved to enter into the church, in which he had at first no higher hopes than of the chaplainship to the factory at Lisbon, but being recommended to Lord Capel, at that time Lord-Lieutenant, he obtained the prebend of Kilroot, worth about 100*l.* per annum.

The infirmities of Sir William rendered such a companion as Swift so necessary, that he invited him back, with a promise to procure him English preferment in exchange for the prebend, which he desired him to resign. With this request Swift complied, and they

passed four years together with mutual satisfaction, till, in 1699, Sir William died, leaving a legacy together with the publication of his manuscripts to Swift, for whom he obtained from King William a promise of the first vacant prebend at Westminster or Canterbury. In order to remind the king of this promise, Swift dedicated to him the posthumous works, with which he was intrusted: but neither the dedication nor tenderness for the man whom he had once treated with confidence and fondness revived in William the remembrance of his promise. Swift attended the court for some time, but soon found his solicitations hopeless.

He was then invited by the Earl of Berkely to accompany him to Ireland as his chaplain and private secretary; but after having done the business till their arrival in Dublin, he then found that one Bush had persuaded the earl that a clergyman was not a proper secretary, and had obtained the office for himself. He had another severe mortification to endure from the same quarter; through the influence of Bush, supposed to have been secured by a bribe, the deanery of Derry, which Swift expected to have obtained, was conferred on another, and he was dismissed with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggan, which together were worth two hundred and sixty pounds a year, not half the value of the deanery.

He now went to reside at Laracor and gave public notice to his parishioners that he intended to read prayers every Wednesday and Friday. On the subsequent Wednesday, the bell was rung, and the rector attended at his desk; when, after having sat some time, and finding the congregation to consist only of himself and Roger his clerk, he began: "Dearly beloved Roger, the scripture moveth you and me in sundry places" and then proceeded regularly through the whole service.

During his residence here, he was daily shaved by the village barber, who at length became a great favourite

with him. Razor, while lathering him one morning, said he had a great favour to request of his reverence; that his neighbours had advised him to take the little public house at the corner of the church-yard, which he had done, in the hope that, blending the profession of *publican* with his own, he might gain a better maintenance for his family. "Indeed," said the dean, "and what can I do to promote this happy union?" "An please you," replied Razor, "some of my customers have heard much about your reverence's *poetry*, so that if you would but condescend to give me a smart little touch in that way, to clap under my sign, it might be the making of me and mine for ever." "But what do you intend for your sign?" says the dean. "The *Jolly Barber*, if it please your reverence, with a *razor* in one hand, and a *full pot* in the other." "Well," rejoined the dean, "in that case there can be no great difficulty in supplying you with a suitable inscription;" so taking up his pen, he instantly scratched the following couplet, which was affixed to the sign, and remained so for many years:

"Rove not from *pole* to *pole*, but step in here,
Where nought excels the *shaving* but the *beer*."

Soon after his settlement at Laracor, Swift invited to Ireland the unfortunate Stella, a young woman whose name was Johnson, the daughter of the steward of Sir William Temple, who, in consideration of her father's integrity, left her a thousand pounds. She was accompanied by a Mrs. Dingley. With these ladies Swift passed the hours of relaxation, but they never resided in the same house, nor did he see either without a witness. They lived at the parsonage when he was away, and when he returned, removed to a lodging, or to the house of a neighbouring clergyman.

In 1704 appeared the "Tale of a Tub," which has been universally attributed to the pen of Swift, and though he never claimed the performance, he did not

deny it when Dr. Sharpe, Archbishop of York, and the Duchess of Somerset, by showing it to Queen Anne, debarred him of a bishopric.

Previous to this, on the accession of that queen, Swift had repaired to England, and prepared himself for the conspicuous part which a few years afterwards he acted on the theatre of politics. In 1703, though the extent of his talents was known to many in private life, and his company and conversation were much sought after and admired, yet was his name little known either in the republic of letters, or to any of the wits of the age, except Congreve and one or two more, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance at Sir William Temple's. The knot of wits used at this time to assemble at Button's coffee-house, where Swift's first appearance excited considerable notice on account of the singularity of his manners. For several successive days they observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those by whom it was frequented. It was his custom to lay his hat down on a table and walk to and fro at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming to attend in the least to any thing that was going forward. He would then take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed his singular behaviour for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses, and accordingly distinguished him by the appellation of the mad parson. They now became more attentive than ever to his motions, and one evening while they were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come from the country, and at last advance towards him, as if to address him. They were all eager to hear what the dumb, mad divine had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Going up to the country gentleman, Swift, in a very

abrupt manner, and without any previous salute, asked him: "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manners and the oddity of the question, replied: "Yes, sir, I thank God, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time."—"That is more," returned Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too cold or too hot, too wet or too dry; but however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year, 'tis all very well." On saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering another word, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house, leaving all the spectators of this odd scene, staring after him, and still more confirmed in the opinion of his insanity.

Another curious anecdote is thus related of Swift. Travelling once on foot, he arrived late at a market town, at which he resolved to take a bed. All the inns were full of strangers on account of a fair which was at that time held in the town. The facetious doctor could only find a sorry public house, in which he was obliged to share a bed with a farmer who had arrived before him. Although secretly chagrined at this disappointment, he forbore to express it. The two companions had been but a few minutes in bed, when the farmer began to enter into conversation with the doctor, whom he informed, that he had made some lucky bargains at the fair. "In regard to myself," said Swift, "I am not so fortunate as you; I have only hung six since the commencement of the assizes." "What do you mean," exclaimed the farmer, "by hanging? Pray what is your business?" "It is now and then a good one," replied the doctor: "I am hangman to the county." "Is it possible!" exclaimed the farmer, starting up; "are you *Jack Ketch*?" "Yes," replied Swift, "and I reckon that I shall have six to hang next week at Tyburn: one of whom will be dissected, and another hung in chains." The farmer

was now so alarmed, that he rose from his bed, burst open the door of his room, and disturbed the whole house with his noise. The host came to his assistance.—“Oh! you villain!” exclaimed the farmer; “you have put me to bed with the common hangman—is it thus that you treat honest and respectable people in your house? Oh! deliver me from such a wretch! To sleep with the common hangman—oh! horrible!” The host now began to think the farmer was mad, and turned him into the street, and the doctor thereby obtained the bed to himself.

In 1709, commenced his intimacy with the Earl of Oxford, and from that time till 1713, he was constantly employed in maintaining the cause of the ministry in pamphlets, poems, and weekly publications. He rationally looked forward to the completion of his wishes for ecclesiastical preferment in England, when, in 1713, he was presented with the deanery of St. Patrick. Though disappointed, Swift was too well acquainted with the precarious nature of courtly promises to refuse the offered dignity.

Swift went to Ireland to take possession of his deanery, on which he immediately returned to England, where he in vain attempted to heal the breach which had begun to take place between his great friends Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke. Perceiving that his services were useless, he retired to the house of a friend in Berkshire, where he remained till the queen's death put an end to all his expectations in England. That event caused his immediate return to his native country, with a mind doubly harassed by grief and discontent.

Swift now, much against his will, commenced Irishman for life, and was to contrive how he might best be accommodated in a country where he considered himself as in a state of exile. He opened his house by a public table two days a week, and found his entertainments gradually frequented by more and more visitants

of learning among the men, and of elegance among the women. Mrs. Johnson had left the country, and lived in lodgings not far from the deanery. On his public days she regulated the table, but appeared at it as a mere guest like other ladies. On other days he often dined at a stated price with Mr. Worral of his cathedral, whose house was recommended by the peculiar neatness and pleasantry of his wife. To this frugal mode of living he was first disposed by an anxiety to pay some debts he had contracted, and he continued it for the pleasure of accumulating money. His avarice, however, was not suffered to obstruct the claims of his dignity. He was served in plate, and used to say that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland that ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach.

In 1716, in his 49th year, Swift was privately married to Mrs. Johnson, by Dr. Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher. This circumstance made no difference in their domestic economy; he living at the deanery, and she in lodgings on the other side of the Liffy. He never openly acknowledged her as his wife, nor was there any thing in their behaviour that transgressed the limits of platonic love. A conduct so very extraordinary, which undoubtedly contributed to shorten the life of the unhappy Stella, could not fail to give rise to a variety of conjectures, but the most plausible explanation of it will be found in the following facts.

Some years previous to his marriage with Stella, Swift, had formed an intimacy with the daughter of a Mr. Van Homrigh, a Dutch merchant at Dublin. This young woman, distinguished in Swift's works by the name of Vanessa, was fond of literature, and *Decanus*, the dean, called *Cadenus*, by transposition of the letters, took pleasure in directing and instructing her; till, from being proud of his praise, she grew fond of his person. Swift was then of an age when vanity is strongly excited by the attention of a young woman. If it be urged that

Swift should have checked a passion which he never intended to gratify, recourse must be had to that extenuation which he so much despised, the frailty of human nature. Perhaps, however, he did not, at first, know his own mind; and, as he represents himself, was undetermined. For his admission of her courtship, and his indulgence of her hopes after his marriage to Stella, no other honest plea can be found than that he delayed a disagreeable discovery from time to time, dreading the immediate bursts of distress, and watching for a favourable moment. She thought herself neglected, and died in 1723 of a broken heart, having by her will, ordered the poem to be published, in which Cadenus had proclaimed her excellence and confessed his love. The effect of this publication upon the dean and Stella is thus represented by his friend Delany:

“I have good reason to believe that they both were greatly shocked and distressed (though it may be differently) upon this occasion. The dean made a tour to the south of Ireland, for about two months, to dissipate his thoughts and give place to obloquy. And Stella retired, upon the earnest invitation of the owner, to the house of a cheerful, generous, good-natured friend of the dean’s whom she also much loved and honoured. There my informer often saw her; and, I have reason to believe, used his utmost endeavours to relieve, support, and amuse her in this sad situation.”

While the dean was thus reducing himself in private life to a condition acutely painful to a mind endued with sensibility, he was gradually acquiring popularity in his public character among his countrymen. The great acquisition of public esteem and influence was made by his “*Drapier’s Letters*,” in 1724. The occasion of them was this. One Wood, of Wolverhampton in Staffordshire, an enterprising and rapacious man, had, as it is said, by a present to the Duchess of Munster, obtained a patent empowering him to coin one hundred and

eighty thousand pounds in halfpence and farthings for the kingdom of Ireland. That country was then exposed to a very inconvenient scarcity of copper coin, and Wood took care to make it greater by means of agents, who bought up the old halfpence. He was about to turn his copper into gold, by pouring the treasures of his new mint upon Ireland, when Swift, finding that the metal was debased to an enormous degree, wrote letters under the signature of M. B. Drapier, to show the folly of receiving and the mischief that must ensue by giving gold and silver for coin worth perhaps not a third part of its nominal value.

The nation was alarmed, and the new coin was universally refused. The governors of Ireland considered resistance to the King's patent as highly criminal, and Chief Justice Whitshed, who had tried the printer of a pamphlet written a few years before by Swift, recommending to the Irish the improvement of their manufactures, and had sent the jury out nine times till by clamour and menaces they were frightened into a special verdict, now presented the Drapier, but could not prevail on the grand jury to find the bill.

During the publication of these letters Swift took great pains to conceal himself from being known as the author. On the appearance of the fourth letter, Lord Carteret and the privy council issued a proclamation offering a reward of three hundred pounds for the discovery of its author. The only persons in the secret were Swift's butler, Robert Blakely, whom he employed as his amanuensis, and his friend, Dr. Sheridan.* As

* Thomas Sheridan, D.D. the intimate friend of Dean Swift, is said by Shield, in Cibber's Lives of the Poets, to have been born about 1684, in the county of Cavan, where his parents lived in no very elevated state. They are described as being unable to afford their son the advantages of a liberal education; but he, being observed to give early indications of genius, attracted the notice of a friend to his family, who sent him to the college of Dublin, and contributed to-

Blakely was not the most accurate transcriber, the manuscript was always delivered by him to the doctor, in order to its being corrected and prepared for the press, on which it was conveyed to the printer in such a way as to prevent the possibility of a discovery. It happened that on the very evening when the proclamation was issued, Blakely staid out later than usual without his master's leave. The dean ordered the door to be locked at the accustomed hour and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before him with marks of great contrition, when Swift would listen to none of his excuses, but abusing him outrageously, ordered him to strip off his livery and quit his house that moment. "What, you villain," said he, "is it because I am in your power, you dare take these liberties? Get out of

wards his support there. He afterwards entered into orders, and set up a school in Dublin, which long maintained a very high degree of reputation, as well for the attention bestowed on the morals of the scholars, as for their proficiency in literature. So great was the estimation in which this seminary was held, that it is asserted to have produced in some years the sum of 1000*l*. It does not appear that he had any considerable preferment; but his intimacy with Swift, in 1725, procured for him a living in the south of Ireland, worth about 150*l*. a-year, which he went to take possession of, and, by an act of inadvertence, destroyed all his future expectations of rising in the church; for being at Cork on the 1st of August, the anniversary of King George's birth-day, he preached a sermon on this text, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." On this being known, he was struck out of the list of chaplains to the lord-lieutenant, and forbidden the castle. This living Dr. Sheridan afterwards changed for that of Dunboyne, which, by the knavery of the farmers, and power of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, fell so low as 80*l*. per annum. He gave it up for the free school of Caven, where he might have lived well in so cheap a country on 80*l*. a-year salary, besides his scholars; but the air being, as he said, too moist and unwholesome, and being disgusted with some persons who lived there, he sold the school for about 400*l*. and having soon spent the money, he fell into bad health, and died Sept. 10, 1738, in his 55th year.—*Imperial Encyclopædia*, vol. iv. p. 569.

my house, you scoundrel, and receive the reward of your treachery." Stella, who was at the deanery and was greatly alarmed at this scene, immediately dispatched a messenger to Dr. Sheridan, requesting him to come and try to make up matters. On his arrival he found Blakely walking about the hall in great agitation, and shedding abundance of tears. On inquiring the cause, he was told that his master had discharged him. The doctor bade him cheer up, for he would undertake to pacify the dean, and to prevail upon him to continue him in his place. "That is not what vexes me," replied the honest creature, "to be sure, I should be sorry to lose so good a master, but what grieves me to the soul is that my master should have so bad an opinion of me as to suppose me capable of betraying him for any reward whatever." When this was told to the dean, struck with the generosity of the sentiment, he immediately restored him to favour, and took the first opportunity of rewarding the man for his fidelity. The place of verger to the cathedral soon after becoming vacant, Swift called Robert to him and inquired whether he had any clothes of his own that were not a livery. On his replying in the affirmative, the dean ordered him to strip off his livery and to put on those clothes. The poor fellow, quite astonished, begged to know what crime he had committed to occasion this so sudden dismissal. "Do as I order you"—was the only reply. When he returned in his new dress, the dean called the other servants into the room, and told them they were no longer to consider him as their fellow servant Robert, but as Mr. Blakely, verger of St. Patrick's cathedral, which place he had given him as a reward for his faithful services. The grateful creature poured forth a thousand blessings and only entreated as the greatest favour he could confer on him that he might still be continued in his former station without fee or reward, as he was sure no one could give such satisfaction to his master in

the discharge of it as himself. Being an excellent servant and accustomed to all Swift's peculiarities, the proposal could not but be very acceptable to the dean; and Mr. Blakely continued to officiate in that capacity for some time as a volunteer, without any of the badges of servitude. But the master was too liberal to accept of the generous proposal made by the servant; for though he paid him no wages, he took care, by presents, to make him a full equivalent.

The day after the appearance of the above-mentioned proclamation there was a full levee at the castle. The lord-lieutenant was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and pushing his way through the crowd, never stopped till he got within the circle; where, with marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, he addressed the lord-lieutenant with the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room: "So, my lord-lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted country is to hope for from your government. I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you for this service done to Wood." He then continued for a long time to inveigh bitterly against the patent, and displayed in the strongest colours all the fatal consequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole assembly was struck dumb at this unprecedented scene. For some time, profound silence prevailed, when Lord Carteret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, replied in the following line of Virgil:—

"Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt moliri." *

* Hard fortune and the newness of my reign compel me to such measures.

The whole assembly was struck with the appositeness of this quotation, and the levee broke up in good humour, some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the skies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the lord-lieutenant's answer.

From this time Swift became the oracle of the traders, and the idol of the populace, and was consequently feared and courted by all to whom the kindness of either was necessary. He was honoured as the champion, patron and instructor of Ireland, and gained such power as, considered both in its extent and duration, scarcely any man has ever enjoyed without greater wealth or higher station. The Drapier was a sign, the Drapier was a health, and which way soever the eye or ear was turned, some tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the Drapier.

In 1727 he returned to England, where, in conjunction with Pope, he collected and published three volumes of miscellanies. It was probably during this visit that he exhibited the following specimen of his singular humour, which is related in the words of Pope. "Dr. Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is mistaken by strangers for ill-nature—'Tis so odd that there's no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in: 'Hey day, gentlemen,' says the doctor, 'what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave the great lords that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor dean?'—'Because we would rather see you than any of them.'—'Aye, any one that did not know so well as I do might believe you. But since you are come I must get some supper for you, I suppose.'—'No, doctor, we have supped already.'—'Supped already? that's impossible! why, 'tis not eight o'clock yet.—That's very strange, but if you had not supped, I must have got something for you—Let me see

what should I have had. A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well; two shillings—tarts, a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket?" "No, we had rather talk with you, than drink with you." "But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drunk with me—A bottle of wine, two shillings, two and two is four, and one is five; just two and sixpence a piece. There, Pope, there's half-a-crown for you, and there's another for you, sir; for I wont save any thing by you I am determined." This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions, and in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

The year 1727 sent into the world "Gulliver's Travels," a production so eccentric that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of mirth and amazement. It was received with such avidity that the price of the first edition was raised, before the second could be prepared.

The greatest part of this singular performance was written at Quilca, a country residence of Swift's friend Dr. Sheridan. While he was on the subject of Brobdingnag, he used frequently to invite a Mr. Doughty who lived in that neighbourhood to dine with him. Doughty was of gigantic stature, and was supposed to be the strongest as well as the most active man in Ireland. Swift used to take great delight in seeing him perform several of his feats, some of which were of such an extraordinary nature as almost to exceed credibility. Among these Swift asked him whether he could carry a Manks horse that happened to be in the court-yard. Doughty, having tied his legs, immediately took him up and threw him upon his shoulders, with the same ease that another man would lift a sheep, and walked about with him for a long time without shrinking under his burden.

During his residence at Quilca, the dean went one Sunday to a church, at the distance of more than two hours' ride. The parson of the parish invited him to dinner, but Swift excused himself by saying that it was too far to ride home afterwards; "no, I shall dine with my neighbour Reilly at Virginy, which is half way home." Reilly, who was what is called there a gentleman farmer, was proud of the honour, and immediately dispatched a messenger to his wife to prepare for the reception of so extraordinary a guest. She dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on his new suit, and his silver laced hat adorned his head. When the lady was introduced to the dean, he saluted her with the same respect as if she had been a duchess, making several conges down to the ground, and then handed her with great formality to her seat. After some high flown compliments, he addressed his host—"Mr. Reilly, I suppose you have a considerable estate here; let us go and look over your demesne." "Estate!" says Reilly! "devil a foot of land belongs to me or any of my generation. I have a pretty good lease here indeed from Lord Fingal, but he threatens that he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come." "Well—but when am I to see Mrs. Reilly?" "Why don't you see her there before you?" "That Mrs. Reilly! impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and as such would never dress herself out in silks, and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No, Mrs. Reilly, the farmer's wife, would never wear any thing better than plain stuff, with other things suitable to it." Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman of good sense, and taking the hint, immediately withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlour in her common apparel. The dean saluted her in the most friendly manner, taking her by the hand and saying, "I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly. This husband of your's would fain have

palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so." He then laid hold of young master's fine laced hat; with his pen-knife ripped off the lace, and folding it up in several papers, thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burnt, he wrapped it up in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket. It may be supposed that the family was put into no small confusion at this strange proceeding; but they did not dare to show that they took any umbrage at it, as the presence of Swift struck every one with uncommon awe, who were not well acquainted with him. However, as he soon resumed his good humour, entertaining them with many pleasantries to their taste (for no man knew better how to adapt his conversation to all classes of people), they soon recovered their spirits, and the day was passed very cheerfully. When he was taking his leave, he said, "I do not intend to rob you, Mrs. Reilly; I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me; there's your son's hat-lace, I have only changed the form of it to a much better one. So God bless you, and thanks for your good entertainment." When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly, upon opening the paper, found there were four guineas enclosed in it, together with the burnt lace. While he staid in the country, he kept an eye upon them, and found his lessons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their vanities, and lived in a manner more consonant to their situation in life. In consequence of which, one of the first things he did on his return to Dublin, was to pay a visit to Lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's lease; without which the poor man would, in a few years, have had nothing for his own or his family's support.

The same method which Swift used to make Mrs. Reilly ashamed of her extravagance in point of dress, he adopted on another occasion of a like nature. When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London,

where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag-wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with all the ceremony he would have shown to a perfect stranger. "Pray sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?"—"I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately on my arrival from London."—"Pray sir, who are you?"—"George Faulkner, the printer."—"You George Faulkner, the printer! why, thou art the most impudent, bare-faced impostor I ever heard of. George Faulkner is a sober, sedate citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get about your business and thank your stars that I do not send you to the House of Correction." Poor George hobbled away as fast as he could, and having changed his apparel returned immediately to the deanery. Swift, on seeing him, went up to him with great cordiality, shook him familiarly by the hand, saying, "My good friend George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned. Here was an impudent fellow, in a laced waistcoat, who would fain have passed for you; but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

A lady once invited Swift to dinner, and as she had heard he was not easily pleased, she had taken care to provide in profusion every delicacy which could be procured. The dean was scarcely seated before the lady began a ceremonious harangue, expressing much grief that she had not a more tolerable dinner, fearing exceedingly there was not any thing fit for him to eat. "Plague take you," said the dean, "why did you not provide a better? certainly you have had time enough; but since you say it is so bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring;" and he accordingly departed in violent haste.

In 1728, Swift was doomed to lose his Stella, who, after languishing for some time, expired on the 28th of

January. This loss was aggravated by the consciousness that he himself had hastened it. Beauty and the power of pleasing, the greatest external advantages that woman can desire or possess, were fatal to the unfortunate Stella. The man whom she had the misfortune to love was fond of singularity, and desirous to make a mode of happiness for himself different from the general course of things and order of providence. From the time of her arrival in Ireland he seemed resolved to keep her in his power, and therefore hindered a match sufficiently advantageous, by accumulating unreasonable demands, and prescribing conditions that could not be performed. While she was at her own disposal he did not consider his possession as secure; resentment, ambition, or caprice, might separate them; he was therefore resolved to make assurance doubly sure, and to appropriate her by a private marriage, to which he had annexed the expectation of all the pleasures of perfect friendship, without the uneasiness of conjugal restraint. But with this state poor Stella was not satisfied; she never was treated as a wife, and to the world she had the appearance of a mistress. She lived sullenly on, in the hope that in time he would own and receive her; but the time did not come till the change of his manners and the deprivation of his mind made her tell him it was too late. She then gave herself up to sorrowful resentment, and died under the tyranny of him by whom she was in the highest degree loved and honoured.

After the death of Stella his benevolence was contracted and his severity exasperated; he drove his acquaintance from his table and wondered why he was deserted. But he continued his attention to the public, and wrote from time to time such directions, admonitions or censures, as the exigency of affairs, in his opinion, made proper, and nothing fell from his pen in vain.

He still retained his popularity undiminished. On the first appearance of his "Epistle to a Lady" and a

"Rhapsody on Poetry," Sir Robert Walpole was exasperated to the highest degree. The editor, printer, and publisher, were all apprehended, and prosecutions were commenced against them. As he had full proof that Swift was the author of the obnoxious pieces, in the first transport of passion, he determined to wreak his chief vengeance on him. With this view he ordered a warrant to be made out by the secretary of state, for the apprehending of Swift and bringing him over to be tried in London. The messenger was in waiting ready to be dispatched on this errand, when fortunately a friend of Walpole's who was better acquainted with the state of Ireland, and the high veneration in which the dean was there held, accidentally entered. Being informed of the minister's purpose, he coolly asked what army was to accompany the messenger, and whether he had at that time ten thousand men to spare, for he could assure him no less number would be able to bring him out of the kingdom by force. This representation restored Walpole to his senses, and luckily for the messenger, as well as himself, the design was relinquished. Had the poor fellow arrived in Dublin, and attempted to execute his commission, he would most assuredly have been hanged by the mob; and this might have involved the two countries in a contest, in which it was by no means the interest of a minister to engage.

The influence of Swift over the populace was truly astonishing. Of this the following anecdote exhibits a ludicrous example. One day observing a great crowd assembled before the door of the deanery, and inquiring the cause, he was told that they were waiting to see the eclipse. He immediately sent for the beadle, and gave him directions what he should do. Away ran Davy for his bell, and after ringing for some time among the crowd he bawled out: "O yes, O yes, O yes, all manner of persons concerned are desired to take notice, that it is the dean of St. Patrick's will and pleasure, that the

eclipse be put off till this hour to-morrow. So God save the king and his reverence the dean!" The mob, upon this notice, immediately dispersed; but some more cunning than the rest, swore they would not lose another afternoon; for the dean, who was a very comical man, might take it into his head to put off the eclipse again, and so make fools of them a second time.

In a poem on the Presbyterians, Swift introduced one stricture on Serjeant Bettesworth, which was taken up with such warmth by the latter, as to make a great noise in Dublin for a considerable time. The dean's animosity arose not from personal pique, but from Bettesworth's avowed enmity to the clergy, and from his taking the lead in the House of Commons in procuring a most unjust and arbitrary vote of that assembly, which deprived the clergy of a considerable portion of the tythes enjoyed by them from time immemorial. The obnoxious lines were these.

So at the bar the booby Bettesworth
Whom half-a-crown o'er pays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent
Calls Singleton his brother serjeant.

The poem was sent to Bettesworth when he was in company with some of his friends, to whom he read it aloud till he had finished the lines relative to himself. He then threw it down with great violence, trembled and turned pale; and after some pause, during which rage deprived him of utterance, he took out his pen-knife, and vehemently swore that with that very knife he would cut off Swift's ears. Soon after he went to seek the dean at his house, but not finding him at home proceeded to Mr. Worral's where he happened to be. On inquiring for Swift, the serjeant was shown into the front parlour, and the dean was called out to him from a back room, where he was sitting after dinner with Worral and his wife. The dean desired to know his commands; "Sir," said he, "I am Serjeant Bettes-

worth," which was always his pompous way of pronouncing his name in three distinct syllables. "Of what regiment, pray?" asked Swift. "O, Mr. Dean, we know your powers of raillery; you know well enough that I am one of his majesty's serjeants at law."—"What then, sir?"—"Why then, sir, I am come to demand of you, whether you are the author of this poem, (producing it) and of these villanous lines on me?"—at the same time reading them aloud with great vehemence of emphasis and much gesticulation. "Sir," replied Swift, "it was a piece of advice given me in my early days by Lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge; because, if I did this in some cases, whatever I did not disown afterwards would infallibly be imputed to me, as mine. Now, sir, I take this to be a very wise maxim, and as such, have followed it ever since; and I believe it will hardly be in the power of your rhetoric, as great a master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule." Many other things passed at this interview which were described by Swift in a letter to the Duke of Dorset, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. At going away Bettesworth thus addressed him: "Well, since you will give me no satisfaction in this affair, let me tell you, your gown is your protection; under the sanction of which, like one of your own yahoos who had climbed up to the top of a high tree, you sit secure and squirt your filth around on all mankind." Swift had candour enough not to conceal this last circumstance, at the same time observing, that "the fellow showed more wit in this than he thought him possessed of." As Bettesworth still continued to utter furious threats against the dean, all the principal inhabitants of St. Patrick's district formed an association, engaging to stand by one another in support of their general benefactor against any one who should attempt to offer the least injury to his person or fortune. Nor was this all: the public indignation against Bettesworth was expressed

in a multitude of compositions, placing his character in an odious or a contemptible light; so that the unfortunate serjeant, who had before made a considerable figure at the bar, lost by his own confession an income of twelve hundred pounds a year, and was seldom employed in any suit afterwards.

In his treatment of his domestics Swift exhibited not less singularity than in the rest of his conduct. When he rode out he was always attended by two servants, but he walked through the streets. His spurs and spatterdashes, which he wore instead of boots, he never put on till he came to the place of mounting. One day being detained longer than usual, and inquiring into the cause, he found it was owing to a dispute between the two servants, to which of them it belonged to carry the spatterdashes and spurs. Swift soon settled the matter by making them carry one of each, and in that manner walk behind him through the streets. The rabble of Dublin, who are remarkable for low humour, soon smoked the design, and ridiculed the fellows as they passed along in such a way as made them quite ashamed of themselves, and willing to come to a compromise. But the dean, to punish them, made them continue their progress in the same way, enjoying the low jokes of the mob as they passed; till at their earnest entreaty afterwards they were allowed to perform the office alternately.

He had generally some whimsical contrivance to punish his servants for any neglect of his orders, so as to make them more attentive in future. The hiring of maid-servants he left to his housekeeper, and when the ceremony was over, he used to send for them, saying, he had but two commands to give them; one was to shut the door after them whenever they came into a room; the other to shut the door after them when they went out of a room; and bade them be very punctual in executing these orders. One of his maids once requested permission to go to the wedding of her sister, who lived about ten miles from Dublin.

Swift not only consented, but said she might have one of his horses, with a servant to ride before her, and gave directions accordingly. The maid in the midst of her joy for this favour, forgot to shut the door after her when she left the room. They had been gone about a quarter of an hour, when the dean ordered a servant to saddle another horse, and make what speed he could after them, and wherever he overtook them to oblige them to return immediately. They had not proceeded above half-way, when the man came up with them, and told them it was the dean's positive order that they should instantly return. The poor girl was obliged, though with great reluctance, to comply. With a most mortified countenance, she appeared before the dean, and begged to know his commands. "Nothing, child," said he, "only you forgot to shut the door after you." But, that he might not carry the punishment too far, he then permitted her to pursue her journey.

Another time being upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night. In the morning the dean calling for his boots, the servant immediately took them to him: when the dean saw them, "How is this, Tom," says he, "my boots are not cleaned?" "No sir," replied Tom, "as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again." "Very well," said the doctor, "go and get the horses ready." In the mean time the dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast. When the servant returned, he asked if the horses were ready? "Yes, sir," said the servant. "Go bring them out then," said the dean. "I have not had my breakfast yet, sir," replied Tom: "*Oh! no matter for that,*" says the dean, "*if you had you would soon be hungry again.*" They mounted and rode off: as they rode the dean pulled a book out of his pocket and began to read. A gentleman met them, and seeing the doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed on till he met the servant. "Who is that gentleman?" said he to the man; "My

master, sir," said Tom. "I know that, you blockhead," said the gentleman,—“but where are you going?” “*We are going to Heaven*, sir,” says Tom. “How do you know that?” said the gentleman. “*Because I am fasting, and my master is praying*, sir, so I think we are in the right road to it.”

Swift once discharged a servant for rejecting the petition of a poor old woman. She was very infirm, and on a cold morning sat down upon the steps of the deanery. The footman happened to go to the door, and the poor creature besought him in a piteous tone to give that paper to his reverence. The fellow read it, and told her with great insolence, that his master had something else to do than to mind her petition. “What’s that you say, fellow?” said the dean, looking out at the window; “come up here.” The man obeyed with great confusion; and the dean ordered the woman also to come before him, and gave her some refreshment. Then turning to the servant, the dean said: “At what time did I order you to open a paper directed to me, or to refuse a letter, whoever brought it? Hark ye, sirrah, you have been admonished by me for drunkenness, idling, and other faults; but since I have discovered that you want humanity, I shall dismiss you from my service; so put off your clothes, take your wages; and let me hear no more of you.” The fellow obeyed, and having in vain solicited a recommendation, was obliged to go to sea, in which employment he continued five years, at the end of that time, finding his situation very different from his former ease and luxury, he again applied to the dean for a character, setting forth in a petition, the hardships he had endured, and confessing the faults of which he had been guilty. The dean then called for pen, ink, and paper, and gave him the following billet:

“Whereas the bearer ———, served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler, and a drunkard; I then discharged him as such; but how far his having been five years at sea may have

mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter employ him.

J. SWIFT.

"Deanery-house, Jan. 9, 1739."

Among other whimsies in which Swift occasionally indulged, he took it into his head to have a feast once a year, in imitation of the Roman saturnalia, at which the servants personated their masters, and the masters waited upon them as servants. In this project he engaged several of his acquaintance, and it was first put in execution at the deanery. When all the servants were seated, and every gentleman placed behind his own man, the dean's servant took an opportunity of finding fault with some meat that was not done to his taste, and taking it up in his hand, threw it in his master's face, mimicking him also in every other foible which he had ever discovered in him. But the dean, whether he was mortified by the reproof, or provoked at the indignity, flew into a violent passion, beat the fellow, and threw every thing into confusion, so that all the servants ran away in a fright, which put a complete end to the saturnalia.

Swift, as has already been observed, was in the habit of visiting Dr. Sheridan, at his residence in the country. On one of these occasions he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood, and being fond of scenes in low life, he resolved not to miss the opportunity of witnessing so curious a ceremony. That he might enjoy the frolic more completely, he proposed that Sheridan should go disguised as a blind fiddler, while he would attend as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred, they reached the scene of action, where the blind fiddler was received with shouts of joy. There was plenty of meat and drink, and the fiddler and his man were plied with more than was agreeable to them. Never was a more joyous wedding. They sung, they danced, told stories and cracked jokes, in a vein of humour more entertaining to the two guests than proba-

bly they could have found in any other meeting on a like occasion. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leathern pouches and rewarded the fiddler very handsomely. Next day the dean and the doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening scattered in different parts of the road and the neighbouring villages, all imploring charity in doleful strains and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding, others stone blind, who were perfectly clear-sighted at the feast. Sheridan distributed among them the money he had received as his pay; but the dean, who mortally hated these sturdy vagrants, told them in what manner he had gained a knowledge of their roguery, and assured them that if they did not immediately apply to honest labour, he would have them taken up and sent to jail. This threat instantly produced a powerful effect; the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, and employed them to good purpose in making a precipitate retreat.

Having promised to preach one Easter Sunday at the parish of Killibegs, he accordingly put a sermon in his pocket, without considering the day, or opening his manuscript. He spent a few days at a gentleman's house a few miles from the church, and on the Sunday morning set out with his friend and family in the coach. After prayers were over, the dean mounted the pulpit, and gave out for his text, "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord." The clergyman below was surprised at such a text for the day, and Swift's friend could not help smiling. However, the dean went on steadily to the conclusion; and just as he finished the sermon, he recollected that it was a funeral one, and had the additional consolation just then of recollecting also that it was Easter Sunday. Few people wrote better, or preached worse, than the dean, and it was therefore no wonder

that the principal part of the congregation should be asleep; and the rest paid no attention to him. But when the dean joined his company, he was severely bantered on account of the mistake which he had committed; and a smart thing or two being said upon the occasion, the dean, who could never stand a joke against himself, surlily replied, "You are all a pack of fools. Did not you see I preached it on purpose? for I saw that the greatest number of your rascally congregation were gathered to the sleep of their fathers."

During the Rebellion, Swift, in passing the town of Bandon, perceived the following lines written on its gates:—

"Turk, Jew, or Atheist,
Are welcome here but a Papist."

On which he took out his pencil and wrote the underneath:—

"Who'er wrote this has wrote it well,
For the same is wrote on the gates of hell!"

Thus passed the life of Swift, in one continued scene of eccentricity and humour; idolized by his countrymen, and either courted or feared by all to whom he was known. He was now approaching that state which afforded an awful example of the instability of wit, genius and influence. As his years increased his fits of giddiness grew more frequent, and his deafness made conversation difficult. They likewise grew more severe, till in 1736, when he was engaged upon a poem called "The Legion Club," he was seized with a fit so painful and so long continued, that he never after attempted any work of thought or labour.

He often lamented, in the most affecting manner, the fate of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Somers, and other great men, who before their deaths were reduced to a state of second childhood and idiotism; and even seemed to feel an impulse of what was to happen to

himself before he died. "I remember," says the poet Young, "as I and others were taking with him an evening walk about a mile out of Dublin, he stopped short. We passed on; but perceiving he did not follow us, I went back and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he said: "I shall be like that tree, I shall die at top."

Swift, during his lunacy, had some lucid intervals, at which time his physicians took him out for the air. When they came to the park, Swift observed a new building, and asked what it was designed for, to which Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of this city." "Oh!" said the dean, "pulling out his pocket-book, let me take an item of that; that is worth remarking; *my tablets*, as Hamlet says, *my tablets*; memory, put down that; on which he wrote the following lines, and the last he ever penned:—

"Behold a proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left, that's worth defence,
We build a magazine!"

He then put up his pocket-book, laughing heartily at the conceit, and finishing it with these words, "After the steed is stolen, shut the stable door." After this he never uttered a sensible word, so that these lines may be said so be the last speech, and dying words of the wit.

Swift was always careful of his money, and was, therefore, not liberal in his entertainments; but was less frugal of his wine than his meat. When his friends of either sex came to him in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling, that they might please themselves with their provisions. At length his moroseness and avarice grew too powerful for his kindness; he would refuse a bottle of wine, "and," observes

Dr. Johnson, "in Ireland no man visits where he cannot drink."

Having thus excluded conversation and desisted from study, he had neither business nor amusement; for having by some ridiculous resolution or mad vow, determined never to wear spectacles, he could make little use of books in his later years. His ideas, therefore, being neither renovated by discourse, nor increased by reading, wore gradually away, and left his mind vacant to the vexations of the hour, till at last his anger was heightened into madness.

He grew more violent and his mental powers declined, till in 1741 it was found necessary that legal guardians of his person and fortune should be appointed. He now lost all distinction. The last face he knew was that of his housekeeper, Mrs. Whiteway, and her he ceased to know in a little time. His meat was brought him cut into mouthfuls; but he would never touch it while the servant staid, and, at last, after it had stood perhaps an hour, would eat it walking, for he continued his old habit and was on his feet ten hours a day.

In 1742 he had an inflammation in his left eye which swelled it to the size of an egg, with boils in other parts. He was long kept waking with the pain and was not easily restrained by five attendants from tearing out his eye. The tumour at last subsided, and a short interval of reason ensuing, in which he knew his physician and his family, gave hopes of his recovery, but in a few days he sunk into a lethargic stupidity, motionless, heedless and speechless. But it is said that, after a year of total silence, when his housekeeper, on the 30th of November, told him that the usual bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate his birth-day, he answered: "It is all folly: they had better let it alone." He afterwards spoke now and then, or gave some intimation of a meaning; but at last sunk into perfect silence and idiotcy, which continued till about the end



Engraved by R. Cooper.

SAM HOUSE.

The Patriotic Publican?

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of October, 1744, when in his 78th year he expired without a struggle. He left all his fortune, which, when some few legacies were paid, amounted to nearly eleven thousand pounds, to build and endow an hospital for idiots and lunatics.

SAM HOUSE.

THE life of this "Liberty Boy" presents one of the brightest examples of political integrity perhaps on record. His zeal in the cause of Mr. Fox was purely disinterested and unconquerable: it was

"Attachment never to be weaned, or changed
By any change of fortune:
Fidelity, that neither bribe, nor threat,
Could move, or warp—"

and although only a publican, so great was his interest, and so persevering his exertions, that he was considered the principal cause of returning his friend to Parliament for Westminster, in the ever memorable contest between Fox, Hood, and Sir Cecil Wray.

Assisted only by a slender education, at the usual age, he was put apprentice to the late Mr. Peavy, house cooper, Bainbridge-street, St. Giles's; but his master being cruel in his disposition, he soon left his service; and at the age of eighteen, the world was all before him to choose a place of rest, and Providence his guide. It was the ill usage he received while with his master, that probably made him that implacable enemy to tyranny and oppression, which he continued to exemplify through the future period of his life.

His active industrious habits soon procured him a situation; for we find him house-cooper at the Peacock brewhouse, White-cross Street; then at Mr. Green's

brewhouse at Pimlico ; afterwards a broad cooper at Mason's brewhouse, St. Giles's, and at Camberton's at Hampstead : by his industry at these places, he acquired money enough to take a public house, at the corner of Peter-street, Wardour-street, Soho, called the Gravel Pits, which he soon afterwards changed to the "Intrepid Fox, or the Cap of Liberty," he was then twenty-five years of age.

About this period he rendered himself the subject of general conversation for some time, by undertaking, for a considerable wager, to leap off Westminster-bridge into the river Thames. This he engaged to do against any Newfoundland dog that should be brought.

At the time appointed, Sam with his friends made their appearance ; having reached the top of the bridge, a circle was formed for the adventurer to undress, which being done, he got upon the ballustrades of the centre arch, and with the most apparent indifference, threw himself into the river and swam on shore, without receiving the least injury.

This singular feat of activity, by every one thought impossible, without occasioning immediate death, rendered him a popular character, and filled his house with customers. Sam, not insensible to public approbation, now considered himself of some consequence, though in the humble station of a publican.

In the year 1763, he commenced politician, and took a very active part in support of Mr. Wilkes.

During this violent struggle, Sam sold his beer at three-pence a pot, in honour of Wilkes, the then champion of freedom ; and at his own expense gave entertainments to his neighbours, and others, who he thought were friends to the same cause. It is said his exertions in the election for Middlesex, on the side of the popular candidate, did not cost him less than 500*l*. *

* House was not the only zealous and eccentric advocate who

He rendered himself no less conspicuous for his attachment to what he called liberty, than his personal oddities, particularly in his dress, which was not only singular, but laughably ridiculous.

His person was not tall, but of the middling size, he was well made, stout and active. His head was quite bald, without the appearance of hair, never having much in his youth; without hat or wig, if he wore a hat, which was seldom, it had a very broad brim. It may literally be said, he had not a coat to his back, for he was not seen wearing a coat near thirty years—a black waistcoat, with sleeves, was its substitute; he was always clean in his linen, which was of the best kind, but never buttoned his shirt at the collar; his breeches were of the same sort and colour of the waistcoat, and open at the knees; silk stockings of the best sort, either white or mottled, decorated his legs, which were deemed handsome by the ladies; but he frequently went without stockings, and either with or without, wore a neat pair of black slippers.

Sam's great foible was swearing; indeed, he had so habituated himself to that disgraceful practice, that he could not express himself otherwise: it was the only language he said he understood: had he been blessed with a better education it would probably have been

espoused the cause of Wilkes: we have another in the person of William Bell, formerly an eminent cutler, at Bath. When that god of his idolatry, Wilkes, was condemned to two years durance in the King's Bench prison, Bell made a solemn oath, that he would neither shave himself or change his linen during that ignominious term; in which comfortable state he actually remained until the two years expired; and he could again with truth exclaim—"Wilkes and Liberty." Bell died 1802.

Bell's resolution was similar to that of a Mr. Dyche, school-master to the charity children of St. Andrew, Holborn, who some time before his death (1719) made a solemn vow *not to shift his linen* till the Pretender was seated on the throne of these realms.

otherwise. At one of the monthly meetings of the Electors of Westminster, at the Shakspeare, the Duke of Rutland intimated a desire to speak to House, he was accordingly called towards the table where his Grace sat, who addressed him with asking, if he could not converse without swearing. His reply was, "Damn your eyes, would you have a man speak in any other language but what he is master of?" This answer was final, and prevented a conference between two great men, his Grace and Sam House.

Sam (in imitation, it is supposed, of his old bottle companion and intimate acquaintance, Mr. Thomas, who lived at Hopwood's, near the King's-bench; who, for a long time, made use of his coffin as a corner cupboard, which he kept well stored with rum and brandy, to be drank at his death,) ordered a coffin to be made of wicker; the men who were employed on this occasion, wishing to make the job last till they got another, living at Sam's expense, were very backward in constructing the lid. Sam discovering this, and his patience being quite exhausted, one day, when they were drinking as usual, he exclaimed, "Get out of my house, you resurrection rascals; I'll be damned if you have me yet;" and, dragging the coffin from under the bed, cut it in pieces, and threw it on the fire.

With regard to the political sentiments of Sam House, he was uniform in support of the rights of the people, in opposition to the influence of the crown. At the election for Westminster in the year 1780, when the contest was violent between Lord Lincoln, supported by the court; and Mr. Fox, supported by the people, he exerted every nerve in favour of the latter, and erected the standard of liberty at his own expense, for the sons of freedom to regale themselves with beef, beer, &c. During the poll he headed a considerable number of electors every day to the hustings, who gave their suffrages for Mr. Fox.

His exertions in the cause of his friend, were again

conspicuous during the memorable contest for Westminster, between Fox, Hood, and Wray.

When tendering his vote for Fox, at the Hustings, he was asked his trade—"I am," said he, "a publican, and a republican."

At a dinner of the friends of Mr. Fox, at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden, amongst other toasts, a gentleman proposed to give Sam House. On which Mr. Byng said, he was exceeding happy in the opportunity of expressing his hearty concurrence, in paying respect to a man, who had, on many occasions, distinguished himself a warm friend to liberty. He begged leave, he said, to mention an instance of genuine and disinterested patriotism, which he could relate from his own knowledge, a circumstance that would have done honour to the first character in this country. Sam observing, that the influence of the Court, would, if possible, prevent the electors of Westminster from having the man of their choice, without any solicitation opened his house. The friends of Mr. Fox, seeing the profusion of Sam, were afraid, that through his uncommon zeal in the cause of freedom, he would injure himself, and determined to make him a recompence; but knowing his greatness of soul and independent spirit, the difficulty was, to do it in such a way as not to hurt his feelings. It was therefore agreed, that a quantity of beer and spirits should be sent him, to supply what he had given away. Mr. Byng and some other friends waited upon Sam, and acquainted him with this resolution; when, said Mr. Byng, what do you think was his answer? (with the calmness of a philosopher, and an expressive look of disdain, considering it an insult to offer him a recompence) "*You may be damned.*"

Sam's favourite candidate having obtained a great majority at the final close of the poll, he considered this as a complete victory over power, influence, and oppres-

sion, which gave him great satisfaction. All his anxiety, labour, and fatigue, during this contest, in the congratulations of his friends on the happy issue of the business, melted away like snow before the sun, and his cares were absorbed in the flowing bowl.

Though of a strong constitution, yet as neither strength, wisdom, nor courage, can guard against accidents which may prove fatal, Sam got cold at the time of the election, which was followed by an inflammation in his bowels, attended with the most dangerous symptoms; till nature, unable to resist the force of a complication of disorders, gave way to the all-conquering power of death, on the 25th of April, 1785.

A few hours before his death, Sir John Elliot, informed Mr. Fox of his dangerous situation. Mr. Fox immediately went to see him, and sat by his bed-side a considerable time. When he was gone, Sam expressed great pleasure, in having seen his friend, the champion of freedom, and said, that Mr. Fox took him by the hand, treated him with great tenderness, and hoped he should see him better when he called again. In half an hour, poor Sam changed, and entirely lost his speech: and about six hours after breathed his last, in the 60th year of his age.

The death of Sam House was soon spread abroad, and from his known eccentricity, people of all descriptions, and considerable numbers, went to see his corpse; it was intended at first to limit this privilege only to his particular friends; the crowds, however, were so great on the following Monday, that they found it necessary to throw open the doors for the admission of all that came without distinction; and it is said, that upwards of five hundred persons viewed the dead body. The interest excited, however, by his death was not to be allayed even by the sight of his mortal remains, for all were anxious to be present at his funeral; the day and hour being ap-

pointed, was almost as quickly known ; and when that time arrived, which was to consign those remains to the silent tomb, the streets and lanes near Wardour-street were lined with a motley assemblage of men, women, and children.

Sam's funeral took place on Friday evening, April 29, 1785. The procession moved slowly down Prince's-street, the Haymarket, round Charing-cross, along the Strand, and up Bedford-street, when it arrived at Covent-garden ; to give additional solemnity to the scene, the procession went round the church to the north gate ; after the funeral ceremonies were performed the body was deposited in the church-yard of St. Paul, by the side of his wife, who had died about two years before him.

The scene on this occasion was of a burlesque description little suited to the solemnity of the occasion, so that the last act of his surviving friends, was as extraordinary as his character and conduct through life had been remarkable. A drunken watchman of St. Ann's, Soho, was engaged to personate the deceased in a dress similar to Sam's usual habit. In this garb he joined the procession, which caused no little controversy among the populace, some contending that it was Sam himself, and others maintaining the opposite opinion ; this man's folly, however, was speedily punished, for being guilty of some irregularities during divine service, after the body was deposited in the ground, the mob handled him very roughly ; and forcing him into the hearse which conveyed the remains of the person he represented, ordered the coachman to drive him to the undertakers.

The character of Sam was that of an eccentric, but at the same time a well-intentioned, and good-hearted man ; his political integrity could never be shaken, and most of the animosities he entertained, were grounded upon political feelings. He was firm and sincere in friendship, honest and upright in his dealings, but blunt

and sometimes uncouth in his manners; open and free in his communications, but careless and slovenly in his dress. The most reprehensible part of his conduct, was a habit which he had contracted of swearing, which he did upon all occasions, without respect to the parties, however exalted, whom he addressed. His house was greatly frequented by hackney-coachmen, and it is believed he once kept a hackney-coach of his own. After his death his likeness appeared on many coaches.

In addition to his political eccentricities, Sam had some other peculiarities to mark his character; it is related that he once laid a wager with a young man to run a race with him in Oxford-road, and in all probability would have won, had it not been for an arch trick played upon him by a friend of his antagonist, who knowing Sam's attachment to his favourite, cried out as he passed him, loud enough to be heard by him, "Damn Fox, and all his friends, say I." This was a fatal speech to the race, for Sam, regardless of winning or losing, immediately attacked this blasphemer, and gave him so severe a drubbing, which he did in such a plentiful manner, that the criminal roared out lustily that he was only joking;—"Damn your jokes," said Samuel, "I am only joking; take that, and take that, and learn to time your jokes better; I don't like such jokes." This amused the surrounding spectators perhaps equally as well as the race would have done; and Sam contented himself by gaining a victory although he had lost his wager, which he afterwards paid with great pleasure in consequence of having lost it in so noble a cause.

Sam also manifested his attachment to Keys, whom he always called "his true and tried friend." About a month before he died he sent for Major Labalier, and also desired Keys to attend. At this meeting he told Keys he should be miserable if he thought he would ever live to be in want, and begged of him to accept of 20*l.* a year out of his estate; Keys, however, thanked him for his

good intentions towards him, but with a spirit of independence, equal to that of his friend Sam House, declined accepting this offer, declaring his friendship was disinterested, and that nothing should induce him to take that from Sam's family, to which they undoubtedly had a superior claim.

RICHARD NASH.

RICHARD NASH, Esq. to whom the city of Bath owes its present prosperity and importance, was born at Swansea, in Glamorganshire, on the 18th of October, 1674. His father, whose principal income arose from a partnership in a glass-house, sent him for education to Carmarthen school, and thence to Jesus College, Oxford, in order to prepare him for the study of the law. His mother was neice to Colonel Poyer, who was killed by Oliver Cromwell, for defending Pembroke Castle against the rebels.

The first method he took to distinguish himself at college was not by application to study, but by his assiduity in gallantry. Before he was seventeen he went through all the mazes and adventures of a college intrigue; he offered marriage, which was accepted; but the affair coming to the knowledge of his tutors, he was sent home from the university with necessary advice to him, and proper instructions to his father.

The army appearing the most suitable profession for displaying his inclination for gallantry, he purchased a pair of colours and dressed to the utmost extent of his finances. Finding, however, that the company of the fair sex was not to be procured without expense, and that his scanty commission could never procure him the means of defraying it, he quitted the army, entered his name as a student in the Temple, and there went to the very summit of second rate luxury.

It had long been customary for the inns of court to entertain the monarch on his accession to the crown or on some such remarkable occasion with a revel and a pageant. This ceremony was last exhibited in honour of King William, and Nash was chosen to conduct it. This he did so much to the satisfaction of the king, that he made him an offer of knighthood. Nash, however, refused the honour, which, considering his excessive vanity, appears somewhat extraordinary. "Please your majesty," replied he, "if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least competent to the support of my title."

Though Nash acquired no riches by his office, yet he gained many friends, or what are more easily obtained, many acquaintances, who often answer the end as well. Besides his assurance, he had in reality some merit and some virtues. An instance of his humanity is related in the Spectator, though his name is not mentioned. When he was to give in his account to the masters of the Temple, among other articles he charged for making one man happy, ten pounds. Being questioned as to the meaning of so strange an item, he acknowledged that, happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife, and a large family of children, that ten pounds would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the experiment. He added, that, if they did not choose to acquiesce in his charge, he was ready to refund the money. The master struck with such an uncommon instance of good nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired that the sum might be doubled as a proof of their satisfaction.

Nash, as he often played tricks with others, received occasionally very severe retaliations. Being at York and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, provided he would stand at the great door of the minster in a blanket

as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed, but the dean passing by, unfortunately knew him. "What!" cried the divine, "Mr. Nash in masquerade!" "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company," replied Nash, pointing to his companions. Some time afterwards, he won a wager of still greater consequence by riding naked through a village upon a cow.

Nash was now thirty years old, without fortune or useful talents to acquire one. He had hitherto led a life of expedients; he thanked chance alone for his support, and having been long precariously supported, he became, at length, totally a stranger to prudence, or precaution. Being now a gamester by profession, from day to day he felt the vicissitudes of rapture and anguish, in proportion to the fluctuations of his fortune.

About 1703, the city of Bath became frequented by people of distinction. The company was numerous enough to form a country dance upon the bowling green; they were amused with a fiddle and hautboy, and diverted with the romantic walks round the city. Several physicians of eminence had praised the salubrity of the wells, and the amusements were put under the direction of Captain Webster, as master of the ceremonies. This gentleman carried the balls to the town-hall in 1704, each man paying half a guinea each ball. Still the amusements of the place were neither elegant nor conducted with delicacy. At this period, it was the fashion for both sexes to bathe together quite naked, and for the ladies to adorn their heads before they entered the bath with all the lures of dress. By these means their charms were set off to such advantage, that the husband of a lady in the Cross Bath, who with Nash and other spectators were admiring the female dabblers, told his wife "she looked like an angel, and he wished to be with her." Nash seized the favourable occasion to establish his reputation as a man of gallantry and spirit, and

therefore suddenly taking the gentleman by the collar and the waistband of his breeches, soused him over the parapet into the bath. The consequence was a duel, in which Nash was wounded in the sword arm; and, as it does not appear he was fond of fighting, it is probable that this incident prompted him when he rose to power to issue his edict against wearing swords at Bath, "except by such as were not entitled to wear them at any other place."

At this time the city was mean and contemptible, the pump-house was without a director, and to add to all this, one of the greatest physicians of the age, in resentment of some affronts he had received there, conceived a design of ruining the city by writing against the efficacy of its waters. He accordingly published a pamphlet, by which he said, "he would cast a toad into the spring."

Such was the state of things when Nash first visited Bath, and hearing of the threat of the physician, he humourously assured the people that he would charm away the poison of the doctor's toad, as the venom of the tarantula was usually charmed, that is, by music. He was, therefore, immediately empowered to set up the force of a band of music against the poison of the doctor's reptile; the concourse of people very sensibly increased, Nash triumphed, and the sovereignty of the city was decreed him by all ranks.

After his appointment to be master of the ceremonies, an office for which nature seemed to have particularly qualified him, we behold him directing pleasures which none had better learned to share. We see a kingdom beginning with him, and sending off Tunbridge as one of its colonies. He established regulations for the balls, which he would not suffer to continue a moment after eleven o'clock, lest invalids might commit irregularities which would counteract the effect of the water. Even the royal family had not influence enough to make

him deviate from any of his rules. The Princess Amelia, once applying to him for one dance more after he had given the signal to withdraw, he assured her royal highness that the established rules of Bath resembled the laws of Lycurgus, which would admit of no alteration without an utter subversion of all his authority.

He was not less strict with regard to the dresses, in which ladies and gentlemen were to appear. He had the strongest aversion to a white apron, and absolutely excluded all who ventured to appear at the assembly dressed in that manner. But he found more difficulty in attacking the irregularities of the gentlemen; and for some time strove, but in vain, to prohibit the use of swords. At length a duel, which took place between two gamesters, in which one of them was run through the body, helped to promote his peaceable intentions. He undertook to prohibit the wearing of swords at Bath, and whenever he heard of a challenge given, he instantly had both parties arrested. The gentlemen's boots also made a desperate stand against him. The country squires were by no means submissive to his usurpations, and probably his authority alone would never have carried him through, had he not enforced it with ridicule. In a short time few ventured to appear at the assemblies at Bath in a riding-dress; and whenever any gentleman, through ignorance, or haste, appeared in the rooms in boots, Nash would make up to him, and bowing in an arch manner would tell him he had forgotten his horse. By such means he at length obtained a complete victory.

The following rules and regulations, drawn up by Mr. Nash, in 1742, hung up in the lower rooms, for nearly half a century, after the death of their author:—

I. That a visit of ceremony at coming to Bath, and another at going away is all that is expected or desired by ladies of quality and fashion—except impertinents.

II. That ladies coming to the ball, appoint a time for their footmen's coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbances and inconveniences to themselves and others.

III. That gentlemen of fashion, never appearing in a morning before the ladies in gowns and caps, show breeding and respect.

IV. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play or breakfast, and not to theirs—except captious by nature.

V. That no gentleman give his tickets for the balls to any but gentlewomen.—N. B. Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

VI. That gentlemen crowding before the ladies at a ball, show ill-manners; and that none do so for the future—except such as respect nobody but themselves.

VII. That no gentlemen or lady take it ill that another dance before them—except such as have no pretence to dance at all.

VIII. That the elder ladies and children be contented with a second bench at the ball, as being past or not come to perfection.

IX. That the younger ladies take notice how many eyes observe them.—N. B. This does not extend to the *have-at-alls*.

X. That all whispers of lies and scandal be taken for their authors.

XI. That all repeaters of such lies and scandal be shunned by all company—except such as have been guilty of the same crime.

N. B. Several men of no character, old women, and young ones of questioned reputation, are great authors of lies in this place, being of the sect of *levellers*.

Nash's equipage was sumptuous. He usually travelled to Tunbridge in a post chariot and six greys, with outriders, footmen, French-horns, and every other appendage of expensive parade. He always wore a white hat, and assigned as a reason for this singularity that he did it purely to secure it from being stolen. His dress was tawdry though not perfectly genteel: he might be considered as a beau of several generations, and in his appearance he, in some measure, mixed the fashions of the preceding age with those of the period in which he lived.

It may be asked what finances were to support all this finery, and whence he procured the treasures that gave him such frequent opportunities of displaying his benevolence or his vanity. For these he was indebted to his talents as a gamester, which alone enabled him at this period to keep up so genteel an appearance. When he first figured at Bath, there were few laws against this destructive amusement. The gaming-table was the

constant resource of despair and indigence, and frequently the ruin of affluent fortunes. Whithersoever people of fashion resorted, needy adventurers were generally found in waiting. With these Bath swarmed, and among this class was Nash to be numbered in the beginning, only with this difference, that he wanted the corrupt heart too commonly attending a life of expedients, for he was generous, humane, and honourable, even though by profession a gamester.

When the Earl of Townshend, was a youth, he was passionately fond of play, and was never better pleased than in having Nash for his antagonist. Nash saw with concern his lordship's foible, and undertook to cure him, though by a very painful remedy. Conscious of his own superior skill, he determined to engage him in single play for a very considerable sum. His lordship in proportion as he lost his game, lost his temper too, and as he approached the gulf, seemed more eager for ruin. He lost his estate; some writings were put into the winner's possession; his very equipage was deposited as a last stake, and he lost that also. But when the generous gamester found his imprudent antagonist sufficiently punished for his temerity, he returned the whole, only stipulating that he should be paid five thousand pounds, whenever he thought proper to make the demand. He never made any such demand during his lordship's life, but some time afterwards, his affairs being on the wane, he demanded the money of his lordship's heirs, by whom it was paid without hesitation.

Though gaming first introduced Nash into polite company, this alone could scarcely have carried him forward without the assistance of a genteel address, much vivacity, some humour and some wit. In the early part of his life he had professedly enlisted himself into the service of the fair sex. Nature had by no means formed Nash for a *beau garçon*; his person was clumsy, and peculiarly irregular; yet even with those disadvantages he

made love, became an universal admirer of the sex, and was universally admired. But Nash did not long continue an universal gallant. In the earlier years of his reign, he entirely desisted from his attempts to deceive the sex, in order to become the honest protector of their innocence, a guardian of their reputation and a friend to their virtue. This character he bore for many years, and supported it with integrity, assiduity and success.

Whatever might have been Nash's excellencies or failings, there was one quality in which few surpassed him. This was his extensive humanity. None felt pity more strongly, and none made greater efforts to relieve distress. Before gaming was suppressed, and while he was in the meridian of his life and fortune, his benefactions were generally found to equal his other expenses. The money he acquired without pain, he gave away without reluctance: and when unable to relieve a wretch, who sued for assistance, he was often seen to shed tears. A gentleman of broken fortune one day standing behind his chair, as he was playing a game of picquet for two hundred pounds, and observing with what indifference he won the money, could not forbear whispering to another who stood by: "Heavens, how happy would all that money make me!"—Nash overhearing him, clapped the money into his hand, and cried: "Go and be happy."

In the severe winter of 1739, his charity was great, useful, and extensive. He frequently, at that season of calamity, entered the houses of the poor, whom he thought too proud to beg, and generously relieved them. Of all the immense sums which Nash lavished upon real or apparent wretchedness, the effects, after a few years, seemed to disappear. His money was generally given to support immediate want, or to relieve improvident indolence, and therefore it vanished in an hour. But of all the instances of Nash's bounty, none does him more real honour, than the pains he took in

establishing an hospital at Bath, in which however Doctor Oliver took an active part. This was one of those well-guided charities, dictated by reason, and supported by prudence, chiefly by the means of Nash and Doctor Oliver.

A collection was made one evening at Wiltshire's room, in aid of the hospital, at which Nash undertook to receive the money. A lady entered, who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity; and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a tap with her fan, and said, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pockets." "Yes, madam," said he, "that I will, with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop." Then taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, "one, two, three, four, five." "Hold, hold," said the duchess, "consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, madam," said Nash, and continued telling, "six, seven, eight, nine, ten." Here the duchess called again, and seemed angry. "Pray compose yourself, madam," cried Nash, "and don't interrupt the work of charity—eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen." Here the duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. "Peace, madam," said Nash, "you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam, and upon the front of the building, madam—sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty,"—"I won't pay any thing more," said the duchess. "Charity will cover a multitude of sins," replied Nash, "twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five."—"Nash," said she, "I protest you fright me out of my wits; Heavens I shall die!" "Madam, you will never die with doing good, and if you do, it will be the better for you," answered Nash; and was about to proceed, but perceiving her grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued, when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand, and compound with her grace for

thirty guineas. The duchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him stand farther off, an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him. But her grace afterwards, having a run of good luck, called Nash to her, "Come," said she, "I will be friends with you, though you are a fool; and to let you see I am not angry, there are ten guineas more for your charity."

About this period every season brought some accession of honour to Mr. Nash, and the corporation of Bath found that he was absolutely necessary for promoting the welfare of the city. They erected a full length marble statue of him in the pump-room, between the busts of Pope and Newton. It was on this occasion that the Earl of Chesterfield wrote the following severe, but witty, epigram:

Immortal Newton never spoke

More truth than here you'll find;

Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke

Severer on mankind.

The statue plac'd the busts between,

Adds to the satire strength;

Wisdom and wit are little seen,

But folly at full length.

The example of the corporation was followed by all his acquaintance of inferior rank. He was treated in every respect like a great man; he had his levee, his flatterers, his buffoons, his good-natured creatures, and even his dedicators. A trifling, ill-supported vanity was his foible, and while he enjoyed the homage of the vulgar and the familiarity of the great, he felt no pain for the unpromising view of poverty that lay before him. If a cringing wretch called him, his honour, he was pleased, internally conscious that he had the justest pretensions to the title. If a beggar called him, my lord, he was happy, and generally sent the flatterer away happy too.

The success Nash sometimes met with, led him, when late in life, to mistake his true character. He was really agreeable, but he chose to be thought a wit; he therefore indulged his inclination, and never cared how rude he was, provided he was thought comical. His usual way when he said any thing clever was to strengthen it with an oath, and to make up its want of sentiment by asseveration and grimace. He used to tell surprising stories of his activity when young. "Here I stand, gentlemen," he would say, "that could once leap forty-two feet upon level ground, at three standing jumps, backward or forward. One, two, three, dart like an arrow out of a bow. But I am old now. I remember I once leaped for three hundred guineas, with Count Klopstock the great leaper, leaping-master to the Prince of Passau; you must all have heard of him. First he began with the running jump, and a most damnable bounce it was, that's certain. Every body concluded that he had the match; when, only taking off my hat, stripping off neither coat, shoes nor stockings, mind me, I fetched a run, and went beyond him, one foot three inches and three quarters, measured, upon my soul, by Captain Pately's own standard."

In the torrent of insipidity which he was in the habit of uttering there were sometimes found very severe satire, strokes of true wit and lines of humour. He rallied very successfully, for he never felt the joke of another, and drove home his own without pity. With his superiors he was familiar and blunt; the inferiority of his station secured him from their resentment, but the same bluntness which they laughed at, was by his equals regarded as insolence. Though no great wit, he had the art of sometimes saying rude things with decency, and of rendering them pleasing by an uncommon turn. Most of them, however, were of a contrary description.

One day in the Grove, at Bath, he joined some ladies,

and asked one of them, who was crooked, whence she came. "Straight from London," replied she. "Confound me, madam," exclaimed Nash; "then you must have been damnably warped by the way." She had soon, however, an opportunity to be revenged. Sitting the following evening in one of the rooms, he once more joined her company, and with a sneer and a bow, asked her if she knew her catechism, and could tell the name of Tobit's dog. "His name, sir, was Nash," replied the lady, "and an impudent dog he was." This anecdote is introduced into a celebrated romance, and the reader may be assured that the fact happened as recorded.

Being once asked by Queen Anne, why he would not accept the honour of knighthood, he replied: "Lest Sir William Read, the mountebank, who has just been knighted, should call me brother."

Nash used sometimes to visit the great Dr. Clarke. The divine was one day conversing with Locke and two or three more of his learned and intimate companions, with that freedom, gaiety, and cheerfulness, which is ever the result of innocence. In the midst of their mirth and laughter, the doctor looking out of the window, saw Nash's chariot stop at the door. "Boys, boys," cried the philosopher to his friends, "let us now be wise, for here is a fool coming."

He was one day complaining to the Earl of Chesterfield of his bad luck at play, in the following manner: "Would you think it, my lord, that damned fortune, no later than last night tricked me out of five hundred. Is it not surprising that my luck should never turn, that I should thus eternally be mauled?"—"I don't wonder at your losing money," returned his lordship, "but all the world is surprised where you get it to lose."

Doctor Cheyne, when Nash was once ill, wrote a prescription for him, which was made up accordingly. The next day the doctor calling to see his patient, found him up and well, on which he asked if he had followed

his prescription. "Followed your prescription!" cried Nash, "no. Egad, if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I flung it out of a two-pair of stairs' window."

It would have been well had he confined himself to such sallies, but as he grew old, he grew insolent, and seemed in some measure insensible of the pain his attempts at wit gave others. On asking a lady to dance a minuet, if she refused, he would often demand, if she had bandy legs. He would endeavour to ridicule natural defects, he forgot the deference due to birth and quality, and mistook the manner of settling rank and precedence on many occasions.

The evening of his life began to grow cloudy, and Nash was no longer the gay thoughtless, idly industrious creature he had once been. His fortune was gone, and he had nothing but poverty in prospect. To imbitter his hopes he found himself abandoned by the great, whom he had long endeavoured to serve, and was obliged to fly for protection to those of humbler stations, whom he had once affected to despise. He now began to want that charity he had never refused to any, and to find that a life of dissipation and gaiety is ever terminated by misery and regret.

The weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature; the admonitions of the grave who aggravated his follies into vices; the ingratitude of his dependants who had formerly flattered his fortunes; but particularly the contempt of the great, who quite forgot him in his wants, all concurred to prey upon his spirits and sour his temper: and the poor man of pleasure might have terminated his life very tragically had not the corporation of Bath resolved to grant him an allowance of ten guineas a month. This bounty served to keep him from actual necessity, though far too inconsiderable to enable him to support the character of a gentleman; so that he who had been accustomed in the early part of his life to affluence and prodigality, must comparatively have

pined on this pittance in actual indigence. In this variety of uneasiness his health began to fail. He had received from nature a robust constitution, which even intemperance could scarcely impair. His aversion to physic was frequently a topic of raillery between him and Dr. Cheyne, who was a man of some wit. When Cheyne recommended his vegetable diet, Nash would swear that his design was to send half the world grazing like Nebuchadnezzar. "Aye," the doctor would reply, "Nebuchadnezzar was never such an infidel as thou art. It was but last week, gentlemen, that I attended this fellow in a fit of sickness; there I found him rolling up his eyes to Heaven, and crying for mercy. He would then swallow my drugs like breast-milk, yet you now hear how the old dog blasphemes the faculty." What Cheyne said in jest was strictly true. Nash dreaded the approach of death more than the generality of mankind, and was generally very devout while it threatened him. Though he was somewhat more the libertine in action, none believed and trembled more than he; for a mind neither schooled by philosophy, nor encouraged by conscious innocence, is ever timid at the appearance of danger. At length, on the 3d of February, 1761, he expired at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, aged upwards of 87 years, and was interred at the expense of the corporation, in the abbey church of that city.

The few things he was possessed of were left to his relations. A small library of well-chosen books, some trinkets and pictures, were his only inheritance. Among the latter were a gold box, given by the Countess of Burlington, with Lady Euston's picture in the lid, an agate etui, with a diamond on the top, by the Princess Dowager of Wales, and some things of no great value. The rings, watches, and pictures, which he formerly received from others, would have come to a considerable amount; but these his necessities had obliged him to dispose of: some family pictures, however, remained,

which were sold by advertisement, for five guineas each, after Mr. Nash's decease.

As the heart of a man is better known by his private than public actions, let us take a view of Nash in domestic life ; among his servants and dependants, where no gloss was required to colour his sentiments and disposition, nor any mask necessary to conceal his foibles. Here he was the same open-hearted, generous, and good-natured man we have already described ; one who was ever fond of promoting the interests of his friends, his servants and dependants, and making them happy. In his own house no man was perhaps more regular, cheerful, and beneficent, than Nash. His table was always free to those who sought his friendship, or wanted a dinner. As Nash's thoughts were entirely employed in the affairs of his government, he was seldom at home, but at the time of eating or of rest. His table was well served, but his entertainment consisted principally of plain dishes.

Nash generally arose early in the morning, being seldom in bed after five : and to avoid disturbing the family, and depriving his servants of their rest, he had the fire laid after he was in bed, and in the morning lighted it himself, and sat down to read some of his few but well chosen books.

His generosity and charity in private life, though not so conspicuous, was as great as that in public, and indeed far more considerable than his little income would admit of. This sensibility, this power of feeling the misfortunes of the miserable, and his address and earnestness in relieving their wants, exalts the character of Nash, and draws an impenetrable veil over his follies.

The following are among the numerous anecdotes recorded of Nash :—

Being once engaged at a party of cards at a tavern, after playing a considerable time, the company in ge-

neral were for giving over, when one of them proposed playing for four bottles of wine for the good of the house. "I'll tell you what," said Nash, "you may do as you please, gentlemen; but for the good of my house I'll go home."

At a tavern meeting where Nash was present, the money allotted being expended, and the company being in a merry mood, were disposed to stay somewhat longer, and a whip was proposed, which Nash undertook to collect; but one of the company, a testy old gentleman, made a great many words at spending a trifle extraordinary; and added, "Suppose I have not a mind to whip, what then?"—"Why then," says Nash, "you must e'en whip away."

Once on Nash's arrival in London, he went to a tavern in Fleet-street, in order to send for a friend, and sup; but, being very thirsty when he came, he bid the waiter fetch him a little porter immediately; upon which the lad ran to the temple, and presently returned, introducing a little man, a ticket-porter, telling Nash he was the least porter he could meet with.

Nash being once in a market town in the country, had occasion to employ a porter about some business, in which he blundered egregiously, and put Nash in a passion, who scolded him severely. "Zounds, sir," said the fellow, unable to bear his reproaches any longer, "tell me what you'd have, and I'll get it you." "Then get me, you puppy, a greater fool than yourself," said Nash. Away went the porter, and meeting with the mayor of the town, told him Mr. Nash was at that inn, and wanted to speak with him. Nash was greatly surprised when his worship told him the reason of his visit, and to excuse himself, fairly confessed what had passed between him and the porter: upon which the mayor set out in a passion, and immediately ordered the fellow into the stocks. As soon as Nash was informed of this, he repeated those lines in Pope:—

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for the mischief that it brings.

And then said, he would go and comfort the poor devil. When he came to the place where the delinquent was confined, he thus consoled him: "Sirrah," said he, "being a poor man, what business have you with wit? It is an ingredient the rich cannot manage but to their disadvantage." And turning round to one of his friends, "My Lord —," said he, "has so much wit, that he can never keep a guinea in his pocket; and Colonel —, because of his wit, never could keep a friend. Wit is ever dealing in difficulties; you see it has brought this man to the stocks, who, if a fool, might have been mayor of the town, and sent others here." Then, giving the porter a guinea, "There friend," said he, "is something for you, now go home, and study stupidity." "That I will, master," replied the fellow, "I'll study the whole corporation."

The witty Anstey in his New Bath Guide, has thus drawn the character of this foot-ball of Fortune, whose life displays, in so conspicuous a manner, the virtues and vices of human nature; and which may serve to show the mutability of great men's favours.

"Long reign'd the great Nash, this omnipotent lord,
Respected by youth, and by parents ador'd;
For him not enough at a ball to preside,
The unwary and beautiful nymph would he guide.
Oft tell her a tale, how the credulous maid
By man, perfidious man, is betray'd;
Taught Charity's hand to relieve the distress'd,
While tears have his tender compassion express'd:
But alas! he is gone, and the city can tell
How in years and in glory lamented he fell;
Him mourn'd all the Dryads on CLAVERTON's mount;
Him Avon deplor'd, him the nymph of the fount,
The crystalline streams.
Then perish his picture, his statue decay,
A tribute more lasting the Muses shall pay.

If true what philosophers all will assure us,
 Who dissent from the doctrine of great Epicurus,
 That the spirit's immortal : as poets allow,
 If life's occupations are followed below :
 In reward of his labours, his virtue and pains,
 He is footing it now in the Elysian plains,
 Indulg'd as a token of PROSERPINE's favour,
 To preside at her balls in a cream-colour'd beaver."

 JOHN SMITH.

JOHN SMITH, better known by the appellation of Buck-horse, was one of the singularities of Nature. He first saw the light in the house of a *sinner*, in that part of London known by the name of Lewkner's-lane,—a place notorious in the extreme, for the eccentricity of characters it contained : *here* the disciples of Bampfylde Moore Carew were to be found in crowds, and where *beggars* of all descriptions resorted to regale themselves upon the *good things of this life*, laughing at the credulity of the public in being so easily duped by their impositions ; groups of the frail sisterhood adorned its purlieus, whose *nudicity* of appearance, and *glibbosity* of mother tongue, formed a prominent feature in this conglomeration of the vicious and depraved, by their coarse amours, and barefaced pilfering ; the juvenile *thief* was soon taught to become an adept in the profession, by taking out a handkerchief or a snuff-box from the pocket of a coat *covered with bells*, without ringing any of them—and the finished thief *roosted* here from the prying eye of society, and laid plans for his future depredations in the arms of his unsophisticated charmer ; those timber-merchants who reduced their logs of wood to *matches*, to light the public, might be observed issuing out in numbers from this receptacle of *brimstones* ! Costermongers, in droves, were seen mounting their



Engraved by R. Cooper.

JOHN SMITH.

Better known by the name of Buckhorse.

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neddies, decorated with hampers, *scorning* the refined use of saddles and bridles; and *Lewkner's-lane* was not only celebrated amongst all its other attractions, in being the residence of a finisher of the law, (Tom Dennis) *slangly* denominated Jack Ketch; but acquired considerable notoriety by giving birth to the ugliness of a Buckhorse, and beauty to a celebrated female, who, possessing those irresistible charms, that levelled all distinctions of rank before its superior power, transplanted her from the rude and dirty company of the dust-hill to the downy couch of royalty; and who was for many years the enviable and elevated rib of a celebrated four-in-hand baronet of the old school of whips, whose feats in driving, and sporting high-bred cattle, were considered the very acme of style; and acknowledged one of the most *knowing* lads upon the turf, when he led this *fair piece* of the creation to the Hymeneal altar, who for a long period continued a *fixed star* in the hemisphere of fashion.

It appears then, that few places could boast of more originality of character than *that* from which Buckhorse sprang; and from the variety of talent here displayed, there is little doubt he did not remain long a *novice*. As we have never been troubled with any account, to what *good-natured* personage he owed his origin, we cannot determine; but suffice to observe, that *little* Buckhorse and his mother were turned out upon the wide world long before he knew its slippery qualities, by the cruel publican, their landlord; which inhuman circumstance took place about the year 1736.

This *freak* of nature it should seem, was indebted to his mother for what little instruction he received, the principal of which was an extraordinary volubility of speech; and from his early acquaintance with the streets, he picked up the rest of his qualifications.

Buckhorse's composition, however rude and unsightly, was not without *harmony*; and although his fist might not appear *musical* to his antagonist by its potent *touch*,

yet when applied to his own chin, was capable of producing a variety of popular tunes, to the astonishment of all those who heard and saw him, by which peculiar trait he mostly subsisted. It was a common custom with him to allow any person to beat a tune on his chin for a penny; and which was a source of much profit: and added to that of selling switches for a half-penny a-piece, were his only means of subsistence for many years. His cry of "here is pretty switches to beat your wives," was so singular, that Shuter, the celebrated comedian, among his other imitations, was more than successful in his attempts of Buckhorse, and which was repeatedly called for a second time.

As a pugilist, Buckhorse ranked high for courage and strength among the boxers of his day, and displayed great muscular powers in the battles he had contested; and like many of the sporting *gemmen*, was distinguished by his numerous amours with the gay nymphs of the town, more by the *potency* of his arm, than the persuasive powers of rhetoric, notwithstanding his rapid improvements of the tongue.

Buckhorse was the person whom the late Duke of Queensbury selected to ride for him, when he won his celebrated wager against time.

DR. JOHN RADCLIFFE.

DR. JOHNSON has observed in his life of Akenside,* that "by an acute observer, who had looked on the

* Dr. Mark Akenside was the son of a butcher at Newcastle, and one day as he was standing at his father's stall, he let fall a cleaver upon his foot, by which he acquired a lameness, that lasted through life. Yet he was weak enough to be ashamed of his origin, and could never endure to hear his father's profession mentioned, though his limping gait always furnished a striking remembrance of it.

transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the fortune of physicians." The remark is a good one, but the character of this extraordinary person of whom we are about to give some particulars, will show that the inquirer ought to go further back than the period above mentioned.

John Radcliffe was a native of Wakefield, in Yorkshire. At the age of fifteen he was entered of University College, Oxford, where he became a senior scholar, and took his first degree. Afterwards he obtained a fellowship of Lincoln College, where he recommended himself to the favour of his friends, more by his ready wit and vivacity, than any distinguished acquirements in learning. He had no turn for a contemplative life; his sociable talents made him the delight of his companions; and the most eminent scholars in the university were fond of his conversation. Though he ran through the usual course of studies connected with medical science, his library was so scanty, that when Dr. Ralph Bathurst, head of Trinity College, asked him one day in a surprise, "Where was his study?"—Radcliffe, pointing to a few phials, a skeleton, and an herbal, answered, "Sir, this is Radcliffe's library."

On taking his bachelor's degree in physic, he began to practice, and that in quite a new method, paying little or no regard to the rules then universally followed, which he even then ventured to censure with such acrimony, as made all the old physicians his enemies. One of the principal of these was Dr. Gibbons, who observed, by way of ridiculing Radcliffe, "that it was a pity his friends had not made a scholar of him." This sarcasm was not lost upon Radcliffe, who repaid it, by fixing upon its author the nick-name of *Nurse Gibbons*, which unfortunate appellation stuck to him to his dying day.

Notwithstanding the opposition he met with, Radcliffe worked himself into a most extensive practice, owing to the boldness and the success of his prescriptions.

He adopted the cool regimen in the small-pox with great effect; and by some surprising cures in families of the first rank, his reputation and his wealth increased daily. In 1677, he resigned his fellowship; and in 1682 he took his doctor's degree, though he still continued to reside at Oxford.

On removing to London, Radcliffe found that his reputation had flown thither before him, so that before he had been twelve months in town, he gained more than twenty guineas a day, as Dandridge, his apothecary, who himself acquired a fortune of 50,000*l.* by his means, often asserted.

His conversation was so pleasant, that he was indebted, in a great measure, to it, for the prodigious practice which he obtained, particularly among the higher circles; and it is said, that he was often sent for by persons of quality, and presented with fees, only for the gratification of hearing him talk. But sometimes Radcliffe was not in the humour to be thus played with, and would resent the application made to him in a very rough manner.

He was in such high esteem at court, that James II. endeavoured to bring him over to the Romish communion, and directed two of his chaplains to use their efforts with Radcliffe, who refuted them by his wit. His old acquaintance, Obadiah Walker, master of the University College, and a recent convert to that faith, was then employed for this purpose, but neither his reasonings nor his persuasions could prevail upon the doctor to leave the church of England, to which he remained a fast friend till the day of his death.

Surprising instances of his professional skill and sagacity are recorded. He cured several persons of high rank, after they had been given over by various other physicians; and, among others, he relieved King William from a very troublesome and dangerous asthma, which had baffled the efforts of Dr. Bidloo, and other men of great eminence.

When Queen Mary was seized with the small-pox, which the court physicians were not able to raise, Radcliffe was sent for by the council; and upon his perusing the recipes, he told them plainly that her majesty was a dead woman; and he said, after her death, that this great and good princess died a sacrifice by unskilful hands, who out of one disease had produced a complication, by improper remedies.

Some few months after this, the doctor, who till then had been a favourite with the Princess Anne of Denmark, to whom he was physician in ordinary, lost her good opinion by his uncourtly behaviour and inordinate attachment to the bottle. Her royal highness being indisposed, gave orders that Radcliffe should be sent for, in answer to which he said he would come soon; but not appearing, another messenger was sent, saying, that she was very ill; at which the doctor swore by his Maker, that "her distemper was nothing but the vapours, and that she was in as good a state of health, as any woman breathing, if she could but believe it." On his appearance at court not long after, he found, to his great mortification, that this freedom had been highly resented; for, on his offering to go into the presence, he was stopped by an officer in the anti-chamber, who told him, "that the princess had no farther occasion for the services of a physician who would not obey her orders, and that she had made choice of Dr. Gibbons to succeed him in the care of her health."

Radcliffe, on his return to his companions, affected great unconcern at what had happened, and even went so far as to treat the princess with additional ridicule, as well as her physician, saying, that "Nurse Gibbons had got a new nursery, which he by no means envied him the possession of, since his capacity was only equal to the ailments of a patient, which had no other existence than in the imagination."

Another rival of Radcliffe's was Sir Edward Hannes,

who on his arrival in London, set up a very elegant chariot ; but finding his endeavours to fall short, he had recourse to a stratagem, and ordered his footman to stop most of the gentlemen's carriages, and inquire if they belonged to Dr. Hannes, as if he was wanted to a patient. Accordingly the fellow used to run from Whitehall to the Exchange, and, entering Garrawy's, inquire if Dr. Hannes was there. At last Radcliffe, who was usually at this coffee-house about exchange time, cried out, " Dr. Hannes is not here," and desired to know who wanted him ? The fellow answered, " such and such a lord :" but Radcliffe replied, " No, no, friend, you are mistaken, it is the doctor who wants those lords." However, Hannes got great business, and became a principal physician at court ; on which occasion an old acquaintance of Radcliffe's, in order to see how he would digest the promotion of so young a practitioner, brought him the news of it. " So much the better for him," says the doctor, " for now he has got a patent for killing." Upon this, the other, endeavouring to try, if possible, to ruffle his temper, said, " but what is more surprising, this same doctor has two of the finest horses that ever were seen ;" to which Radcliffe coolly replied, " then they will sell for the more."

Such, however, was his fame, that he was sure to be applied to in all desperate cases ; and the king in particular, when he found himself very much indisposed, had recourse to Radcliffe's advice. The doctor being admitted, found his majesty reading L'Estrange's new version of *Æsop's Fables*. William shutting the book, told him, that he had sent for him once more to try the effects of his great skill, although he had been told by his body physicians, that he would speedily recover, and live many years. Upon this Radcliffe having asked some questions, took up the book, and begged leave to read to him the following fable :—

" Pray, sir, how do you find yourself ? says the doc-

tor to his patient. Why, truly, says he, I have had a most violent sweat. *Oh! the best sign in the world,* quoth the doctor. And then, in a little while, he is at it again: Pray how do you find your body? Alas! says the other, I have just now such a terrible fit of horror and shaking upon me!—*Why this is all as it should be,* says the physician; *it shows a mighty strength of nature:* and then he comes over him with the same question again. Why I am all swelled, says the other, as if I had a dropsy. *Best of all,* quoth the doctor, and goes his way. Soon after this comes one of the sick man's friends to him with the same question, how he felt himself? *Why truly, so well,* says he, *that I am even ready to die, of I know not how many good signs and tokens."*

Having read this fable to the king, the doctor said, "May it please your Majesty, your's and the sick man's case in the fable are the very same; you are buoyed up with hopes that your malady will soon be driven away, by persons that are not apprized of the means to do it, and know not the true cause of your ailment. But I must be plain with you, and tell you, that in all probability, if your Majesty will adhere to my prescriptions, it may be in my power to lengthen out your life for three or four years; but beyond that time nothing in physic can protract it; for the juices of your stomach are all vitiated; your whole mass of blood is corrupted, and your nutriment, for the most part, turns to water. However, if your majesty will forbear making long visits to the Earl of Bradford's (where the king used to drink very hard), I'll try what can be done to make you live easily, though I cannot venture to say I can make your life longer than I have told you." Accordingly he left a recipe, which was so happy in its effects, as to enable the king not only to make a progress into the western parts of the kingdom, but to go abroad, and to amuse himself for some time in Holland.

During the king's absence, the Duke of Gloucester was taken ill on his birth-day, at Windsor, where he had overheated himself with dancing; but whatever was the real distemper, Dr. Hannes and Dr. Bidloo treated it as the small-pox, without success. The whole court was alarmed, and the Princess of Denmark, his mother, notwithstanding her resentment of his former conduct, was prevailed upon to send for Radcliffe, who upon the first sight of the royal youth, gave her to understand that there was no possibility of recovering him, since he would die by such an hour the next day, as in reality he did. However, with great difficulty, the doctor was persuaded to be present at the consultation, where he could not refrain from bitter invectives against the two physicians above mentioned, telling the one, that "it would have been happy for the nation had he been bred up a basket-maker, (which was his father's trade,) and that the other had continued to make a havoc of nouns and pronouns in the quality of a country schoolmaster, rather than have ventured out of his reach in the practice of an art to which he was an utter stranger, and for which he ought to be whipped with one of his own rods."

At the close of this year, the king, on his return from Holland, found himself very much out of order, and sent for Dr. Radcliffe the last time to Kensington. After the usual questions put by the physician to his royal patient; the king showing his swelled ancles, while the rest of his body was emaciated, said, "Doctor, what do you think of these?"—"Why truly," replied Radcliffe, bluntly, "I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms."

This freedom gave so much offence to the king, that he would never suffer Radcliffe to come into his presence afterwards, though he continued to follow his prescriptions till a few days before his death, which happened about the time the doctor had predicted.

On Queen Anne's accession to the throne, the Earl of Godolphin used all his endeavours to reinstate the doctor in his former station of her principal physician, but she would by no means consent to his coming to court again, though she was then laid up by the gout, alleging as a reason for her refusal, "that Radcliffe would send her word again, that her disorder was nothing but the vapours." However in all cases of emergency he was consulted, and it was owing to his prescriptions that the gout was prevented from taking its residence in her majesty's head and stomach.

In 1703, the Marquis of Blandford, only son of the Duke of Marlborough, being taken ill of the small-pox, at Cambridge, the doctor was applied to by the duchess to attend him. But having the Marchioness of Worcester then under his care, he could only oblige her grace by a prescription, which not being followed by the Cambridge doctors, the small pox struck in; on which the duchess again applied to Radcliffe, who, having heard the particulars of the symptoms and treatment as detailed in a letter from the tutor, said, "Madam, I should only put you to a great expense to no purpose, for you have nothing to do for his lordship now, but to send down an undertaker to take charge of the funeral; for I can assure your grace, that he is by this time dead of a distemper called *the doctor*, and would have recovered from the small-pox, had not that unfortunate malady intervened." Nor was he out in his judgment, for the duchess on her return home had the intelligence of her son's death.

Some time before this, the son of Mr. John Bancroft, an eminent surgeon, in Russel-street, Covent-garden, was taken ill of an empyema, of which Dr. Gibbons, who attended him, mistaking the case, the child grew worse: Dr. Radcliffe was then called in, who told the father that he could do nothing to preserve his son, for he was killed to all intents and purposes, but that if he

had any thoughts of putting a stone over his grave, he would furnish him with an inscription. Accordingly, in Covent Garden churchyard a stone was erected, with a figure of a child, laying one hand on his side, and saying *hic dolor*, "here is my pain," and pointing with the other to a death's head, where are these words, *Ibi medicus*, "there is my physician."

The case of Prince George of Denmark, was also very remarkable. His royal highness had been for some years troubled with an asthma and a dropsy; for the cure of which he was persuaded by the queen and his own physicians, to go to Bath, the year before he died. During his residence there, the gaieties of the place wrought such an effect upon his temper, that her majesty and the whole court were filled with great admiration of the waters, and it was resolved to come thither again the next season, to complete a cure which was considered as certain. The skill of the physicians who advised the journey, was also highly applauded; but Radcliffe said, "The ensuing year would let them all know their mistake in following such preposterous and unadvisable counsels; since the very nature of a dropsy might have led those whose duty it was to have prescribed proper medicines for the cure of it, to other precautions for the safety of so illustrious a patient, than the choice of means that must unavoidably feed it." In confirmation of Radcliffe's opinion, his royal highness fell into a relapse, and was seized with such violent shiverings and convulsions, that his physicians themselves were of opinion that Dr. Radcliffe was the only person to be consulted. In pursuance of this advice, her majesty, who could set aside former resentment for the preservation of so valuable a life, caused him to be sent for in one of her own coaches, and was pleased to tell him, that "no rewards or favours should be wanting, could he but remove the convulsions she was troubled with, by easing those of her husband." But

the doctor, who was not used to flatter, gave the queen to understand, that nothing but death could release his royal highness from his pains, and said, that "though it might be a rule among surgeons to apply caustics to such as were burnt or scalded, it was very irregular among physicians to drive and expel watery humours from the body by draughts of the same element. However, he would leave something in writing, whereby such hydropics and anodynes should be prepared for him as would give him an easier passage out of the world; since he had been so tampered with that nothing in the art of physic could keep him alive more than six days"—in which time he was a corpse.

Radcliffe was a great humourist, but he had withal a considerable share of good nature.

When he was fairly set in at the bottle, it was a difficult thing to get him away from it, even to attend the greatest patients. A person came to him one evening at the tavern, and requested the doctor to come speedily to his wife. Radcliffe promised to attend her as soon as the bottle was out, but no entreaties could prevail with him to go sooner. The husband, being a powerful athletic man, without any ceremony, took the doctor upon his back, and carried him off, to the no small entertainment of the spectators. When he had set the doctor on his legs, at the same time making an apology for his rudeness, Radcliffe exclaimed, with an oath, "Now you dog, I'll be revenged of you by curing your wife," and he was as good as his word.

The lady of Lord Chief Justice Holt being very ill, Radcliffe paid her more attention than was customary with him. This was observed, and it was the most remarkable, as it was well known that the doctor mortally hated Holt; accordingly some of his bottle companions asked him the reason, "Why," said Radcliffe, "I know that Holt wishes the woman dead, so I am determined to keep her alive to plague him."

Radcliffe was very intimate with Betterton the player, and at his desire advanced above five thousand pounds in a trading concern to the East Indies. There was every prospect of mutual advantage, and the ship, richly laden, arrived safe in Ireland, but in her voyage from thence was taken by the French. This loss had such an effect upon Betterton, that it threw him into a desponding way, out of which he never recovered. As for Radcliffe, he was at the Bull's-head tavern, in Clare-market, when the news arrived, and when some of the company began to condole with him, he smiled, and said, "Come, come, let us push about the bottle, it is only trotting up some hundred pair of stairs more, and things will be with me as they were."

One Mr. Betton, a Turkey merchant, who lived at Bow, near Stratford, was very ill of a complication of disorders, and though he was attended by several physicians, his life was despaired of. At this crisis a friend advised that Dr. Radcliffe should be sent for. The doctor came, and after two visits, he brought him about, on which the sick man "desired him to omit no opportunity of coming to him, for that he should, in consideration of the great benefit he had received, be glad to give him five guineas every day till his recovery was completed." To this Radcliffe answered, "Mr. Betton, the generosity of your temper is so engaging, that I must, in return, invite you to come and drink a cup of coffee with me, at Garraway's, this day fortnight; for notwithstanding you have been very ill dealt with, follow but the prescriptions I shall leave you, till that time, and you will be as sound a man as ever you was in your life, without one fee more."

Very different, however, was his treatment of one Tyson, an old usurer, at Hackney. This man had amassed wealth to the amount of more than 300,000*l.*; but, in the midst of his riches, he was miserably avaricious. Being afflicted with a slow disease, he dealt so

long with quacks for cheapness sake, that he was at last reduced to the lowest ebb of life. In this state he was advised to consult with Dr. Radcliffe, but the great difficulty was, how to get the doctor's advice at the least possible expense. At last it was agreed that he and his wife should wait upon the doctor at his own house; accordingly they left their own coach at the Royal Exchange, and proceeded from thence in a hack, to Bloomsbury, where with two guineas in hand, and dressed very meanly, the old fellow stated his ailments, which Radcliffe attended to very carefully; after which he told him "to go home, and die, and be damned, without a speedy repentance; for that death and the devil were ready for one Tyson of Hackney, who had raised an immense estate, out of the spoils of the public, and the tears of orphans and widows; and that he would certainly be a dead man in ten days." Nor did the event falsify the prediction, for the old usurer returned to his house, quite confounded with the sentence that had been passed on him; which, whatever might be his fate afterwards, was fulfilled as to his death, in eight days following.

Towards the close of life, Radcliffe wanted ease and retirement. He therefore bought a house at Carshalton, and recommended Dr. Mead into a great part of of his practice, saying to him, "I have succeeded by bullying, you may do the same by wheedling mankind."

When Queen Anne lay on her death bed, Lady Masham sent down for Radcliffe, who was himself confined by the gout in his stomach, and returned an answer by the messenger, "that his duty to her majesty would oblige him to attend her, had he proper orders for so doing; but he judged as matters at that time stood between him and the queen, who had taken an antipathy against him, that his presence would do more harm than good, and, that since her majesty's case was desperate, and her distemper incurable, he could not at all think it

proper to give her any disturbance in her last moments, which were very near at hand ; but rather an act of duty and compassion, to let her majesty die as easily as was possible."

When the queen died, the doctor was censured most severely for his refusal to attend her, and so violent was party resentment against him on this account, that he was threatened with assassination. The menaces which he received from anonymous correspondents, filled him with such apprehensions, that he could not venture to remove from his country seat ; and this, with the want of his old companions, produced a melancholy that hastened his end, about two months after the death of the queen, November 1, 1714. His body was removed to Oxford, and there solemnly interred the 3d of December following, in St. Mary's church.

The following letters show the ground and extent of the doctor's apprehensions. The first affords a very affecting and a most instructive lesson to those who have thoughtlessly contracted pernicious habits, and wasted their time in pleasure and intemperance.

"My very good Lord,

"This being the last time that, in all probability, I shall ever put pen to paper, I thought it my duty to employ it in writing to you ; since I am now going to a place from whence I can administer no advice to you, and whither you, and all the rest who survive me, are obliged to come sooner or later.

"Your lordship is too well acquainted with my temper, to imagine that I could bear the reproaches of my friends, or the threats of my enemies, without laying them deeply at heart ; especially since there are no grounds for the one, nor foundation for the other ; and you will give me credit when I say that these considerations alone have shortened my days.

"I dare persuade myself that the reports which have been raised of me, relating to my non-attendance on the queen, are received by you, as by others of my constant and assured friends, with an air of contempt, and disbelief ; and could wish that they made as little an impression upon me. But I find them to be insupportable, and have experienced, that though there are repellant medicines for diseases of

the body, those of the mind are too strong and impetuous for the feeble assistance of the most powerful artist.

“In a word, the decays of nature tell me that I cannot live long; and the menacing letter enclosed will tell you from what quarter my death comes. Give me leave, therefore, to be in earnest once for all with my very good lord, and to use my endeavours to prolong your life, that cannot add a span’s length to my own.

“Your lordship knows how far an air of jollity has obtained amongst you and your acquaintance, and how many of them, in a few years, have died martyrs to excess; let me conjure you, therefore, for the good of your own soul, the preservation of your health, and the benefit of the public, to deny yourself the destructive liberties you have hitherto taken, and which, I must confess, with a heart full of sorrow, I have been too great a partaker of in your company.

“You are to consider, (Oh! that I myself had done so!) that men, especially those of your exalted rank, are born to nobler purposes than those of eating and drinking; and that by how much the more eminent your station is, by so much the more accountable will you be for the discharge of it. Nor will your duty to God, your country, or yourself permit you to anger the *first* in robbing the *second* of a patriot and defender, by not taking a due care of the *third*; which will be accounted downright murder, in the eyes of that incensed Deity that will most assuredly avenge it.

“The pain that afflicts my nerves interrupts me from making any other request to you, than that your lordship would give credit to the words of a dying man, who is fearful that he has been in a great measure an abettor and encourager of your intemperance; and would therefore, in these his last moments, when he is most to be credited, dehort you from the pursuit of it; and that in these, the days of your youth—for you have many years yet to live, if you do not hasten your own death—you would give ear to the voice of the preacher, whom you and I, with the rest of your company, have, in the midst of our riotous debauches, made light of for saying, “Rejoice, Oh young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee to judgment.” On which day, when the hearts of all men shall be laid open, may you and I, and all that sincerely repent of acting contrary to the revealed will in this life, reap the fruits of our sorrows for our misdeeds, in a blessed resurrection; which, is the hearty prayer of,

“My very good Lord,

“Your lordship’s most obedient,

“and most obliged servant,

“JOHN RADCLIFFE.”

The letter enclosed was as follows :—

“ DOCTOR,

“ Though I am no friend of yours, but, on the contrary, one that could wish to see your destruction in a legal way, for not preventing the death of our most excellent queen, when you had it in your power to save her; yet I have such an aversion to the taking away men’s lives unfairly, as to acquaint you, that if you attempt to go to meet the gentlemen you have appointed to dine with at the Greyhound, in Croydon, on Thursday next, you will be most certainly murdered.

“ I am one of the persons engaged in the conspiracy, with twelve more, who are resolved to sacrifice you to the ghost of her late majesty, that cries aloud for your blood; therefore, neither stir out of doors on that day, nor any other, nor think of exchanging your present place of abode for your house at Hammersmith, since there and every where else, we shall be in quest of you.

“ I am touched with remorse, and give you this notice; but take care of yourself lest I repent of it, and give proof of so doing, by having it in my power to destroy you, who am,

“ Your sworn enemy.”

“ *For Dr. Radcliffe, at his house
in Carshalton, Surrey.*”

It is more than probable that this letter was only intended to frighten the doctor, by some who owed him no good will. The intention, however, was sufficiently answered, for the menaces which he received, preyed upon his spirits and hurried him to his grave.

Radcliffe was a most liberal benefactor to the university of Oxford, and left the greatest part of his fortune to it at his death. He was never married, owing to a remarkable disappointment which he experienced in 1693. He was upon the point of being united to a merchant’s daughter in the city, when he discovered that the young lady was with child by her father’s book-keeper, on which Radcliffe wrote the following letter to the old gentleman :—

“ SIR,

“ The honour of being allied to so good and wealthy a person as Mr. S. has pushed me upon a discovery that may be fatal to your quiet and your daughter’s reputation, if not timely prevented. Mrs. Mary is a very deserving gentlewoman, but you must pardon me if I think

her by no means fit to be my wife, since she is another man's already, or ought to be. In a word, she is no better, and no worse than actually quick with child; which makes it necessary that she be disposed of to him that has the best claim to her affections. No doubt but you have power enough over her, to bring her to confession, which is by no means the part of a physician. As for my part, I shall wish you much joy of a new son-in-law, when known; since I am by no means qualified to be so near of kin.

"Hanging and marrying, I find, go by destiny; and I might have been guilty of the first; had I not so narrowly escaped the last. My best services to your daughter whom I can be of little use to as a physician, and of much less in the quality of a suitor. Her best way is to advise with a midwife for her safe delivery, and the person who has conversed with her after the manner of women, for an humble servant. The daughter of so wealthy a gentleman as Mr. S. can never want a husband; therefore the sooner you bestow her the better, that the young *hans-en-kelder* may be born in lawful wedlock, and have the right of inheritance to so large a patrimony. You will excuse me for being so free with you; for though I cannot have the honour of being your son-in-law, I shall ever take a pride in being in the number of your friends,

"Who am, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"JOHN RADCLIFFE."

The old gentleman took the doctor's advice, and had the young couple instantly married. He gave his book-keeper 5,000*l.*, and at his death left his whole fortune, amounting to one hundred thousand pounds, to him and his children. As to Radcliffe, the escape he had gave him almost an antipathy to all women, so that he used to say he wished "for an act of parliament whereby nurses only should be permitted to prescribe for them."

When Radcliffe lived in Bow-street, Covent-garden, he had for his next door neighbour, Sir Godfrey Kneller the celebrated painter. Kneller's garden was richly furnished with exotic plants and flowers, of which Radcliffe was very fond, and to oblige him Sir Godfrey permitted him to break a door out in the wall which divided the two gardens. But the doctor's servants made

such havoc among the hortulary curiosities, that Sir Godfrey found himself under the necessity of making a complaint to their master. Notwithstanding this the grievance still continued, so that the knight at last let the doctor know by one of his domestics, that he should be obliged to brick up the door way; to this the doctor, who was often in a cholerick mood, returned for answer, "that Sir Godfrey might do any thing he pleased to the door, except painting it."

When the footman returned, he hesitated for some time about delivering this uncourteous message, but Kneller insisted upon hearing every word, and then said, "Did my very good friend Dr. Radcliffe say so? Then go back, and after presenting my service to him, tell him that I can take any thing from him but physic."

When Prince Eugene was in England he signified his intention of dining with Doctor Radcliffe, who, instead of the high dainties which his highness found at other tables, ordered his to be covered with barons of beef, quarters of mutton, and legs of pork for the principal course, to which was added strong beer of his own brewing, seven years old.

When the prince took his leave, he said, "Doctor, I have been entertained at other tables like a courtier, but received at yours like a soldier, for which I am highly obliged to you, since I must say that I am more ambitious of being called by the latter appellation than the former. Nor can I wonder at the bravery of the British nation, that has such food and such liquors of their own produce as you have this day given me a proof of."

In Grainger's Biographical History of England, is the following anecdote, communicated by Mr. Gosling of Canterbury.

"Dr. Maundy, formerly of Canterbury, told me, that in his travels abroad, some eminent physicians who had been in England gave him a token to spend at his return

with Dr. Radcliffe and Dr. Case.* They fixed on an evening, and were very merry, when Dr. Radcliffe thus began a health: 'Here, brother Case, to all the fools your patients.'—'I thank you, good brother,' replied Case; 'let me have all the fools, and you are heartily welcome to the rest of the practice.'"

The generosity of Radcliffe's temper appeared in many instances. When Dr. Drake was imprisoned for a libel, Radcliffe sent him fifty guineas privately, though he had received many injuries from him. He also exerted his influence to save him from punishment, and he succeeded in his application.

Much about the same time a fellow that had robbed Radcliffe's country house, one Jonathan Savile, lying under sentence of death for another crime, took a resolution of writing to the doctor, acknowledging his offence; this letter was brought to him when he was at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet-street, in company with several persons of quality, to whom he read it, and who were surprised at what they called the impudence of the fellow. But Radcliffe after ordering the messenger to call upon him in two days, took Lord Granville into another room, and said, "he had received such satisfaction from the letter, in clearing up the innocence of a man whom he had unjustly suspected of the robbery, that he must be a petitioner to his lordship, to use his

* Dr. John Case, was a contemporary of Radcliffe's, and a noted quack, who united the two professions of a physician and an astrologer. He took the house wherein the famous William Lilly had resided, and over his door he placed the following distich, by which he earned more money than Dryden did by all his works:—

" Within this place
Lives Doctor Case."

Upon his pill boxes he had these very curious lines:—

" Here's fourteen pills for three pence
Enough in any man's own con-sci-ence."

interest with the queen for the criminal's pardon." This was granted, and in consequence the man was sent to Virginia, where, in a little time, by virtue of the doctor's bounty, he acquired considerable property. His gratitude was evinced by his reformation, and by his sending the doctor several presents.

CHEVALIER D'EON.

CHARLES GENEVIEVE LOUISE AUGUSTE ANDRE TIMOTHEE D'EON DE BEAUMONT, was the son of a gentleman of an ancient and respectable family at Tounerre in Burgundy, where he was born, October 2, 1728. Although the register of his baptism, which bears date October 5, distinctly states the child to have been a male, some have conceived that the sex was originally doubtful, and that family reasons induced the parents, who had not long before the birth of the chevalier lost their only son, to educate the infant as one of that sex to which nature eventually proved that it belonged. In the early part of his life he was educated under his father's roof, whence, at the age of thirteen, he was removed to the Mazarin College at Paris. He had scarcely finished his studies, when the sudden death of his father, and of an uncle, from whom the family had great expectations, left him doubly an orphan, and threw him on the world dependant on his own exertions for advancement. He was, however, at this period, fortunate in obtaining the patronage of the Prince de Conti, who had long known and esteemed his father, and by the prince's means was introduced to Louis XV. who presented him with a cornetcy of dragoons. Soon after this D'Eon was placed in the office of Mons. Bertier de Savigny, intendant of the generalité of Paris, where he gave great satisfaction to his superiors, by the industry and talent he displayed



Engraved by H. Cooper.

CHEVALIER D'ÉON.

Who many years passed as a Woman.

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in the office, and gained considerable credit by one or two small publications on finance.

In 1755, he was employed under the Chevalier Douglas, in transacting a negociation of the most delicate and important nature at the court of Petersburg, by which, after many years suspension of all intercourse, a reconciliation was effected between the courts of France and Russia. After some years residence at Petersburg, D'Eon joined his regiment, then serving under Marshal Broglio on the Rhine, and during the campaign of 1762, acted as aid-de-camp to that celebrated officer. When the Duke di Nivernois came over to England, as ambassador, to negociate the peace of 1763, D'Eon appeared as his secretary; and so far procured the sanction of the government of England, that he was requested to carry over the ratification of the treaty between the British court and that of Versailles; in consequence of which the French king invested him with the order of St. Louis. He had also behaved, in the character of secretary, so much to the satisfaction of the duke, that that nobleman, upon his departure for France, in May, 1763, procured D'Eon to be appointed minister plenipotentiary in his room. In October following, however, the Count de Guerchy, having arrived here as ambassador from the court of Versailles, the chevalier received orders, or rather was requested, to act as secretary or assistant to the new ambassador. This, we are told, mortified him to such a degree, that, asserting that the letter of recal, which accompanied it, was a forgery, he refused to deliver it; and by this step drew on himself the censure of his court. On this, either with a view of exculpating himself, or from a motive of revenge, he published a succinct account of all the negociations in which he had been engaged, exposed some secrets of the French court, and rather than spare his enemies, revealed some things greatly to the prejudice of his best friends. Among other persons very freely treated in

this publication, was the Count de Guerchy, for which D'Eon was prosecuted and convicted in the Court of King's Bench, in July, 1764.

It was but natural that this conduct should draw down the resentment of the court of France, and the chevalier either feared or affected to fear the greatest danger to his person. Reports were spread, very probably by himself, that persons were sent over here to apprehend him secretly, and carry him to France. On this occasion he wrote four letters, complaining of these designs, as known to him by undoubted authority. The one he sent to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, the second to the Earl of Bute, the third to Earl Temple, and the fourth to Mr. Pitt: of these personages, he requested to know, whether, as he had contracted no debt, and behaved himself in all things as a dutiful subject, he might not kill the first man who should attempt to arrest him.

In March, 1764, he took a wiser step to provide for his safety, if there had been any cause for his fears, by indicting the Count de Guerchy for a conspiracy against his life—but this came to nothing; and the chevalier, not having surrendered himself to the Court of King's Bench, to receive judgment for the libel on the Count de Guerchy, was in June 1765, declared outlawed. He however, still continued in England until the death of Louis XV.

About the year 1771, certain doubts respecting his sex, which had been previously started at Petersburg, became the topic of conversation, and as usual in this country, the subject of betting; and gambling policies of assurance to a large amount were effected on his sex; and in 1775, more policies on the same subject were effected. In July, 1777, an action was brought on one of these before Lord Mansfield. The plaintiff was one Hayes, a surgeon, and the defendant Jaques, a broker, for the recovery of 700*l*. Jaques having some time before received premiums of fifteen guineas per

cent. for every one of which he stood engaged to return an hundred pounds, whenever it should be proved the chevalier was a woman. Two persons, Louis Le Goux, a surgeon, and de Morande, the editor of a French newspaper, positively swore that D'Eon was a woman. The defendant's counsel pleaded that the plaintiff, at the laying of the wager, was privy to the fact, and thence inferred the wager was unfair. Lord Mansfield, however, held that the wager was fair, but expressed his abhorrence of the whole transaction. No attempt having been made to contradict the evidence of the chevalier being a woman, Hayes obtained a verdict with costs. But the matter was afterwards solemnly argued before Lord Mansfield, in the Court of King's Bench; and the defendant pleading a late act of parliament for non payment, it was admitted to be binding, by which decision, all the insurers in this shameful transaction, were deprived of their expected gains. In the mean time, the chevalier, who was now universally regarded as a woman, was accused by his enemies as having been an accomplice in these gambling transactions, and a partaker of the plunder. In consequence of repeated attacks of this nature, he left England in August 1777, having previously asserted in a newspaper, his innocence of the fraud, and referred to a former notice, inserted by him in the papers of 1775, in which he had cautioned all persons concerned, not to pay any sums due on the policies which had been effected on the subject of his sex, and declared that he would controvert the evidence exhibited on the above trial, if his master would give him leave to return to England.

On his return to France, however we find him confirming the rumours against him, by assuming the female dress. In excuse for this, we are told, that this was not a matter of choice, but insisted on by the French court, and submitted to on his part with much reluctance.

When D'Eon returned to France, he showed no disposition to comply with the wishes or injunctions of his royal master, but continued for some time to wear the military uniform; and it was not till after an imprisonment of some weeks, in the castle of Dijon, that the apprehensions of consequences still more unpleasant, and on the other hand, a promise of the most substantial marks of court favour, induced him to assume the female character and garb, which having once adopted, he ever after continued to support, maintaining the most inviolable secrecy on the subject of his sex, to the day of his death. In consequence of this compliance with the pleasure of his court, the pension formerly granted by Louis XV. was continued, with permission to retain the cross of St. Louis; a most flattering acknowledgment was made of past services, civil and military; and the metamorphosed chevalier was even appointed to a situation in the household of the Queen of France.

In 1785, the Chevalier D'Eon returned to England, and lived on his pension, of which he was at last deprived, in consequence of the French revolution. In September, 1795, an advertisement appeared, in which D'Eon states, "that at the age of 68, she embraces the resource of her skill and long experience in the science of arms, *to cut her bread with her sword*, and instead of idly looking up for support from those, who in their prosperity, were her professed good friends, she relies on the liberality of Britons at large, to protect an unfortunate woman of quality, from the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, in a foreign land, and in the vale of years." This was nothing more than benefits at the Pantheon and other public places where she exhibited her skill in fencing against the celebrated Monsieur St. George, Mr. Angelo, and several others in that art.

This exhibition was not a source of much profit; and his pecuniary wants becoming every day more urgent, he felt himself necessitated to dispose of his valuable

library of books : they were sold by the late Mr. Christie, at the Old Assembly Rooms, Pall-mall : the MSS. brought enormous prices, as did also the various political tracts, some of which being of the most important and interesting nature.

The Chevalier D'Eon died May 21, 1810, and was buried at Pancras. Mr. Copeland, surgeon of Golden-square, opened the body when all doubts subsided as to the sex, which was discovered to be that of a perfect male.

BRIDGE FRODSHAM.

BRIDGE FRODSHAM was descended from an ancient family, settled in the town of Frodsham, in Cheshire. He possessed considerable genius, aided by a liberal education, which was begun at Westminster, though inauspiciously interrupted by youthful imprudence. He was born in 1746, at the same time with the late George Colman, and the unfortunate and dissipated Robert Lloyd. Frodsham remained but a few years at Westminster, before he ran away and joined a company of players at Leicester, where he was noticed and encouraged by John Gilbert Cooper, Esq. who then resided at that place. From Leicester he removed in a short time to York ; and in the company belonging to the theatre of that city he continued during the rest of his life.

Such was the infatuation of the public at York, and indeed so superior were Frodsham's talents to those of all his coadjutors that he cast them all into the shade. This superiority was by no means a fortunate circumstance for Frodsham. It filled him with vanity and shut up every avenue to improvement ; nor had he any opportunity for observation, as no actors of any high repute

were ever known to tread the York stage, and he was never more than ten days in London.

On this occasion Frodsham had obtained a fortnight for holidays, which occasioned great lamentations at York, for the good people of that city were certain that if Garrick saw Frodsham it would be a woful day for their stage. He was not only young and vain, but self-opinionated in a superabundant degree, as the following anecdotes of his behaviour in London will evince.

On his arrival in the metropolis he left a card at Garrick's house, "Mr. Frodsham, of York," with the same ease as if he had been the first gentleman in the county. Mr. Garrick judged this conduct of a country stroller rather familiar and extraordinary. It excited his curiosity to see the York actor, who was accordingly admitted the ensuing day. Some slight conversation ensued, during which Garrick was astonished at the young man's freedom and affability. Garrick imagined that he was come to procure an engagement, and expected every minute that Frodsham would prefer his petition for that purpose; but no such request being made, after a considerable delay, which Garrick was neither accustomed to nor relished, he urged pressing business, and presented the York Roscius, as he was called, with an order for the pit, desiring he would that night favour him with his attendance, to see him perform Sir John Brute, accompanied with an invitation to breakfast the ensuing morning. At the same time he asked Frodsham whether he had seen a play since his arrival in London. "O yes," replied Frodsham, "I saw you play Hamlet two nights ago," and added that it was his own favourite character. "Well," said Garrick, "pray now, how did you approve, Frodsham? I hope I pleased you;"—(for that night he judged his performance to be particularly happy.) Frodsham replied: "O yes, certainly, my dear sir, vastly

clever in several passages; but I cannot so far subjoin mine to the public opinion of London, as to say I was equally struck with your whole performance in that part." Perhaps Garrick was never thrown into such profound astonishment by any actor with whom he conversed. "Why," stammered he; "why now—to be sure now—why I suppose you in the country—Pray now Mr. Frodsham, what sort of a place do you act in at York? Is it a room, or riding-house, occasionally fitted up?"—"O no, sir, a theatre upon my honour."—"O sure, why my Lord Burlington has said that—Why will—will you breakfast to-morrow, and we shall have a trial of skill, and Mrs. Garrick shall judge between us—Good day, Mr. York, for I must be at the theatre, so now pray remember breakfast." Frodsham promised he would, and retired. Though Garrick himself related the circumstance afterwards, and laughed heartily at it, yet it is certain that at the time he was greatly piqued and astonished at so strange a visit from a country actor; yet wishing to satisfy his curiosity, he had done it for once at the expense of his pride and dignity.

The following morning, the York hero, faithful to his appointment, arrived at the manager's house in Southampton-street. During breakfast Mrs. Garrick waited with impatience, full of various conjectures why the poor man from the country did not take courage, prostrate himself at the foot of majesty, and humbly request a trial and engagement. As Frodsham did not, as they expected, break the ice, Garrick was obliged to do it. "Why now, Mr. Frodsham—why now—well that is—I suppose you saw my Brute last?—Now no compliment, but tell Mrs. Garrick—well now, was it right? Do you think it would have pleased at York? Now speak what you think." "O certainly," replied Frodsham, "certainly; and upon my honour, without compliment, I never was so highly delighted and entertained; it was beyond my comprehension. But having seen you play

Hamlet first, your Sir John Brute exceeded my belief; for I have been told, Mr. Garrick, that Hamlet is one of your first characters; but I must say, I flatter myself I play it almost as well; for comedy, my good sir, is your forte. But, your Brute, Mr. Garrick, was excellence itself! You stood on the stage in the drunken scene flourishing your sword, you placed yourself in an attitude—I am sure you saw me in the pit at the same time, and with your eyes you seemed to say—Damn it, Frodsham, did you ever see any thing like that at York? Could you do that Frodsham?” The latter part of this harangue did not probably go down so smoothly as the tea at breakfast; and the ease and familiarity with which it was accompanied and delivered not only surprised but mortified Garrick, who expected adulation and the bended knee.

Garrick, as is well known, not only loved, but swallowed flattery with the utmost avidity; he had it daily served up, not only by dependants, inferiors and equals, but by persons of higher rank; therefore, to hear a country actor speak slightly of his Lord Hamlet was too much to bear; and, to borrow the words of Sir Archy Macsarcasm, “was varp new.” After much affectation of laughter, and seeming approbation of all Frodsham had said, he began: “Well now, hey—for a taste of your quality—now a speech, Mr. Frodsham, from Hamlet, and Mrs. Garrick bear a wary eye.” Frodsham, with the utmost composure, spoke Hamlet’s first soliloquy without the slightest symptom of timidity, or indeed allowing the London Roscius to be in any respect a better Hamlet than himself; Garrick all the time darting his fiery eyes into the very soul of Frodsham. This was a custom of Garrick’s with all whom he deemed his inferiors, as if he meant to alarm and to convey from those eyes to the beholder an idea of his own extraordinary intelligence. On Frodsham his formidable looks had no such effect, for had he noticed Garrick’s eyes

and thought them penetrating, he would have comforted himself with the idea that his own were equally brilliant or even still more so.

When he had finished Hamlet's first speech, and that beginning — "To be or not to be!" — Garrick said: "Well, hey now, hey! you have a smattering, but you want a little of my forming; and really in some passages you have acquired tones I do not by any means approve." "Tones! Mr. Garrick!" replied Frodsham, tartly; "to be sure I have tones, but you are not familiarized to them. I have seen you act twice, and I thought you had odd tones, and Mrs. Cibber strange tones, and they were not quite agreeable to me on the first hearing, but I dare say I should soon be reconciled to them." — "Why now," answered Garrick, confounded with astonishment, "nay, now that is—why now really Frodsham, you are a damned queer fellow—but for a fair and full trial of your genius my stage shall be open, and you shall act any part you please, and if you succeed we will then talk of terms." "O," said Frodsham with an indifference bordering on contempt, "you are mistaken my dear Mr. Garrick, if you think I came here to solicit an engagement. I am a Roscius at my own quarters. I came to London purposely to see a few plays, and looking on myself as a man not destitute of talents, I judged it a proper compliment to wait on a brother genius: I thought it indispensable to see you and have half an hour's conversation with you. I neither want nor wish for an engagement; for I would not abandon the happiness I enjoy in Yorkshire for the first terms your great and grand city could afford." So saying, he withdrew with a negligent bow, leaving Garrick standing in an attitude of mute surprise.

The particulars of this interview were related by Garrick himself, who declared, that he never met with such a strange mixture of merit, genius, and eccentricity as in Frodsham, and the latter, without any idea

of offence, weakly judged that his fame was equally known with that of his brother Roscius. In fact the applause he received at York from every ale-house had intoxicated his brain as much as the plentiful potations of *York burgundy*, with which and other potations he too soon terminated his life and fame. He had been so loaded by the lower classes with more honours than he could carry, that he had not a serious reflection to inform him of the impropriety of his behaviour towards Mr. Garrick. The difference of fortune he well knew, but allowed Garrick no superiority in point of professional talents. He observed that when he was speaking to Garrick he, of course, supposed that the manager knew he was speaking to as good a gentleman as himself, and an actor on much the same footing with respect to merit. The encouragement he received in his best days at York, was certainly flattering, and that cause, combined with his own high opinion of himself, confirmed him in the idea that he was secure of the highest applause from all the nobility of England, because a few of them saw him in the York race-week.

The same reason which had induced Frodsham to call on Garrick, likewise caused him to wait on Mr. Rich, of Covent Garden theatre, fearful lest that manager should arraign him of deficiency in point of good breeding. He had otherwise not the least inclination to bestow an hour on that gentleman; for having been informed that Rich's genius was superficial, that he neither understood plays, Greek, nor Latin, but encouraged pantomime only, he held him in the utmost contempt. From Rich he experienced a very different reception from that of the Drury Lane manager. He found Rich with three or four cats about him, teaching a young lady to act. After he had been some time in the room, Rich viewed him through a very large reading-glass, took snuff, and said: "Well, Mr. Frogsmire, I suppose you are come from York to be taught, and that I should

give you an engagement. Did you ever act Richard, Mr. Frogsmire?"—"Yes, sir." "Why then you shall hear me act," said Rich, who then spoke a speech in a most ridiculous manner. When he had finished, Frodsham peevishly told him he did not visit him or come from York to be taught or to hear him act; he came merely for a little conversation and to visit his Elysian fields. But as Rich loved leisure, and had little curiosity, he replied, that unless Mr. Frogsmire would with humble attention listen to his Richard, he would not hear Mr. Frogsmire at all. Rich was proceeding with—

"'Twas an excuse to avoid me!

Alas, she keeps no bed!"

when he was suddenly interrupted with—"I wish you good morning;"—and thus ended unthinking Frodsham's second managerial visit.

Frodsham now returned to York, where he was joyfully received. He was not forgotten by Garrick, who often related to his performers the story of the mad York actor, as he termed him; and Rich, without thinking of any such trifling occurrence, continued teaching young pupils to act, stroked his cats, and the York Roscius was never more remembered by him.

The last night Frodsham ever spoke on the stage he had been playing Lord Townly and was apparently in high spirits. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "on Monday evening *Coriolanus*: to which will be added, (looking seriously, and laying his hand on his heart,) *What we must all come to*." He might perhaps have had at the moment, a presentiment of his approaching dissolution, which took place only three days afterwards, on the 26th of October, 1768.

By Mr. Wilkinson, from whose memoirs the principal part of the preceding anecdotes are taken, Frodsham is thus characterized: "He was naturally a good actor in spite of himself; for though London improves and ma-

tures, and is the most enviable theatrical situation, yet genius will be found in every rank, soil and station. But his mind, his understanding and superabundant good qualities were all warped and undermined by habits of nocturnal dissipation; his failings were unfortunately aggravated by frequent applications to the brandy bottle in the morning, for the purpose of correcting qualms. The inevitable consequence of such conduct was, that he became enervated, disordered, deranged, and dropsical, and died at the age of 35.

“ He was awkward merely from the want of modelling, and became worse by being told by his drunken inferiors off the stage that all he did was right. But if he had been caught at a proper time when wild, by such a man as Garrick, and he would have really taken pains with him, the York hero would most assuredly have done honour to a London stage.”

SIR JOHN DINELY.

THIS truly eccentric character was actually of an ancient and honourable family, but having run through his portion of the family entailments in various chivalrous pursuits after the ladies, he took to advertising for a wife, which scheme, though it did not ultimately succeed, made him a very remarkable man of his age.

His friendship with the Pelham family, and the interest of Lord North together, procured him the pension and resident situation of a poor knight of Windsor, where he very orderly resided, and was known to wear the Windsor uniform. Platonic gallantry was his profession, and to show the system reduced to practice, he always abode by himself, not having a single servant-maid to wait on him in his solitude. Yet, with all his oddities he was particularly loquacious and chatty when

abroad, though his discourse was always overcharged with egotism and his amorous proceedings.

In his dress he was no changeling, but uniform and exact to time in every thing. For nearly thirty years he was remarked in town on his occasional visits to the pastry and confectionary shops, where his assignations to meet the fair objects of his advertisements were fixed. On these occasions his figure was truly grotesque. If it was wet he was mounted on a high pair of pattens. His accoutrements were generally second-hand finery of a fashion at least a century old. He was then seen in his grandest style of elegance, with a velvet embroidered waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings, and a full-bottomed wig. On these occasions, not a little inflated with family pride, he seemed to imagine himself as great as any lordling: but on the day following, he might be seen slowly pacing from the chandler's shop, near his country retreat, with a penny-loaf in one pocket; a morsel of butter, a quartern of sugar, and a three-farthing candle in the other. Sir John was in the habit of receiving epistles in answer to his advertisements, and several whimsical interviews, and ludicrous adventures occurred in consequence. He has more than once paid his devoirs to one of his own sex, dressed as a fine lady. But his passion for the fair sex was not so easily to be allayed, he appeared resolved to have a wife; and his advertisements in the *Reading Mercury*, of 1802, appear dictated with the same warmth, and under the very same extravagant ideas which distinguished Sir John, at a period when the hey-day of his blood must have beaten considerably higher.

Sir John, we are told, once practised physic, but, in many respects, the *Medice Curate ipsum* could never be retorted with more propriety than upon him. Sir John, however, who was in the habit of attending book sales, always made large purchases of medical works. It was customary with him to attend twice or thrice a year at

Vauxhall, and the theatres, of which he apprized the public, through the medium of the most fashionable daily papers. At Vauxhall, he paraded the most conspicuous parts, and at the theatre he was to be found in the front row of the pit; and whenever it was known that he was to be there, the house, especially by the females, was sure to be well attended. When in town, Sir John always made a point of attending the different auctions, to which he was particularly attached; but if he bought a catalogue, he was always sure to make a purchase to the value of a shilling to cover the expense. Lord Fitzwilliam, it is said, ranked among the number of Sir John's benefactors, as he made him an allowance of ten pounds per annum. Of late, Sir John added a piece of stay-tape to his wig, which passed under his chin to the other side; from this circumstance, some persons might infer that he was rather chop-fallen; an inference by no means fair, if we still consider the gay complexion of his advertisements and addresses to the ladies.

It appears that Sir John persevered in his addresses to the ladies till the close of his life. His applications to the British fair were addressed both to the *young* and *old*.

Those who objected to his age, he treated as envious revilers; and as to their saying that he was upwards of fifty, he could refer to his portrait, or his person, and challenge them to believe it *if they* could.

Sir John Dinely lived at Windsor, in one of the habitations appropriated to reduced gentlemen of his description; and in one of the many advertisements imputed to him, it appears that he expected the numerous candidates for his hand would present themselves individually, or in a body, before his residence. His fortune (if he could recover it) he estimated at 300,000*l*. He invited the widow as well as the blooming miss of sixteen, to his longing arms; and addressed them in printed documents that bear his signature; and in which he judi-

ciously enumerates the sums the ladies must possess, who are candidates for his hand.

In his advertisements for a wife, he was always remarked to expect less property with youth than age or widowhood, yet he modestly declared, that few ladies would be eligible that did not possess at least 1,000*l.* a year, which he observed, was nothing compared to the honour his *high birth* and noble descent would confer: and referred the incredulous to Nash's History of Worcestershire. As a finishing stroke to this portrait, we shall present the reader with two of his latest advertisements.

“FOR A WIFE.

“As the prospect of my marriage has much increased lately, I am determined to take the best means to discover the lady most liberal in her esteem. by giving her fourteen days more to make her quickest steps towards matrimony, from the date of this paper until eleven o'clock the next morning; and as the contest evidently will be superb, honourable, sacred, and lawfully affectionate, pray do not let false delicacy interrupt you in this divine race for my eternal love, and an infant baronet. For 'tis evident I'm sufficiently young enough for you.

“An eminent attorney here is lately returned from a view of my superb gates before my capital house, built in the form of the Queen's house. I have ordered him, or the next eminent attorney here, who can satisfy you of my possession in my estate, and every desirable particular concerning it, to make you the most liberal settlement you can desire, to the vast extent of 300,000*l.* Where is your dutiful parents, brothers, or sisters, that *has* handed you to my open arms? Venus, indeed, with her bow and quiver, did clasp me in her arms at the late masquerade; but give me the charming Venus who is liberal enough to name the time and place for our marriage, as I am so much at your ladyship's command.”

An Advertisement for a Wife, in the Reading Mercury,

May 24, 1802.

“Miss in her Teens,—let not this sacred offer escape your eye; I now call all qualified ladies, marriageable, to chocolate at my house every day at your own hour.—With tears in my eyes, I must tell you that sound reason commands me to give you but one month's notice before I part with my chance of an infant baronet for ever: for you may readily hear that three widows and old maids, all aged above fifty, near my door, are now pulling caps for me. Pray, my young charmers,

give me a fair hearing, do not let your avaricious guardians unjustly fright you with a false account of a forfeiture, but let the great Sewell and Rivet's opinions convince you to the contrary; and that I am now in legal possession of these estates, and with the spirit of an heroine command my 300,000*l.* and rank above half the ladies in our imperial kingdom. By your ladyship's directing a favourable line to me, Sir John Dinely, Baronet, at my house, in Windsor Castle, your attorney will satisfy you, that if I live but a month, 11,000*l.* a year will be your ladyship's for ever."

In the Ipswich Journal, August 21, 1802.

"To the angelic fair of the true English breed. Worthy notice. Sir John Dinely, of Windsor Castle, recommends himself and his ample fortune to any angelic beauty of good breed, fit to become and willing to be a mother of a noble heir, and keep up the name of an ancient family, ennobled by deeds of arms and ancestral renown. Ladies at a certain period of life need not apply, as heirship is the object of the mutual contract offered by the Ladies' sincere admirer, Sir John Dinely. Fortune favours the bold. Such Ladies as this advertisement may induce to apply, or send their agents, (but not servants or matrons) may direct to me at the Castle, Windsor. Happiness and pleasure are agreeable objects, and should be regarded as well as honour. The lady who shall thus become my wife will be a baroness, and rank accordingly as Lady Dinely, of Windsor. Good will and favour to all ladies of Great Britain; pull no caps on his account, but favour him with your smiles, and pæans of pleasure await your steps."

He finished his career in the still expectation of forming a connubial connection with some lady of property, and the papers announced his death in May, 1808, at Windsor.

We have already spoken of the dignity of Sir John's descent; the following particulars further illustrate the subject attested. The family of Dinely continued to flourish in great repute, in the county of Worcester, till the last century, when it expired at Charlton, in the person of Sir Edward Dinely, Knt. sometime justice of peace, and deputy lieutenant for this county; who, by Frances his wife, daughter of Lewis Watson, Lord Rockingham, left an only surviving daughter, Eleanor, his heir; who was married to Edward Goodyere, of Burg-hope, in Herefordshire, Esq. which Edward was created

a baronet, 5th December, 1707, sixth of Anne, and was member in several parliaments for the borough of Evesham, and sometime knight of the shire of the county of Hereford. He died at a great age, 29th March, 1739, and was succeeded by Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart. his eldest son; which Sir John Dinely Goodyere, of Charlton, Bart. assumed the name of Dinely, in respect to the large estate he inherited from his mother. He was the last of the family who enjoyed it, for having lived upon bad terms with his younger brother, Samuel Dinely Goodyere, captain of the Ruby man of war, and threatening to disinherit him in favour of his sister's son John Foote, of Truro, in Cornwall, Esq; it so alarmed and disgusted the said Samuel Goodyere, that he came to the dreadful resolution of murdering his brother, which he executed on the 17th of January, 1741.

John Foote, son of Eleanor, sister to Sir John, and elder brother to Samuel Foote, Esq. the celebrated comedian, was heir to his uncle, and assumed the name of Dinely; but Dame Mary Dinely Goodyere, the widow of Sir John, surviving her husband, and holding the Charlton estate in dower, was re-married to William Rayner, a painter, in White Friars, London, who being thus in possession, partly by marriage, and partly by purchase from Mr. John Foote Dinely, became seized of the whole in fee, and sold Charlton to Joseph Biddle, of Evesham, Esq.; whose executors sold it, in 1774, to Messrs. Bessley, Socket Lilly, and Bevington, of Worcester, in partnership, who, or their representatives, were the possessors in 1779.

A friend at Bristol, who knew the mortal antipathy of these brothers, invited them both to dinner, in hopes of reconciling them, and they parted in the evening in seeming friendship; but the captain placed some of his crew in the street near College-green, Bristol, with orders to seize his brother, and assisted in hurrying him on board his ship,

The account of the unhappy fate of Sir John's father, is so remarkable, that we shall lay the following particulars before our readers :—

At the sessions held before the worshipful the mayor of the city of Bristol, Michael Foster, Esq. recorder, and others of his majesty's justices of the peace for the said city, March 26, 1741, Samuel Goodyere, late commander of his majesty's ship Ruby, was indicted for aiding, assisting, and abetting, the murder of Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart.

At the same time, Matthew Mahony and Charles White were separately indicted for the actual murder of the said Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart.

Mr. Smith, an attorney-at-law, in College-green, Bristol, deposed, that the Sunday before this murder was committed, the deceased, by the deponent's invitation, was to dine at his house the Sunday following, of which the prisoner being apprized came into the neighbourhood, and sent for this deponent, and earnestly interceded with him to admit him into the company of his brother, the Baronet, under the pretence, as the prisoner said, to accommodate and reconcile their differences in an amicable manner.

The prisoner being at College-green coffee-house, Mr. Smith went to him, and was greatly pleased with the proposals of the prisoner, and the hopes of all disputes between them being settled; he, without the least hesitation, introduced the prisoner into the company of his brother, the deceased; and the prisoner behaved so well, that he and the deceased seemed to be as good friends as ever; and just as the deceased was about to depart, he took leave of the baronet in the most affectionate manner imaginable. It was then dark, and about six o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Roberts, who kept the White Hart, on College-green, opposite to Mr. Smith's house, deposed, that the prisoner came to his house early in the morning, the day

before the murder was committed, and ordered him to get a dinner ready for six men, who were to dine there that day.

Mahoney was not one of the six that dined, but the company talked much about one Mahony; he was a man well known to Roberts, and had been often at his house: the people that dined there were dressed like seamen, and Roberts took them for Captain Goodyere's men, and that the captain had a mind to treat them at his house. They dined in the balcony up one pair of stairs towards the green, and in the afternoon, after dinner was over, Goodyere sent word to Roberts to make tea for the six men, which greatly surprised him, it being very uncommon drink for jack-tars. They all went away of a sudden, and Roberts bid them welcome without going out of doors.

Charles Bryant being called upon by the court, deposed, that he was one of the six men hired by Captain Goodyere, to seize the deceased, and forcibly to run him a-board the Ruby man-of-war, then lying in the King's-road. They met, by the prisoner's directions, at the White-hart, on College-green, where a handsome dinner was provided. They were placed in the balcony to receive a signal, and obey the word of command, without giving the least suspicion to the people of the house. About six o'clock in the evening the signal was given, and they left the White-hart, and overtook the deceased just before he came to College-green, coffee-house, where Bryant and others seized him at the word of command of the prisoner. They then rushed on the deceased, and dragged him along towards the Rope-walk, where was a gang of twelve more of them, who were ready to assist according to the prisoner's instructions. The deceased was hurried towards the Hotwells, where a boat was waiting purposely to receive him.

The prisoner was with them all the while, directing, aiding, and assisting, and when the deceased cried out,

“ Murder ! murder ! I am Sir John Dinely Goodyere ;” the prisoner stopped the deceased’s mouth with his cloak, so that the people, not knowing his name, only asked what was the matter ? The answer the prisoner and the ruffians gave was, that he, the deceased, was a thief and a murderer, and had made his escape from a ship, and they were going to take him a-board to secure him, in order for his trial ; the prisoner still stopping the deceased’s mouth, to prevent his crying out.

When the deceased got into the boat he had a little more liberty than before, and he made use of it to speak to the prisoner to this effect :—“ Brother, I know you have an intention to murder me ; I beg, that if you are resolved to do it, that you would do it here, and not give yourself the trouble of taking me down to your ship.” To which the prisoner replied, “ No, brother, I am going to prevent your rotting upon land ; but, however, I would have you make your peace with God this night ;” and, in the most unfeeling manner, hurried the deceased a-board the ship. He cried out loudly for help and made a great noise ; but the prisoner took the precaution to tell the crew, “ That they need not mind his noise, because he was mad ; and that he had brought him on board, on purpose to prevent his making away with himself.” They then conveyed him to the purser’s cabin, and all of them, except Mahony and White, were ordered ashore, with directions to conceal themselves, and keep out of the way of inquiry.

Bryan further deposed, that he and five more were hired by the prisoner, at a guinea a head, to bring the deceased on-board ; that neither of them belonged to the Ruby, but to the Vernon schooner.

Mr. Berry, the first lieutenant of the prisoner’s ship, deposed, that being on deck he saw the deceased brought on-board late in the evening, on the 23d of January last. The deceased was immediately carried into the purser’s cabin, and there kept till five o’clock in

the morning. That the prisoners Goodyere, White, and Mahony, were with the deceased. That he saw the prisoner and deceased through a crevice in a cabin adjoining to the purser's cabin. That the deponent, and the cooper of the ship, and his wife, were together, and by means of the crevice saw the whole transaction. The agreement between Goodyere, White, and Mahony was, that Mahony should have 200*l*. White 150*l*. and what money the deceased had in his pockets, and his gold watch. After the agreement was concluded on, Mahony and White went about their bloody work, the prisoner Goodyere standing sentry with his drawn sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other, to kill the first person that should make any opposition in what they were about.

The first thing they did, they took a handkerchief out of the deceased's pocket; White held his hands, while Mahony put it about his neck, and then each of them pulled as hard as he could in order to strangle the deceased at once; but Sir John making a desperate struggle, the prisoners could not effect it, so as to prevent his crying out "murder! what! must I die? Help! help! murder!" &c. To prevent any further noise, the prisoner Goodyere ordered Mahony to take the cord he had laid ready. The prisoner Mahony then slipped off the handkerchief, and put the cord about the deceased's neck, and, with the cord in one hand, he thrust the other in the deceased's throat, and his knee against his stomach. In the mean while White held the deceased's hands, and took out of his pocket eight guineas and a gold watch. Then White came directly to the prisoner Goodyere, and acquainted him with what was done, and showed his brother's watch and money. The prisoner then asked Mahony and White, whether the job was quite completed? they answered, Yes. Then the prisoner gave Mahony and White what money he had about him, and bid them get ashore directly, that they might

the more easily make their escape before day-light came on.

Mr. Jones, the cooper of the ship, and his wife, confirmed the evidence of the lieutenant; and Mr. Ford deposed, that he had Mahony under his cure for the foul disease for three weeks, when he told him he had a private job to do for Captain Goodyere, for which he was to have 200*l.* and then he would reward him handsomely for his trouble.

The prisoner, by way of defence, said, it was peculiarly hard, that because his brother had been killed, he must, right or wrong, be considered the murderer. He was innocent of the fact, and had no hand in the murder laid to his charge. His brother was a lunatic, and, in a fit of phrensy, strangled himself, which he said he could prove by witnesses; and calling one Sarah Gettings, she swore the deceased was mad by turns, and very often attempted to make away with himself. One Ann Gettings swore, that the deceased had been a long time subject to strange whims and phrensies, and often talked of shooting, drowning, and strangling himself.

The discovery of the murder was perfectly accidental, and nearly as follows: Mr. Smith, (the gentleman at whose house Sir John Dinely Goodyere, and his brother Captain Goodyere, spent a sociable hour together the day before,) accidentally heard that evening, that a person who had the appearance of a gentleman was hurried in a very violent manner over College-green, and that a gentleman, who, by the description of him, answered to the person of the captain, assisted; and Mr. Smith knowing the ship was to sail the first fair wind, and remembering that they went out of the house nearly together, it came directly into his head, that the captain had took him on-board, with intent to destroy him when he came upon the high seas. This suspicion being strengthened by other circumstances, made so deep an impression on his mind, that early in the morning he

applied himself to Henry Combe, Esq. the mayor, for an officer to go and search the ship, before she sailed out of the liberty of the city, which reaches ten or fifteen miles down the river. The officer the mayor thought fit to send was the water-bailiff, with proper assistance, and full orders to search the ship for Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart. The officer obeyed his orders; and coming to the ship, the cooper, his wife, and Lieutenant Berry, acquainted him that they had been just consulting about the affair, and discovered to him what they knew of the whole matter, the captain being then safe in the cabin. The water-bailiff sent immediately this account to the city magistrates, who thought proper to reinforce him with a strong guard to secure the captain; but before the guard came, the cooper and lieutenant had done the business.

A letter was sent, written with Captain Goodyere's own hand, and directed to Mr. Jarit Smith, attorney-at-law, on College-green, Bristol, purporting, that to his (the captain's) great surprise, he had discovered that his brother, Sir John, had been murdered by two ruffians, and that the villains suspected had made their escape. This confirmed Mr. Smith in his suspicions, and the captain being seized, as before mentioned, was brought before the mayor at the town-hall, where many of the aldermen and magistrates of the city were also assembled.

On the death of Sir Edward (the father of these unhappy brothers, and of Mr. Dinely,) Sir John, to whom the title of baronet devolved in right of his father, had a very pretty estate, when his father's, and that for which he changed his name, were both joined. It is said that he was possessed, in the counties of Hereford and Worcestershire, of upwards of 4000*l.* per annum; but we are assured his income was as good as 3,000*l.* Sir John, about the age of twenty-three, married a

young lady, the daughter of a merchant of that city, who gave her a fortune of upwards of 20,000*l*.

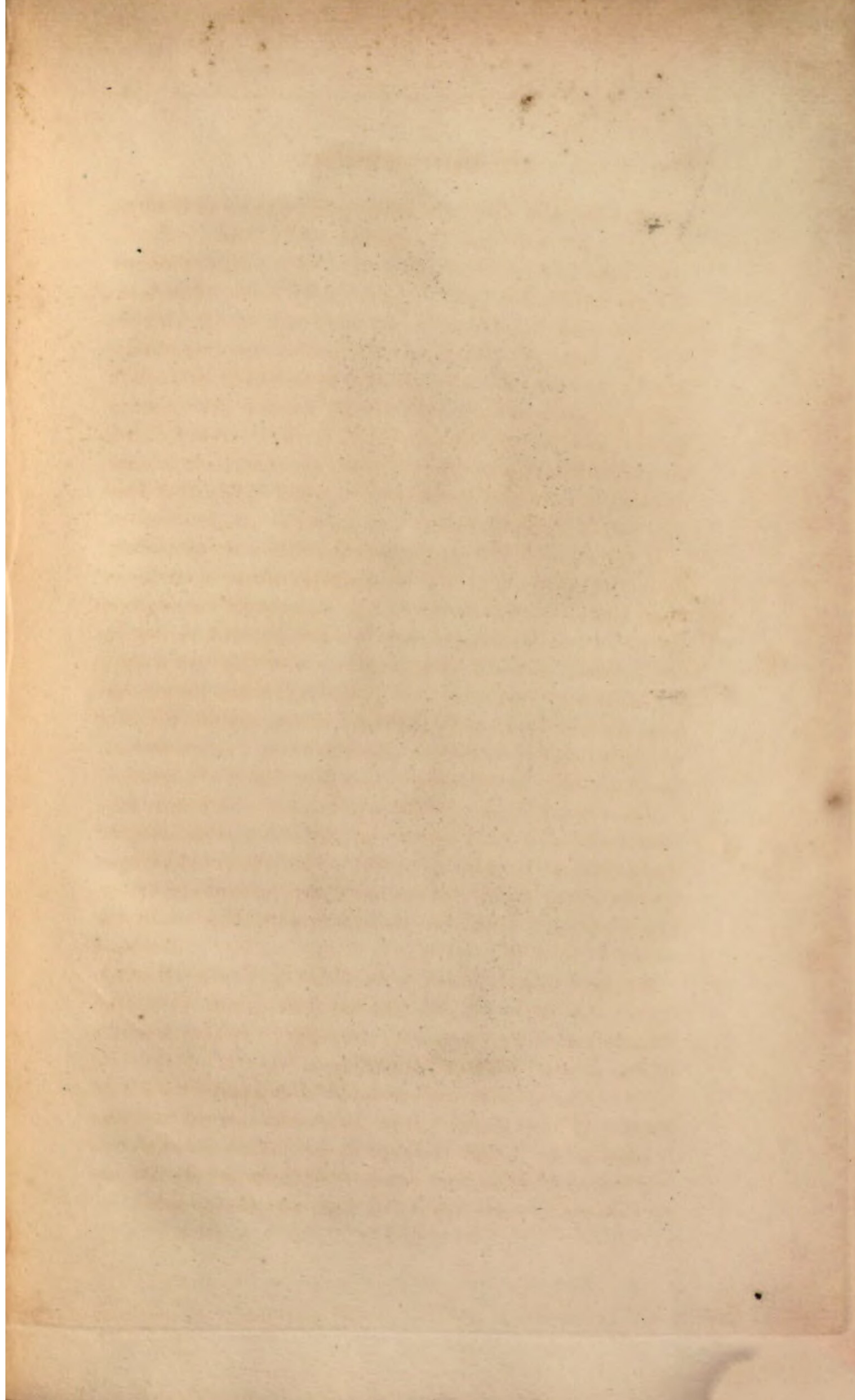
But it so happened, some years after, through domestic jars in Sir John's family, that Sir Robert Jason, a neighbouring baronet, who came pretty frequently to visit Sir John, was suspected of familiarity with Lady Dinely, and Sir John's suspicions were raised to such a degree, that he forbid Sir Robert his house. The consequence of this was, that Sir John brought an action in the court of common-pleas, at Westminster, for criminal conversation, and laid his damages at 2,000*l*. The jury gave Sir John 500*l*. damages.

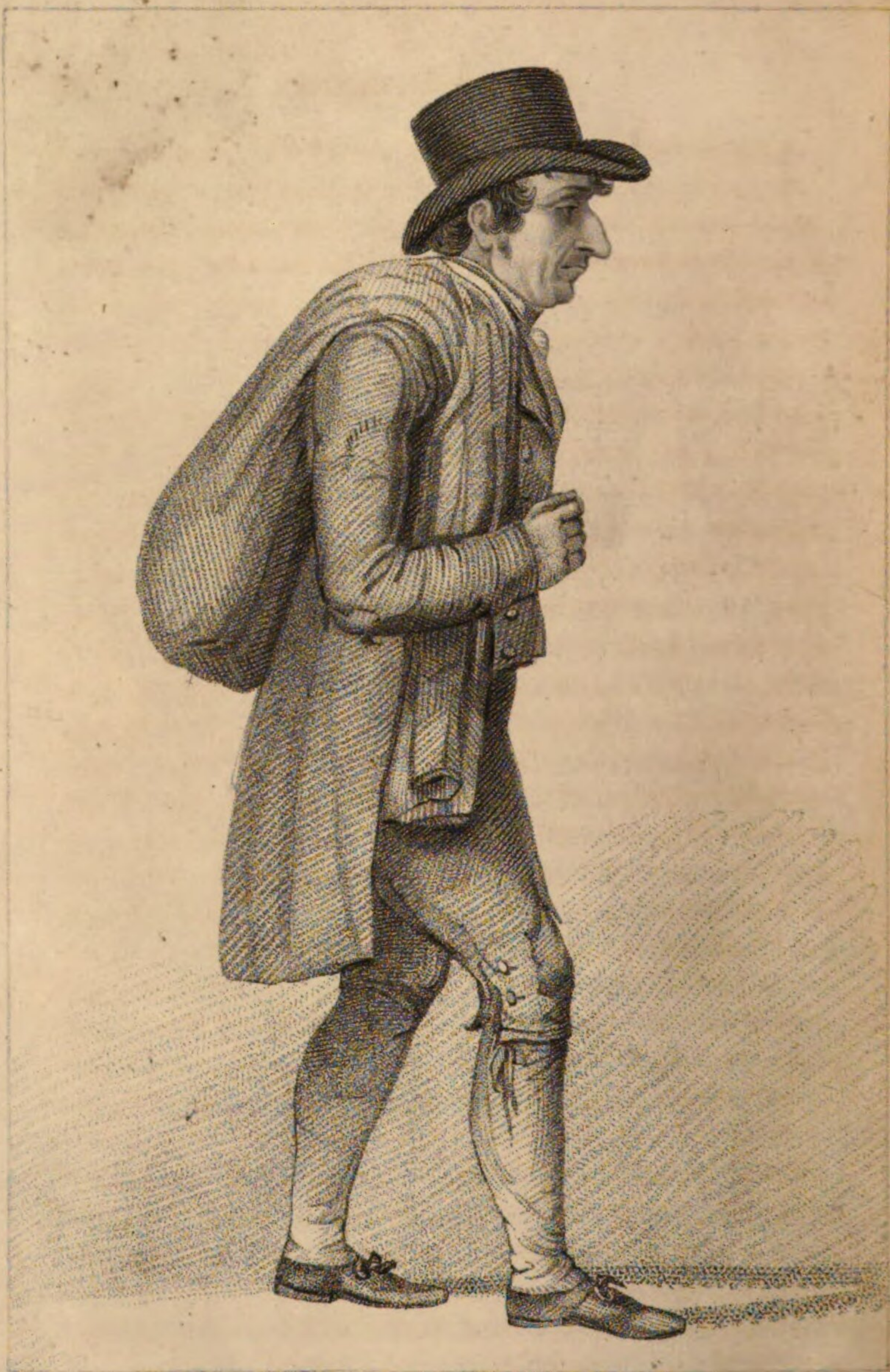
Sir John, after this, indicted his lady for a conspiracy to take away his life; and by the evidence of a servant-maid, the lady was found guilty, and committed to the King's-bench prison for twelve months, and to pay a small fine. While she remained in prison, he petitioned for a divorce; but she being assisted with money by Captain Goodyere, and other friends, opposed it so strongly that the House of Lords were of opinion that it could not be granted; and so dismissed the petition.

The captain's view in furnishing the distressed lady with money, as he himself told Sir John, was, that he should not marry a young woman, and so beget an heir to his estate; and this was one of the principal motives that induced Sir John to leave the greatest part of his estates to his sister's sons.

By the death of Sir John, an estate of 400*l*. per annum devolved to the Lady Dinely, his widow, not as a jointure, but as an estate of her own; which Sir John, while living, kept in his own hands.

Thus the principal occasion of this horrid and barbarous murder, was the injury Captain Goodyere apprehended Sir John had done him in cutting off the entail of his estate except 600*l*. per annum, which he could not meddle with, in order to settle it on his sister's sons.





Engraved by R. Cooper.

HENRY LEMOINE.

The Eccentric Bookseller & Author.

Published by J. Robins & Co. Albion Press London. June 1. 1821.

Captain Goodyere, Mahony, and White, received sentence of death, and they were accordingly executed, and hung in chains to the north of the Hot-wells, in sight of the place where the ship lay when the murder was committed.

HENRY LEMOINE.

HENRY LEMOINE, the remarkable subject of the present narrative, was born in Spitalfields in the memorable year of the unfortunate overthrow of Lisbon, being christened on the fast day kept in England on that occasion. His education was at a free-school belonging to the French Calvinists, whence at fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a stationer and rag-merchant in Lamb-street, Spitalfields. His master was of an humble, suppliant disposition, and his humility was only equalled by his hypocrisy, by which means he made shift to acquire a considerable sum, above 3000*l*. which an adventurous young emigrant contrived after his death to defraud his widow of, and she was unfortunately reduced to the workhouse. This stationer, though he dealt in books, had such an aversion to learning, that he was constantly ill-tempered whenever Lemoine was reading, which often happened in spite of his ill humour. Thus his servitude was enlivened by the pursuit of letters at stolen hours, and borrowed from the time of rest, when, with the assistance of a lamp fitted to a dark lantern, he contrived to read and digest some necessary works of history, poetry, arts and sciences, being considerably assisted in his choice of subjects by a Mr. Toddy, an American loyalist, whose memory was an enormous chronicle of events of former times. It was during this period that he began to write for the Magazines, where, finding ready admission for his ingenious essays,

he perhaps devoted too much of his time to those eleemosynary productions.

From this servitude he removed to a Mr. Chatterton's, a baker, and bookseller too, where he was articled to learn the former business. Chatterton was well known among the *bibliopoles* of the metropolis for his knowledge in the old puritanical divinity of Charles and Cromwell's time, and for a short distich over his window, which he had borrowed from one Roberts, an old wine merchant in the Borough, as follows; only substituting bread for wine :

Two trades united which you seldom find,
Bread to refresh the body, *books* the mind.

In this situation, his notoriety at ridicule and satire was noticed by the parents and masters of a club of minor Thespians, who used to assemble occasionally at the Three Tun Tavern, near Spitalfield's church, and at the Three Morrice Dancers in the Old Change. Here he produced a performance entitled *The Stinging Nettle*; what this piece wanted in manner, was made up with asperity; and he often rejoiced that not a copy could be found; however, John Scott, of Amwell, a quaker, and author of a volume of poetry, who read it, said, "that it was in Churchill's *best manner*." This was followed by another, called the "*Reward of Merit*," the principal part of which is to be found in the old London Magazine for July and August 1780.

Soon after he was out of his articles with this *baking* bookseller, he hired himself as a foreigner to teach French in a boarding school at Vauxhall, kept by one Mannypenny and Co. and succeeded so well in this occupation, that neither master nor scholars suspected him capable of speaking a word of English; but the constraint was too much for him long to bear, and imparting the secret of his disguise to the maids in the kitchen, he received his dismissal, not, however, without the character of having ably done the duties of his station.

An earnest desire after the acquisition of knowledge first led our author to the way of selling books; leisure to read, not to indulge idleness, made him a bookseller. He began early in the year 1777, at the corner of the passage leading to the church in the Little Minories, a book-stall, which had been long before kept by an aged woman named Burgan.

While in this situation he became acquainted with the principal literary *fags*, or labourers of the day, most of whom having survived, he bestowed a *few last words* on them in the way of elegy or panegyric. *

In 1780 he began business in Bishopsgate church-yard, at this time he kept *good* company; the day was spent at his *sky-covered* shop in philosophical conversations, and reciprocal communication with some of the first characters, and the evenings, and even nights, in the orgies of youthful blood; yet amidst all this dissipation, he evinced some prudence in his choice of companions, which he always selected from situations better than his own. Saturday nights were particularly devoted to these irregularities, which he jocosely called "borrowing an hour of the Lord;" and some of these frolics sometimes assumed a very serious aspect. The police of Bishopsgate parish was very weak and ineffectual about 1784, and it so happened one night in August that year, that some of these nocturnal disturbers being captured and conveyed to the watch-house, they contrived so to intoxicate this *posse* of vigilant guardians, that none were left awake,

* The principal of these was Robert Sanders, a Scotch comb-maker, who wrote or compiled several useful books for John Cooke, a publisher in Paternoster-row; he died in 1783. He travelled through every sect of dissenters, and published the vanity of them all in a small but abusive work, called the "History of Gaffer Greybeard, 4 vols. 12mo., Gregory Goosecap, 2 vols. &c." It was he that assisted the famous Lord Lyttleton in punctuating and correcting the second edition of his Life of Henry II., where, as Dr. Johnson says, "something was done, for 19 pages of errata were left after all."

and only two or three were to be found next morning asleep in the watch-house, which, about seven o'clock, was discovered to be on fire.

His first setting out in business was marked with a great degree of industry, enough to cancel the folly of indolence and indulgence which might have preceded it. He hired himself to a widow in Kingsland-road who kept two bakers' shops, and worked there as half-man five years and a half; that is, he took a share of the night-work, and the Sundays for his board and lodging.

In 1792 he commenced the *Conjuror's Magazine*, a monthly publication of which he was projector and editor. This contained a translation of Lavater's famous work on physiognomy from the French edition, published by the author himself at Paris. Of the first numbers of this collection, 10,000 were sold each month. During this time he brought out a collection of Apparitional histories, prefaced by an ingenious argument, endeavouring to convince the world of the reality of "the visits from the world of spirits," the title of the book; but beyond that he did little more than write over again Baxter, Moreton, Glanville, Webster, Dr. Henry More, and repeat his own stories and others from the *Arminian Magazine*, one of the most emphatical of which is entitled "Death in the Pot." During these avocations, which were all studied in the street, and mostly written on loose papers at the public house, he projected and carried on a considerable medical work on the virtues of English plants, for the cure of diseases, in the manner of the old and celebrated Culpeper, whose astrological remarks he has carefully preserved with those of Blagrove, a supplementary author to the original work. The whole was illustrated with necessary tables, and above 200 good engravings of the plants. The additional articles, not to be found in the original work, were supplied from Hill's folio Herbal, Short, and Miller on plants. He was also the editor of the *Wonderful Maga-*

zine. He complained sometimes, and not without reason, of ill usage from his employers. One Locke, a printer of Fetter-lane, who went there by the name of Bentley, and afterwards removed to Red-lion-street, Holborn, failed 129*l.* in his debt, for writing only, and the Attorney for the bankruptcy objected to his proving the debt at Guildhall, notwithstanding the commissioners were in his favour, he therefore lost the whole.

Though condemned, by the harshness of his fate, to a daily dependance on his industry about the streets and at sales, to pick up rare and uncommon books, he never so far complied with the wickedness of others as to assist in the publication or sale of improper books or prints.

About this time he published the *Kentish Curate*, a narrative romance in four volumes, exhibiting some of the most depraved characters in life, but as they are properly *hung* out to view on the gibbet of reproach, their examples can do no harm, and, as Dr. Johnson wisely observes, "we sometimes succeed by indiscretion, when we fail by better examples," while almost all the absurdity of conduct arises from our imitation of those whom we should not resemble.

He continued his business in Bishopsgate church-yard, without interruption, till the year 1788, when he was constrained to purchase his freedom, and kept it seven years longer, in all fourteen years. He left it in 1795, when he commenced pedestrian bookseller, after which he was constantly seen in the habit he is depicted in the accompanying plate. In his general appearance he very much resembled a Jew, to which his bag gave a great deal of similitude.

To be a foreigner was always with the vulgar a reason of reproach in England, and to resemble an Israelite with an old clothes-bag is sure to excite some illiberal reflections from the ignorant in our streets. To such, when they mistook him for a Rosemary-lane dealer, he had some pleasant reply, constantly reminding them

that Jesus Christ was a Jew also, that he lived and died as such, and for that reason the persons of that dispersed nation ought to be respected and not reviled. On such occasions he was at times treated with respect by some, for recalling this serious truth to their mind.

In 1797, he published a small history of the Art of Printing, in which he displayed considerable knowledge and integrity on the subject. His industry was next directed to the finishing of a Bibliographical Dictionary, which was afterwards published by the learned Dr. Adam Clarke.

From some family misunderstanding he was long separated from his wife; this circumstance embittered the remainder of his days, and he often deplored the loss of his partner's affections. From this period, his spirits became comparatively broken; and he who had been the gayest of the gay was reduced to distress, and procured a scanty subsistence by collecting books for the trade, and compiling pamphlets for the publishers. Industry was always a leading feature in his character; and from morning till night did he perambulate the streets of London, with a bag under his arm, satisfied if he gained enough to provide for the day which flew over his head.

He was one of the very best judges in England of old books, a professor of the French and German languages, an able commentator on the Jewish writings, an amiable and unaffected man, an enlightened companion! He ended his chequered life in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, April 30, 1812, aged 56 years.

JOHN STANLEY.

THIS singularly eminent performer and composer of music was born on the 28th of January, 1713. The accident, which deprived him of his sight, happened when he was about two years of age; at which time he had

the misfortune to fall down upon a marble hearth, with a china bason in his hand.

Music, with great propriety, was thought to be a source of entertainment, and, therefore, of alleviation, under the calamity which this accident had occasioned. Mr. Stanley, therefore, began to learn music at the early age of seven years; and, under the tuition of Mr. Reading, a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Blow, then organist of Hackney church, he soon arrived at considerable excellence as a harpsichord player. Such was the delight that the blind pupil took in cultivating this favourite science, that what was at first intended only as the consolation of his life, was now considered as laying the foundation, in all probability, of future fame and fortune; and, by the advice of some competent judges, his father was induced to place him in the care of Dr. Green, the organist of St. Paul's, under whom he studied with great diligence and success.

In the year 1723, being then only eleven years of age, he was appointed organist of Allhallows, Bread-street. Three years after he was organist of St. Andrew, Holborn. In 1729, he was admitted bachelor of music, at the University of Oxford; and, in 1734, was elected organist of the Temple church, by the benchers of the honourable society of the Temple.

Of the two churches last mentioned, Mr. Stanley continued organist to his death. In 1760, on the death of Mr. Handel, who bequeathed his music to him and Mr. Smith, he undertook, in conjunction with that gentleman, to superintend the performance of Oratorios, first at Covent Garden, and afterwards at Drury-lane, which he continued to do till within four years of his death. In 1779, he was appointed master of his majesty's band of musicians, in the room of Dr. Boyce, deceased; and in 1783, he succeeded Mr. Weideman as the conductor of it.

It has been justly observed, that the loss of one sense

is greatly compensated by that superior strength in the others, which is the consequence of the deprivation. Mr. Stanley, in many respects, resembled that great mathematician Dr. Nicholas Saunderson. He had the same retentive memory, the same strength of feeling, and the same refined ear. He was never at a loss for any thing he had ever learned in his profession, even in his juvenile years. His conduct of the oratorios was such as to excite, not only admiration, but astonishment. At the performance, in particular, of one of Handel's *Te Deums*, for the benefit of a public charity, the organ being half a note too sharp for the other instruments, he transposed the whole of it with as much ease and address, as any performer could have done by the help of sight. He never forgot the voice of any person when once he had heard it. If twenty people were seated at a table near him, he would address them all in regular order, without their situations being previously announced to him. In the younger part of his life, riding on horseback was one of his favourite exercises; and of late years, when he lived in Salter's Buildings, on Epping Forest, and wished to give his friends an airing, he would often take them the most pleasant road, and point out to them the most pleasing prospects. He played at whist with great readiness and judgment: each card was marked at the corner with the point of a needle; but those marks were so delicately made, as hardly to be perceived by any person not previously apprized of it: his hand was generally the first that was arranged; and it was not uncommon for him to complain to the party, that they were tedious in sorting the cards.

By the sound alone he could distinguish, with great accuracy, the size of a room. He could also distinguish colours, tell the precise time by a watch, name the notes in music, and do many other things dependant on the ear and touch, which his friends had long ceased to consider as extraordinary in him. But his naming the num-

ber of persons in a room on entering it ; his directing his voice to each person in particular, even to strangers when they had once spoken ; his missing any person absent, and telling who that person was ; in a word, his conceptions of youth, beauty, symmetry, and shape, were such wonderful attainments, as to be, perhaps, peculiar to himself.

Dr. Alcock, who had been a pupil of his, speaks of his scientific knowledge in the most exalted terms, and adds, that "most of the musicians contrived methods to get acquainted with him, as they found their advantage in it : that it was common, just as the service of St. Andrew's church, or the Temple was ended, to see forty or fifty organists at the altar, waiting to hear his last voluntary ; even Mr. Handel himself I have many times seen at each of those places. In short, it must be confessed, that his extempore voluntaries were inimitable, and his taste in composition wonderful." Dr. Alcock also informs us of a number of very extraordinary circumstances concerning this admirable man. "I was his apprentice," says the doctor, "and the first year I went to him, I remember his occasionally playing (for his amusement only) at billiards, mississippi, shuffle-board, and skittles, at which games he constantly beat his competitors. To avoid prolixity, I shall mention his showing me the way through the private streets of Westminster, the intricate passages of the city, and the adjacent villages, both on horseback and on foot, places that I had never been at before ; his playing very neatly and correctly all Correlli's and Geminiani's twelve solos on the violin. He had so correct an ear and memory, that he never forgot the voice of any person he had once heard ; I, myself, have divers times been a witness of it : and in April, 1779, as he and I were going to Pall-mall to the late Dr. Boyce's auction, a gentleman met us who had been in Jamaica twenty years, and in a feigned voice, said, "How do you do, Mr. Stanley?"—

when he, after pausing a little while, replied, "God bless me, Mr. Smith! how long have you been in England?"

Mr. Stanley, whose great talents both as a composer and a performer, are too universally acknowledged to require an eulogy, died on Friday the 19th of May, 1786, in the 73rd year of his age; and, in the evening of the 27th, his remains were interred in the new Burial Ground belonging to St. Andrew's church; at which, on Sunday the 28th, instead of the usual voluntary, a solemn dirge, and after service, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were, with great propriety, performed upon that organ, on which he had, with such eminence, and for such a number of years, displayed his musical abilities.

CHARLES DOMERY.

AMONG all the instances of voracity on record, none can be found to equal the case of Charles Domery. The reader might perhaps be inclined to doubt the authenticity of these particulars, did they not rest on the credit of persons of the highest respectability. We shall, therefore, to remove every shadow of suspicion, give them in the form in which they originally made their appearance.

Copy of a Letter from Dr. Johnston, of Somerset-place, Commissioner of Sick and Wounded Seamen, to Dr. Blane.

MY DEAR SIR,

Somerset-place, Oct. 28, 1799.

Having in August and September last been engaged in a tour of public duty, for the purpose of selecting from among the prisoners of war such men as, from their infirmities, were fit objects for being released without equivalent, I heard, upon my arrival at Liverpool, an account of one of these prisoners being endowed with an appetite and digestion so far beyond any thing that had ever occurred to me, either

in my observation, reading, or by report, that I was desirous of ascertaining the particulars of it by ocular proof, or undeniable testimony. Dr. Cochrane, fellow of the College of Physicians at Edinburgh, and our medical agent at Liverpool, is fortunately a gentleman upon whose fidelity and accuracy I could perfectly depend; and I requested him to institute an inquiry upon this subject during my stay at that place. I inclose you an attested copy of the result of this; and as it may probably appear to you, as it does to me, a document containing facts extremely interesting, both in a natural and medical view, I will beg you to procure its insertion in some respectable periodical work.

Some farther points of inquiry concerning this extraordinary person having occurred to me since my arrival in town, I sent them in the form of queries to Dr. Cochrane, who has obligingly returned satisfactory answers. These I send along with the above-mentioned attested statement, to which I beg you to subjoin such reflections as may occur to you on this subject.

I am, my dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. JOHNSTON.

*To Gilbert Blane, M. D. F. R. S. and one of the
Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen.*

Charles Domery, a native of Benche, on the frontiers of Poland, aged 21, was brought to the prison of Liverpool in February 1799, having been a soldier in the French service on board the *Hoche*, captured by the squadron under the command of Sir J. B. Warren, off Ireland.

He is one of nine brothers, who, with their father, have been remarkable for the voraciousness of their appetites. They were all placed early in the army; and the peculiar craving for food with this young man began at thirteen years of age.

He was allowed two rations in the army, and by his earnings, or the indulgence of his comrades, procured an additional supply.

When in the camp, if bread or meat were scarce, he made up the deficiency by eating four or five pounds of grass daily; and in one year devoured 174 cats (not their skins) dead or alive; and says, he had several

severe conflicts in the act of destroying them, by feeling the effect of their torments on his face and hands; sometimes he killed them before eating, but when very hungry, did not wait to perform this humane office.

Dogs and rats equally suffered from his merciless jaws; and if much pinched by famine, the entrails of animals indiscriminately became his prey. The above facts are attested by Picard, a respectable man, who was his comrade in the same regiment on board the *Hoche*, and is now present; and who assures me he has often seen him feed on those animals.

When the ship on board of which he was, had surrendered after an obstinate action, finding himself, as usual, hungry, and nothing else in his way but a man's leg, which was shot off, lying before him, he attacked it greedily, and was feeding heartily when a sailor snatched it from him, and threw it overboard.

Since he came to this prison, he has eaten one dead cat, and about twenty rats. But what he delights most in is raw meat, beef, or mutton, of which, though plentifully supplied by eating the rations of ten men daily, he complains he has not the same quantity, nor indulged in eating so much as he used to do, when in France. The French prisoners of war were at this time maintained at the expense of their own nation, and were each allowed the following daily ration:—twenty-six ounces of bread, half a pound of greens, two ounces of butter, or six ounces of cheese.

He often devours a bullock's liver raw, three pounds of candles, and a few pounds of raw beef, in one day, without tasting bread or vegetables, washing it down with water, if his allowance of beer is expended.

His subsistence at present, independent of his own rations, arises from the generosity of the prisoners, who give him a share of their allowance. Nor is his stomach confined to meat; for when in the hospital, where some of the patients refused to take their medicines, Domery

had no objection to perform this for them ; his stomach never rejected any thing, as he never vomits, whatever be the contents, or however large.

Wishing fairly to try how much he actually could eat in one day ; on the 17th of September, 1799, at four o'clock in the morning he breakfasted on four pounds of raw cow's udder ; at half-past nine, in presence of Dr. Johnston, commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, Admiral Child and his son, Mr. Forster, agent for prisoners, and several respectable gentlemen, he exhibited his power as follows :—There was set before him five pounds of raw beef, and twelve tallow candles of a pound weight, and one bottle of porter ; these he finished by half-past ten o'clock. At one o'clock there was again put before him five pounds of beef and one pound of candles, with three bottles of porter ; at which time he was locked up in the room, and sentries placed at the windows to prevent his throwing away any of his provisions. At two o'clock when I again saw him with two friends, he had nearly finished the whole of the candles, and a great part of the beef, but had neither evacuation by vomiting, stool, or urine ; his skin was cool, and pulse regular, and in good spirits. At a quarter past six, when he was to be returned to his prison, he had devoured the whole, and declared he could have ate more ; but from the prisoners without telling him we wished to make some experiment on him, he began to be alarmed. It is also to be observed, that the day was hot, and not having his usual exercise in the yard, it may be presumed he would have otherwise had a better appetite. On recapitulating the whole consumption of this day, it stands thus :—

Raw cow's udder	4 pounds.
Raw beef	10
Candles	2
Total	16 pounds, besides five bottles of porter.

The eagerness with which he attacks his beef when his stomach is not gorged, resembles the voracity of a hungry wolf, tearing off and swallowing it with canine greediness. When his throat is dry from continued exercise, he lubricates it by stripping the grease off the candles between his teeth, which he generally finishes at three mouthfuls, and wrapping the wick like a ball, string and all, sends it after at a swallow. He can, when no choice is left, make shift to dine on immense quantities of raw potatoes, or turnips; but, from choice, would never desire to taste bread or vegetables.

He is in every respect healthy, his tongue clean, and his eyes lively.

After he went to the prison, he danced, smoaked his pipe, and drank a bottle of porter; and, by four the next morning, he awoke with his usual ravenous appetite; which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef.

He is six feet three inches high, pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made but thin, his countenance rather pleasant, and is good-tempered.

The above is written from his own mouth, in the presence of, and attested by, Destauban, French Surgeon; Le Fournier, Steward of the Hospital; Revet, Commissaire de la Prison; Le Flem, Soldat de la sec Demi Brigade, and Thomas Cochrane, M. D. Inspector and Surgeon of the Prison, and Agent, &c. for Sick and Wounded Seamen.

Liverpool, Sept. 9, 1799.

(A true Copy.)

JOHN BYNON,

Clerk in the Office for Sick and Wounded Seamen.

Queries and Answers.

1. What are the circumstances of his sleep and perspiration?

He gets to bed about eight o'clock at night, immediately after which he begins to sweat, and that so profusely, as to be obliged to throw off his shirt. He feels

extremely hot, and in an hour or two after goes to sleep, which lasts until one in the morning, after which he always feels himself hungry, even though he had lain down with a full stomach. He then eats bread or beef, or whatever provision he may have reserved through the day; and if he has none he beguiles the time in smoking tobacco. About two o'clock he goes to sleep again, and awakes at five or six o'clock in the morning, in a violent perspiration, with great heat. This quits him on getting up; and when he has laid in a fresh cargo of raw meat (to use his own expression) he feels his body in a good state. He sweats while he is eating; and it is probably owing to this constant propensity to exhalation from the surface of the body, that his skin is commonly found to be cool.

2. What is his heat by the thermometer?

I have often tried it, and found it to be of the standard temperature of the human body. His pulse is now eighty-four; full and regular.

3. Can this ravenous appetite be traced higher than his father?

He knows nothing of his ancestors beyond his father. When he left the country, eleven years ago, his father was alive aged about fifty, a tall, stout man, always healthy, and can remember he was a great eater; but was too young to recollect the quantity, but that he eat his meat half boiled. He does not recollect that either himself or his brothers had any ailment, excepting the small-pox, which ended favourably with them all. He was then an infant. His face is perfectly smooth.

4. Is his muscular strength greater or less than that of other men at his time of life?

Though his muscles are pretty firm, I do not think they are so full or plump as those of most other men. He has, however, by his own declaration, carried a load of three hundred weight of flour in France, and marched 14 leagues in a day.

5. Is he dull, or intelligent?

He can neither read nor write, but is very intelligent and conversable, and can give a distinct and consistent answer to any question put to him. I have put a variety at different times, and in different shapes, tending to throw all the light possible on his history, and never found that he varied; so that I am inclined to believe that he adheres to truth.

6. Under what circumstance did his voracious disposition first come on?

It came on at the age of thirteen, as has been already stated. He was then in the service of Prussia at the siege of Thionville; they were at that time much straitened for provision, and as he found this did not suit him, he deserted into the town. He was conducted to the French General, who presented him with a large melon, which he devoured, rind and all, and then an immense quantity and variety of other species of food, to the great entertainment of that officer and his suite. From that time he has preferred raw to dressed meat: and when he eats a moderate quantity of what has been either roasted or boiled, he throws it up immediately. What is stated above, therefore, respecting his never vomiting, is not to be understood literally, but imports merely, that those things which are most nauseous to others had no effect upon his stomach.

There is nothing farther to remark but that since the attested narrative was drawn up he has repeatedly indulged himself in the cruel repasts before described, devouring the whole animal, except the skin, bones, and bowels: but this has been put a stop to, on account of the scandal which it justly excited.

In considering this case, it seems to afford some matters for reflection, which are not only objects of considerable novelty and curiosity, but interesting and important, by throwing light on the process by which the food is digested and disposed of.

Monstrosity and disease, whether in the structure

of parts, or in the functions and appetites, illustrate particular points of the animal economy, by exhibiting them in certain relations in which they are not to be met with in the common course of nature. The power of the stomach, in so quickly dissolving, assimilating and disposing of the aliment in ordinary cases, must strike every reflecting person with wonder; but the history of this case affords a more palpable proof, and more clear conception of these processes, just as objects of sight become more sensible and striking, when viewed by a magnifying glass, or when exhibited on a larger scale.

The facts here set forth tend also to place in a strong light the great importance of the discharge by the skin, and to prove that it is by this outlet, more than by the bowels, that the excrementitious parts of the aliment are evacuated: that there is an admirable co-operation established between the skin and the stomach, by means of that consent of parts so observable, and so necessary to the other functions of the animal economy: and, that the purpose of aliment is not merely to administer to the growth and repair of the body, but by its bulk and peculiar stimulus to maintain the play of the organs essential to life.

From such a subject as this the heart naturally revolts, and we are happy in closing so disagreeable a biography. May future records never be stained with another so detestable a creature as Charles Domery; so appalling to every natural and civilized feeling; so degrading to the human character. There are numerous instances of voracity in existence, but none so revolting to humanity as this.

THOMAS DAY.

THIS original and truly eccentric character was born in London on the 22d of June, 1748. His father dying

when Thomas was only thirteen months old, left his mother with the charge of educating and bringing him up. When of proper age, he was sent to the Charterhouse, and after remaining there eight or nine years, was removed at the age of sixteen to Corpus Christi-college, Oxford. Here the main object of his academical pursuits was the discovery of moral truths, which he investigated with the severity of logical induction, and the depth of metaphysical research. The result of all his inquiries was, that virtue was the true interests of man, and he therefore determined to pursue it as the most substantial good. It must certainly seem a very singular phenomenon, that a youth, just entered into the age of passions, in the vigor of health and spirits, in the affluence of fortune, and in this age, should dedicate his time, thoughts, and studies, to form in his mind the principles of action, by which he was ever afterwards to regulate his conduct. And it will appear still more extraordinary, when it is known, that during his whole future life, the principles and resolutions, which he had adopted at this early age, were the invariable rule by which all his actions were governed, with an uniformity and consistency seldom maintained through different periods of life, and from which he was not diverted by the dread of ridicule, so powerful over young minds, by the impulse of passions, by the false glare of ambition, by the allurements of pleasure, nor by the assimilating manners of the age.

His father, on his death, left him an estate of 1200*l.* per annum; and soon after that event his mother married a gentleman of the name of Philips, one of those ordinary characters who seek to supply an inherent want of consequence by an officious interference in circumstances with which they have no real concern. Mrs. Philips, with a jointure of 300*l.* a year out of her son's estate, had been left his guardian, in conjunction with another person, whom she influenced. Being herself under the influence of her husband, the domes-

tic situation of her son, was often rendered extremely uncomfortable. It may easily be supposed that he impatiently brooked the troublesome authority of a man whom he despised, and who had no claim upon his obedience, though he considered it his duty to treat the husband of his mother with some exterior deference and respect. She often repined at the narrowness of her jointure, and still more frequently expressed her anxiety lest her husband, who had no fortune of his own, should, by losing her, be deprived in the decline of life, of a comfortable subsistence. No sooner had young Day come of age and into possession of his estate, than he augmented his mother's jointure to four hundred pounds, and settled it on her husband during his life. Such bounty to one who had needlessly embittered so many years of his infancy and youth, affords incontestible evidence of a truly noble and elevated mind.

Mr. Day was a phenomenon rarely seen in these latter times, especially among persons of his rank in society. Even at that period "when youth, elate and gay, steps into life," he looked quite the philosopher. Powder and elegant clothes were at that time the appendages of gentlemen, but he wore neither. In person he was tall, and stooped in the shoulders; he was full made, but not corpulent; and in his pensive and melancholy air were blended awkwardness and dignity. Though his features bore the traces of a severe small-pox, yet they were interesting and agreeable.

His moral character was moulded after the antique model of the most virtuous citizens of Greece and Rome. He proudly imposed on himself rigid abstinence, even from the most innocent pleasures; nor would he allow any action to be virtuous that was performed from the hope of a reward here or hereafter. This severity of principal had, however the effect of rendering him rather sceptical towards the doctrines of revealed religion. Strict integrity, active friendship, openhanded

bounty, and diffusive charity, greatly over-balanced the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of common-life society, which marked his character. For such miseries as spring from refinement and the softer affections, he had no sympathy; but evinced genuine compassion for the sufferings of cold and hunger. To the pleasure of relieving these he nobly sacrificed all the parade of life and all the gratifications of luxury. For polished society he expressed supreme contempt, and cherished a particular aversion for the modern plans of female education, ascribing to their influence the disappointment he experienced from the fickleness of a young lady to whom he had paid his addresses. He, nevertheless, thought it his duty to marry; he indulged systematic ideas of the powers of philosophic tuition to produce future virtue, and took great delight in moulding the mind of infancy and youth.

The distinctions of birth and the advantages of wealth were ever regarded with contempt. He resolved that the woman whom he should choose for his wife, should have a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy. She would thus be a fit companion in that retirement to which he had destined himself, and might assist in forming the minds of his children to stubborn virtue and high exertion. He likewise resolved that in her dress, her diet, and her manners she should be simple as a mountain-girl, fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines. The most romantic philosopher could not expect to find such a creature ready made to his hands, and Mr. Day was soon convinced of the necessity of moulding some infant into the being his fancy had pictured.

To the accomplishment of this plan he proceeded in the following manner. When he came of age, he procured credentials of his moral probity, and with these he travelled to Shrewsbury, accompanied by his friend the late Mr. Bicknel, then a barrister in considerable

practice, to explore the hospital for foundling girls in that town. From among the little inmates of this institution, Mr. Day, in the presence of his friend, selected two of twelve years. They were both beautiful; the one, fair, with flaxen locks and light eyes, he called Lucretia; the other, a clear auburn brunette, with darker eyes, more glowing bloom and chesnut tresses, he named Sabrina. The written conditions on which he obtained these girls were to this effect: that, within a year he should place one of them with some reputable tradeswoman, giving one hundred pounds to bind her apprentice, and maintaining her, if she behaved well, till she married or began business for herself, in either of which cases he promised to advance four hundred more. He avowed his intention of keeping and educating the other, with a view to make her his wife; solemnly engaging never to violate her innocence, and if he should renounce his plan, to maintain her in some creditable family till she married, when he promised to give five hundred pounds as her wedding portion. For the performance of this contract Mr. Bicknel was guarantee.

With these girls Mr. Day immediately went to France, and that they might imbibe no ideas but such as he chose to communicate, he took with him in this excursion not a single English servant. Notwithstanding all his philosophy, his young companions harassed and perplexed him not a little; they were perpetually quarrelling, and at length, falling sick of the small-pox, they chained him to their bed-side by crying and screaming if they were left a moment with any person who could not speak to them in their native language. Their protector was therefore not only obliged to sit up with them many nights, but also to perform for them the lowest offices that are required of a nurse or a domestic. Health returned, and with it all their former beauty. Soon after the recovery of his wards, Mr. Day was crossing the Rhone with them, on a tempestuous day, when the boat

overset. Being an excellent swimmer he saved them both, though not without considerable difficulty and danger to himself.

After a tour of eight months, during which his patience and perseverance had been abundantly exercised, he returned to England, heartily glad to separate the little squabblers. Sabrina having become the favourite, he placed the fair Lucretia with a chamber milliner; she behaved well, and afterwards married a respectable linen-draper in London. He committed Sabrina to the care of Mr. Bicknel's mother, while he settled his affairs at his own mansion-house, Bear-hill in Berkshire, from which filial tenderness would not permit him to remove his mother.

About this time the fame of Dr. Darwin's talents induced Mr. Day to visit Litchfield. Thither in the spring of 1770 he conducted the beauteous Sabrina, then 19 years old, and took for twelve months a pleasant mansion in the little green valley of Stowe. Here he resumed his endeavours to implant in the mind of his charge the characteristic virtues of Arria, of Portia, and Cornelia, but his experiments were not attended with the desired success. He found it impossible to fortify her mind against the dread of pain and the sense of danger; when he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms she did not endure it without flinching, and when he fired at her petticoats pistols which she believed to be charged with balls, she could not forbear starting, and expressing her apprehensions by violent screams. More than once when he tried her fidelity in keeping pretended secrets, he discovered that she had communicated them to the servants and to her playfellows. She manifested an aversion to study and books, which afforded little promise of ability that should one day be responsible for the education of youths who were to emulate the Gracchi.

In these experiments Mr. Day persisted, to his uniform disappointment, during the year he spent in the neigh-

bourhood of Litchfield. The difficulty consisted in giving Sabrina a motive for exertion, heroism, and self-denial. His plan rejected the usual sources—pecuniary reward, luxury, ambition, and vanity. His vigilance had kept her in total ignorance of the value of money, the reputation of beauty, and the love of dress. The only inducement which she could have to subdue the natural preference of ease and sport to pain and the labour of thinking, was the desire of pleasing her protector, and in this desire fear had a much larger share than affection. At length, discouraged by so many fruitless trials, he renounced all hope of moulding Sabrina into the being he had so fondly imaged, and relinquishing his intention of making her his wife, he placed her at a boarding-school at Sutton Coldfield in Warwickshire.*

* Sabrina remained here three years, grew elegant and amiable, and gained the esteem of her instructress. On her leaving school Mr. Day allowed her fifty pounds per annum. She resided some years near Birmingham, and afterwards at Newport in Shropshire, securing herself friends by the strict propriety of her conduct and her virtues. In her twenty-sixth year, two years after Mr. Day's marriage his friend Mr. Bicknel offered his hand to Sabrina. She accepted his addresses, rather from motives of prudence than of passion, but became one of the best and most affectionate of wives. On her asking Mr. Day's consent to this match, his reply was, "I do not refuse my consent to your marrying Mr. Bicknel; but remember you have not asked my advice." Faithful to his promise he gave her on this occasion a portion of five hundred pounds.

The issue of this marriage was two boys, the eldest of whom was five years old when Mr. Bicknel was removed from his family by the hand of death. As he had no patrimonial fortune, and had always lived up to his income, his widow was left without any provision for herself and her infants. In this situation Mr. Day allowed her thirty pounds a year, in aid, as he said, of the efforts he expected her to make for the maintenance of her children. A subscription was made among the gentlemen of the bar, and the sum of 800*l.* was raised for the use of Mrs. Bicknel and her sons. This excellent woman lived many years with the late Dr. Burney, of Greenwich, as his house-

His confidence in the power of education began to falter, and his aversion to modern elegance subsided. During his residence in the vale of Stowe he had enjoyed daily opportunities of conversing with the beautiful Miss Honora Sneyd, of Litchfield, the object of the inextinguishable passion of the gallant and unfortunate Major André.* The mental and personal accomplishments of this lady made such a deep impression on the

keeper and assistant in the cares of his academy, where she was treated with every mark of esteem and respect due to her virtues. Mrs. Day continued the allowance made by her husband to Mrs. Bicknel, and bequeathed its continuance from her own fortune during the life of the latter.

* The latter end of September, 1780, was remarkable for the defection of the American General Arnold, who proved a valuable acquisition to the British cause, yet too dearly purchased by the degradation and death of the brave and amiable Major André, who volunteered his services to make arrangements with Arnold on the occasion. General Arnold was a man of elevated condition and elegant manners, who had, of course, been in high repute in the American cause; but his disposition to unbounded expense, and fondness for a superb existence, weakened the confidence of his countrymen, and determined him on turning his arms against them. By some accident Major André was compelled to remain disguised within the American lines all night, and was discovered after he had passed them on his way to a passage leading to New York the next morning. He was seized, confined, tried, and sentenced to be hanged as a spy, notwithstanding every remonstrance that could be urged against it. He appears to have wanted even common artifice on his trial, instead of possessing sufficient for the character of which he was suspected. He received the sentence without alarm or dejection, acknowledged the politeness with which he was treated during his captivity, and only solicited the sad privilege of dying by the musket like a soldier, and not by the cord, like a common felon. Uninformed whether his request would be granted, he walked with firmness, composure, and dignity, towards the place of execution, arm in arm with the officers of his guard. At sight of the preparations which announced the disgrace reserved for his final moments, he exclaimed with emotion, "What! must I die in this manner?" But soon recovering his composure, he added, "it will be but a momentary pang." With an unruffled countenance he ascended the cart, desiring that the specta-

heart of Mr. Day, that he made her an offer of his hand. She admired his talents, respected his virtues, but found

tors would attest his courage at the great moment of the termination of his existence. His fate occupied the interest and tears of Europe. His sufferings formed the subject of a melancholy ballad in France, even the country that became his enemy; and his name is immortalized in the harmonious verse of his friend, the tender and elegant Anna Seward.—*Martial Register*, vol. iii. p. 89, 90.

Disappointment in love seems to have been the real cause of André's joining the army. In a letter to Miss Seward, written at the age of eighteen, he says: "I know you interest yourself in my destiny: I have now completely subdued my aversion to the profession of a merchant, and hope in time to acquire an inclination for it. Yet, God forbid I should ever love what I am to make the object of my attention; that vile trash, which I care not for, but only as it may be the future means of procuring the blessing of my soul. Thus all my mercantile calculations go to the tune of *dear Honora*. When an impertinent consciousness whispers in my ear, that I am not of the right stuff for a merchant, I draw my Honora's picture from my bosom, and the sight of that dear talisman so inspirits my industry, that no toil appears oppressive.

"I am going to try my interest in parliament; how you stare! it is to procure a frank. Be so good as to give the inclosed to Honora; *it* will speak *to her*; and do you say every thing that is kind for me to every *other* distinguished friend of the dressing-room circle; encourage them in their obliging desire of scribbling in your letters, but don't let them take Honora's corner of the sheet."

He also at this period drew two miniatures of Miss Honora Sneyd, one of which he retained, and the other he presented to Miss Seward. But this fervent attachment met with some family obstructions, and although they were mutually engaged to each other, their union was prevented by parental authority; four years after which Miss Sneyd married another gentleman: and she died a few months before André suffered death at Tappan.

But André's attachment was of such singular constancy, that he never could forget the object of his early love, and upon the tidings of Honora's marriage he quitted his profession as a merchant, and joined our army in America. Still he could not root it from his memory; and in a letter to a friend, written during his captivity, he says, "I have been taken prisoner by the Americans, and stripped of every thing except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Pre-

it impossible to love him, and candidly told him so. He now transferred his heart to her sister Elizabeth, a

serving that, I yet think myself fortunate." Well might Miss Seward in her Monody exclaim—

' Oh! when such pairs their kindred spirit find,
When sense and virtue deck each spotless mind,
Hard is the doom that shall the union break,
And fate's dark billow rises o'er the wreck.

Now prudence, in her cold and thrifty care,
Frown'd on the maid, and bade the youth despair;
For pow'r parental sternly saw, and strove
To tear the lily bands of plighted love;
Nor strove in vain;—but while the fair one's sighs
Disperse, like April storms in sunny skies,
The firmer lover, with unswerving truth,
To his first passion consecrates his youth;
Tho' four long years a night of absence prove,
Yet hope's soft star shone trembling on his love;
Till hov'ring rumour chas'd the pleasing dream,
And veil'd with raven-wing the silver beam.'

Where is there a greater instance of devoted love than this? History records not one. Too much a christian to meet death by his own hands, as a consolation, he quits the land of his birth, and in a far distant country strives to forget his sorrows, by gaining "reputation even in the cannon's mouth." The premature death of Honora is not at all surprising; when every moment of her life must have been imbittered by the remembrance of André's devoted attachment, however its anguish might have been assuaged by the kindness of her husband. Oh ye narrow-minded parents, who strive to thwart your children's affections, let the fate of André be another recorded instance to warn you of the folly, nay the wickedness and the crime, of such gilded barbarity.

Adieu André, many a tear will still be shed for thy fate; thou wast not degraded in thy death, the cord of the common hangman was as honourable to thee as the musket of the soldier; thy pure spirit could not be dishonoured in its passage from this frail earthly state, to those mansions of pure and everlasting bliss, that await such spotless mortals as thee. In his last moments he might have anticipated the words of the gallant Porlier, sacrificed by the besotted government of Ferdinand the VIIth of Spain, in the winter of 1815. "Be not affected," said

very engaging young lady, though far inferior to Honora, and she, with equal candor, acknowledged that she could have loved him, had he acquired the manners and habits of society, instead of those austere singularities for which he was remarkable.

To these our philosopher now began to ascribe all the disappointments he had hitherto experienced in love. He told Elizabeth, that, for her sake, he would renounce his prejudices against external refinements, and endeavour to acquire them ; for which purpose he would go to Paris, and place himself for a year under the tuition of dancing and fencing masters. This he actually did, but, notwithstanding the many painful restraints to which he submitted, and the incessant assiduity with which he studied to acquire in his air, manners, and address, the graceful ease and polished exterior of a man of the

he, " at the kind of death they inflict upon me, since it can dishonour only the wicked, but covers the good with honour and glory."

A monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey bears the following inscription :—

Sacred to the memory of MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,
Who, raised by his merit at an early period of his life to the rank of
ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN AMERICA,
and employed in an important but hazardous enter-
prise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and
Country, on the 2nd of October, 1780, aged 29;
universally beloved and esteemed by the army in
which he served, and lamented even by his foes.
His gracious sovereign, King George III. has caused
this monument to be erected.

A sarcophagus on the front represents General Washington in his tent, at the moment when he had received the report of the court-martial held on Major André ; at the same time a flag of truce arrived from the British army, with a letter for General Washington to treat for the Major's life. But the fatal sentence being passed, the flag was sent back without the hoped for clemency in his favour. In the year 1822, André's remains were brought from America by command of the Duke of York, and interred near his monument in Westminster Abbey.

world, he was unable entirely to conquer habits to which time had given such strength.

He now returned to England, but only to endure fresh disappointments. The attempts he made with visible effort to assume the polish of fashionable life, and the showy dress in which he presented himself to his fair one, appeared infinitely more ungraceful and unbecoming than his natural simplicity of manners and of garb. She confessed that Thomas Day, blackguard, as he jestingly styled himself, was much less displeasing to her eye than Thomas Day, fine gentleman.

After such sacrifices and such efforts, it is easy to conceive what must now have been his mortification. Relinquishing his hopeless suit, he resumed his accustomed plainness of attire, and neglect of his person. He again visited the continent, where he passed another year, and returned to England in 1773. From that period he resided chiefly in London, where, amid the select circle to which he confined himself, he often met the elegant Miss Esther Mills, of Derbyshire. Brought up amid the luxuries, and possessing the accomplishments suited to her large fortune, this lady had cultivated her understanding by books, and her virtues by benevolence. She soon discovered his talents and his merit, and in her eyes the unpolished stoic possessed irresistible charms. Her regard for him manifested itself in the most unequivocal manner; but repeated disappointment had caused Mr. Day to look with distrust on all female attention, however flattering. It was not till after years of modest yet tender devotion, that he deigned to ask Miss Mills, if, for his sake, she could renounce all the pleasures, all the luxuries, all the ostentation of the world; if, after procuring the ordinary comforts of life, she could resolve to employ the surplus of her fortune in clothing the naked and feeding the hungry; if she could bury herself with him in the country, and shun, through the rest of her life, the infectious taint of society.

Had not the heart of Miss Mills been influenced by the most devoted attachment, she could scarcely have assented to such proposals. They were, however, gladly accepted; but something more remained. Mr. Day insisted that her whole fortune should be settled upon her, totally out of his controul, that if ever she grew tired of such a system of life, she might return to that to which she had been accustomed, whenever she pleased.

Having, upon these conditions, made Miss Mills his wife, Mr. Day retired with her to his estate at Stapleford, in Essex, in the year 1779. Mrs. Day had no carriage, no servant of her own, no luxury of any kind. Music, to which she was strongly attached, was deemed trivial, and she accordingly banished her harpsichord and music books. Mr. Day made frequent experiments on her temper and her affection; and never did the most dependent wife make such absolute sacrifices to the most imperious husband, as did this lady, who was in secure possession of an affluent independence, and of whom nothing was required as a duty.

It was not long after his marriage that Mr. Day began to compose the *History of Sandford and Merton*, a work on which it is unnecessary to pass any eulogium here. Its general adoption as a book of education, by enlightened parents and instructors of youth, sufficiently attests the merits of Mr. Day's labours. He was likewise the author of two noble poems, which appeared previous to *Sandford and Merton*. These were "*The Devoted Legions*, and *The Dying Negro*." The third edition of the latter he dedicated to Rousseau, in language replete with energy and every grace of eloquence.

The useful life of Mr. Day was cut short in its meridian. He fell a victim on the 28th of September, 1789, to one of his uncommon systems. He thought so highly of the gratitude and sensibility of horses, that whenever they were vicious or unruly, he conceived it to be owing to previous ill usage. Having reared a favourite foal, he

resolved to accustom him to the bit and the burden himself without the assistance of a horse-breaker. He accordingly mounted the animal, which, disliking this new kind of treatment, plunged, threw his master, who was not a good horseman, and with his heels struck him a blow on the head, which instantly proved fatal.

A monument to his memory was erected by his disconsolate widow in Wargrave Church, Berkshire, with the following inscription:—

In memory of THOMAS DAY, Esq.

Who died September 28, 1789,

Aged 41 years;

After having promoted by the energy of his writings, and encouraged by the uniformity of his example, the unremitting exercise of every public and private virtue.

Beyond the reach of time or fortune's power
Remain, cold stone, remain and mark the hour
When all the noblest gifts that Heav'n e'er gave,
Were centred in a dark untimely grave.

Oh! taught on reason's boldest wings to rise,
And catch each glimm'ring of the opening skies;

Oh, gentle bosom! Oh, unsullied mind!

Oh! friend to truth, to virtue, to mankind!

Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine.

So deeply was Mrs. Day affected by his loss, that it is said she never afterwards saw the sun; but, confining herself to her bed, within the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day, she rose only at night, and wandered alone in her garden, amid the gloom that was congenial to her sorrows. She survived her adored husband two years, and expired of a broken heart. They left no issue.

About three years after Mr. Day's residence at Stapleford, he removed to another estate which he had in Surry, at Anningsley near Chertsey, where he remained during the remainder of his life. This estate being much uncultivated, gave him an opportunity of practising

agriculture to a considerable extent. To this occupation he was strongly attached by several motives. As it is of all arts the most beneficial to mankind, he thought it deserved the most encouragement. He considered the people employed in it as the stamina, if the expression may be allowed, of the human species: or as the source which supplies the waste of mankind in the other degenerating classes of men. The improvement of his land gave him an opportunity of employing a number of labourers, and consequently of doing them most good, by relieving their wants while he encouraged their industry. And as there are times of the year, such as the short days of winter, when the covetous farmers discharge many of their labourers, so that the industrious poor are often distressed, Mr. Day never failed to employ as many as should apply to him for work at these seasons. On these truly laudable principles, Mr. Day continued to act as long as he lived; at the same time devoting his private life to the exercise of humanity and friendship, and the punctual discharge of every duty. To enumerate the instances of his bounty, and the pains he took in supplying the wants and relieving the distresses of his fellow creatures, were to write the minutes of his life. It is enough to say, that the larger portion of his income was dedicated to these purposes; and that he confined his own expenses within the strictest bounds of moderation and economy; both that he might be enabled to be more liberal to others, and that he might, as far as his example might influence, resist the opposite excess of prodigality and vanity which too generally prevails. He had contemplated much on the manners of different ages; and he thought that the present was distinguished by vanity, luxury, and effeminacy. He had often occasion to observe, in the numerous applications made to him for pecuniary relief, the frequent distress produced in different ranks by the affectation of gentility, and representation of a station superior to

what they in truth possessed. In his own conduct, therefore, he gave an example consonant with his principles; for he lived in a style inferior indeed in appearance to his fortune, but with an hospitality and plenty that were not confined, as in some more splendid mansions, to those who resided within the walls. A friend of his observing his mode of living, and judging of him by general rules, a method perfectly fallacious when applied to those who think and act for themselves, wrote to him a letter seriously bidding him beware of avarice; not conceiving that whatever was saved from ostentation and luxury, was given to want and misery.

THOMAS HILLS EVERITT.

THIS prodigious child, an extraordinary instance of the sudden and rapid increase of the human body, was born on the 7th of February 1779. His father, a mould-paper mark-maker, conducted the paper-mills by the side of Enfield Marsh, and was about thirty-six years of age; the mother was forty-two, but neither of the parents was remarkable for either size or stature. Thomas was their fifth child, and the eldest of the three living in 1780 was twelve years old, and rather small of his age; but the paternal grandfather was of a size larger than ordinary. They had another son of uncommon size, who died of the measles in January 1774, at the age of fifteen months.

Thomas was not remarkably large when born, but began, when six weeks old, to grow apace, and attained a most extraordinary size. At the age of nine months and two weeks, his dimensions were taken by Mr. Sherwen, an ingenious surgeon residing at Enfield, and compared with those of a lusty boy seven years old. The result was as follows:—



Engraved by R. Cooper

THOMAS HILLS EVERETT,

Aged Eleven Months.

Published by J. Robins & Co. Albion Press, London. June 1, 1822

	Dimensions of the child. Inches.	Of the boy. Inches.
Girth round the wrist	6 $\frac{3}{4}$	— 4 $\frac{3}{4}$
Ditto above the elbow	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	— 6 $\frac{1}{4}$
Ditto of the leg near the ancle . .	9 $\frac{3}{4}$	— 6 $\frac{1}{4}$
Ditto of the calf of the leg	12	— 9
Ditto round the thigh	18	— 12 $\frac{1}{4}$
Ditto round the small of the back .	24	— 22
Ditto under the arm-pits and across the breast	22 $\frac{3}{4}$	— 24

Mr. Sherwen who, in November, 1779, transmitted the above account to Mr. Planta, secretary of the Royal Society, added, that he should have been glad to have given the solid contents of animal substance, but was prevented by the vulgar prejudice entertained by the mother against weighing children. He could therefore only say that, when she exposed to view his legs, thighs, and broad back, it was impossible to be impressed with any other idea than that of seeing a young giant. His weight was, however, guessed at nine stone, and his height at this period was three feet one inch and a quarter.

The child was soon afterwards conveyed to the house of a relation in Great Turnstile, Holborn; but the confined situation had such an effect on his health, that it was found necessary to carry him back to his native air. His extraordinary size tempted his parents to remove him again to the metropolis, and to exhibit him to the public. His dimensions, as stated in the hand-bills distributed at the place of exhibition, and under a picture of Mrs. Everitt and her son, published in January 1780, from which the annexed print is copied, were taken when he was eleven months old. His height was then three feet three inches; his girth round the breast, two feet six inches; the loins, three feet one inch; the thigh, one

foot ten inches; the leg, one foot two inches; the arm, eleven inches and a half; the wrist, nine inches. *

He was well-proportioned all over, and subsisted entirely on the breast. His countenance was comely, but had rather more expression than is usual at his age, and was exceedingly pleasing, from his being uncommonly good-tempered. He had very fine hair, pure skin, free from any blemish, was extremely lively, and had a bright clear eye. His head was rather smaller in proportion than his other parts. From these circumstances Mr. Sherwen ventured to prognosticate that he was as likely to arrive at maturity, accidental diseases excepted, as any child he ever saw. This opinion might, undoubtedly, have been well founded, notwithstanding the child's death, which took place about the middle of 1780, before he had attained the age of eighteen months.

ÆSOP.

THE knowledge of the Egyptians was concealed in hieroglyphics and other mysterious characters; that of the Grecians in symbols and emblematical allusions: but Æsop having penetrated through the veil they had

* Children of remarkably large growth have frequently been exhibited to the public, but generally at the age of five or six years. In 1782, a gigantic child, whose name was Isaac Butterfield, born at Keighley, near Leeds, February 20, 1781, was exhibited in Spring Gardens. In November, 1782, he measured, (according to the advertisement in the public papers,) three feet in height, thirteen inches round the arm, two feet two inches round his thigh, sixteen inches round the shoulders, and weighed near an hundred weight. These dimensions, if they may be depended on, exceed those of Everitt. The child died in Spring Gardens, February 1, 1783.—*Environs of London by the Rev. Mr. Lysons.*

thrown over her, brought all their mysteries to light, and wrapped them up in fables. His life has been recorded by Planudes and other writers of antiquity, from whom the following has been taken.

Æsop lived in the time of Solon, about the fifteenth Olympiad, about five or six hundred years before Christ. He was born at Ammonius, in Phrygia the Greater; a town in itself obscure, though, from its being the birth-place of Æsop, might successfully have entered into competition as a rival with those cities that with a noble emulation contended for the birth of Homer.

All agree that his person was uncommonly deformed, insomuch that the Thersites of Homer seems to be but an imperfect transcript of him. His head was long, nose flat, lips thick and pendant, a hump back, and complexion dark, from which he contracted his name, (Æsopus being the same with Æthiops), large belly, and bow legs; but his greatest infirmity was, that his speech was slow, inarticulate, and very obscure. Such was the person of Æsop. But as nature often sets the most refulgent gems where they would be least expected, so she endowed this extraordinary man with an accomplished mind, capable of the most sublime and elevated ideas. His station in life also, as well as his person, was mean and contemptible; the former part of which was spent in the most abject poverty, and the latter in slavery, till a few years before his death.

His first master, under whose dominion he then groaned, finding him incapable of any domestic business, employed him in the field, where, not long after, he gave the first testimony of his ingenuity. It happened one day, when his master was walking in the field, that a labourer presented him with some delicious figs; which he immediately gave to the care of Agathopodus, another of his servants, till he returned from the bath. But he, in league with his fellow servant, agreed to eat them, and lay the guilt upon Æsop. When the master

returned, they loudly accused Æsop of eating the figs. The master, enraged, sent for Æsop, and asked him what could induce him to eat the figs he had ordered to be reserved? Not answering readily in his defence, he was ordered to be punished; but, falling at his master's feet, he implored him to suspend the punishment: in which interval he ran and fetched some warm water and drank it; then, putting his finger down his throat, he caused the water to return, for he had eaten nothing that day. He then requested that his accusers might be ordered to do the same, which his master approving, they were told to do; and the consequence was, that Æsop's innocence was apparent, and his enemies received the punishment they so justly deserved.

The day following his master returned to the city, and Æsop was remanded to his labour, when he met two priests of Diana who had lost their way. They commanded him, in the name of Jove, to direct them into the most regular track; which he not only performed, but refreshed them with meat; for which kindness he gained their good wishes, as well as prayers.

Æsop returning to his task, oppressed with care and labour, lay down to sleep; and in a dream beheld Fortune standing by him, gratifying him with volubility of language, and the ability of wrapping up his ideas in the form of apologues. Immediately starting up, he exclaimed, "O wonderful! in what a charming trance have I been; for, behold, I speak fluently, and can register each creature by its name. This certainly is the reward of my compliance to the strangers." Overjoyed, he went to his labour. Having committed some fault, Zenas, overseer of the field, struck him. "You are always" said Æsop, "punishing him that offends you not. If my master knew it, he would, no doubt, revenge these stripes." Zenas, filled with enmity, and astonished to hear him speak fluently, resolved, (by way of prevention, lest he should be discharged as an unjust

steward), to accuse him to his master; whom, not long after, he accosted, desiring the gods to protect him. Upon which his master inquired, what it was that discomposed him? Zenas replied, "Something wonderful in the field." The master asked, what the wonder could be? He answered, "Æsop, who was thought dumb, has now found utterance and elocution." His master observed, "this will be ruinous to thee, in whose estimation he was reputed a monster." Zenas rejoined, "What he hath spitefully spoken against me I should have buried in silence; but against you and the gods he hath uttered intolerable curses." This so incensed his master, that he ordered him to be sold for a slave, as a recompense for his ingratitude and impiety.

No sooner had Zenas got Æsop in his power than he informed him how he was to be disposed of, to whom he replied, "Do your pleasure." Shortly after which a merchant coming to buy cattle, met Zenas, who told him, that though he had no cattle, he had a man slave to sell. The merchant, hearing this, desired to see him: Æsop being introduced, he burst into laughter, saying, "Had I not been convinced by his voice, I should have taken him for a blown bladder. Why did you draw me aside to shock my eyes with such a deformed monster?" As he departed, Æsop desired him to stop. The merchant replied, "Begone you filthy cur." Æsop then requested to know for what cause he came thither. He replied, "To buy something of value, not such a worthless thing as thou art." Æsop then pressed him to buy him, promising he should find him worth his money. The merchant desired him to explain himself. "Have you at home," said Æsop, "any testy children?—I shall supply the place of bugbear, to terrify them into silence." Zenas was then asked what he would take for that uncouth creature? "Three halfpence," said he. The merchant paid the price, observing, that with nothing he had bought nothing.

When they were come near home, two of the merchant's children seeing Æsop, testified their fear by crying.—“Now, sir,” said Æsop, “you see the effect of my promise.” As they went into the house the merchant, smiling, commanded Æsop to salute his fellow-servants; who, when they beheld his deformity, exclaimed, “what could induce our master to bring such a wretch into his family.”

Shortly after this the merchant ordered all things to be got ready for an intended journey into Asia. When they were assigning to each servant his proportion of burden, Æsop desired, it being his first time, that he might have the lightest. His request being granted, he took up the basket of bread; at which the other slaves laughed, considering that burden enough for two. But when dinner time approached, Æsop, who had with great difficulty sustained his load, was commanded to set it down, and distribute an equal share of the bread to the other slaves. His load being thus diminished one half, he pursued his journey with pleasure. At supper time he was again ordered to distribute of his load; after which, the basket being emptied, the next morning he led the van, and obliged those, who before had treated him with contempt, to applaud his ingenuity.

Being arrived at Ephesus, and having sold divers of his slaves to good advantage, the merchant was persuaded to sail with the last three to Samos; namely, Cantor, a native of Cappadocia, and Grammaticus, born in Lydia; two persons of large dimensions; and Æsop. In order that he might the better sell the two former, he dressed them in new clothes; but supposing no art could improve him, he clothed Æsop in sackcloth, which exposed him as well to derision as to sale. Among those who came to buy was Xanthus, an eminent philosopher of Samos, attended by his scholars; who, having viewed the slaves, and seeing Æsop placed in the midst,

supposed he was placed there that the other two might appear to a greater advantage.

The philosopher first addressed himself to Cantor, demanding what he could perform. "All things," said he. Xanthus then asked what price was set upon him. The merchant replied, "a thousand halfpence." Xanthus, displeased at the price, went to the other, and asked him what he could do. He also replied, "All things." The philosopher then asked the price of Grammaticus. He was told "three thousand halfpence." Xanthus, thinking this also too much, declared he would buy no servants that were rated at so high a price. Upon which the scholars suggested to Xanthus to buy Æsop, saying they would pay for him. "'Tis not fit," said Xanthus, "that I should buy him, and you make good the payment. Besides, my wife would be much displeased to have such a mis-shapen person to wait upon her!" The scholars replied, "We are not always obliged to comply with the desires of a woman; therefore let us examine this deformed creature." Xanthus, turning to Æsop, bid him be comforted. "Was I ever sad?" replied Æsop. "Of what place are you a native?" said the philosopher. "I am a negro," said Æsop. "I do not ask you that, but where you were born." Æsop answered, "of my mother." "Neither did I ask that," said Xanthus. "But what place were you born in?" "My mother never informed me, whether above or below." "What can you perform?" "Nothing," replied Æsop, "the two former having told you they can do all things, there remains nothing for me to do." "Are you willing," said Xanthus, "that I should buy you?" "You ought," answered Æsop, "to judge for yourself. Why do you ask me? if you are willing, pay down the price, and make an end of the business." "If I buy you," said Xanthus, "you will try to escape." "If I do," said Æsop, "I shall not come to you for advice, as you do now to me." "But thou art deformed."

"A philosopher," replied Æsop, "should not only view the body, but examine the mind." The scholars, pleased with his ingenious replies, again requested Xanthus to buy him. He therefore asked the merchant what price was set upon him; who answered, "Surely thy design is to debase my commodities. Thou hast declined the best to take the worst." However, Xanthus, desirous of buying him, again asked the price; which, when known, the scholars paid, and Xanthus took him into possession.

When they came near home, Xanthus commanded Æsop to wait in the porch, lest his deformity should offend his wife; whom Xanthus thus addressed. "Mistress, you shall have no cause for the future to be discontented, for there is a servant in the porch as handsome as ever was beheld." At this the maids smiled, and contended who should first oblige him. The wife of Xanthus ordered one of them to fetch him. Æsop, overhearing her, prepared to enter. The maid, amazed at his deformity, cried, "Art thou he?" "Yes, sure," said Æsop. "Enter not," replied the maid, "unless you mean to frighten us all out of the house." But Æsop persisted, and appeared before his mistress; who, upon seeing him, thus addressed Xanthus. "What monster is this you have brought? Discharge him instantly." At the same time declaring he had much offended her, and desiring he would return that with which she had enriched him, and she would abandon that unhappy mansion. On this Xanthus rebuked Æsop, who had discovered so much ingenuity before, that he was silent now. "Cast her off," said Æsop. "Away with you, villain," replied he. "My love and my life are so incorporated into hers, as if one heart alone managed two bodies." At which Æsop, stamping, said that Xanthus was under the dominion of his wife; and turning to his mistress, said, "You, madam, would have had the philosopher have brought you a young handsome fellow, whose attractions might feed your vanity,

but at the same time might endanger your reputation: Oh, Euripides, thy mouth was a golden one, for these words came out of it! 'Great is the effort of the sea, when its waves swell into sedition, and obey no law; and the flame or impression of devouring fire, poverty, is a ruinous condition; and there are many things intolerable, but nothing equal to an impetuous woman.' You, being the wife of a philosopher, should not be attended by such persons as would bring philosophy into disrepute." She, being unable to contradict him, asked Xanthus where he had purchased this beauty. "The handsomeness of his ingenuity," said she, "doth recompense for the deformity of his person; my dislike of him is extinguished." "Your mistress," said Xanthus to Æsop, "is now reconciled." Æsop ironically replied, "'Tis a difficult matter, sure, to appease a woman." "For the future," said Xanthus, "be silent; I bought you to obey, not to contradict."

The day following, Xanthus, going to the garden to buy herbs, commanded Æsop to accompany him. When the gardener had gathered the herbs, he intrusted them to Æsop. When they were paid for, the gardener asked Xanthus, what was the natural reason that the herbs which he planted did not improve with that quick and active growth, as those which were Nature's voluntary production? Xanthus, not being able to answer the question, thus replied, "It thus happened from that order and series of Providence that threaded together inferior causes and their effects." At which Æsop smiled. "Do you laugh at me?" said Xanthus. "I laugh at you," answered he, "and not you only, but him that taught you." Upon which Xanthus, addressing himself to the gardener, said, "It is not fit for me, who have disputed in learned auditories, to unravel questions in a garden. My servant here will solve the difficulty." The gardener replied, "Is there knowledge treasured up in this sordid vessel?" At which Æsop was offended, and asked the

gardener this question :—"When a widow is engaged in second nuptials she is mother to the issue of her first marriage, but step mother to the children of her second husband. Those, to whom by the proper obligations of nature her affections are entitled, she affects and values more than those to whom she is mother only by accidental relation ; so it is here, the earth is a step mother to those plants which are incorporated into her womb by art, but a mother to those which are her own free production." The gardener was so well satisfied with his reply, that he gave him liberty to gather what herbs he might at any time want, as a recompense.

Some days after this, Xanthus, having met with some friends at the bath, and intending to invite them to dinner, ordered Æsop to go directly home and boil some lentils. He went, as enjoined, and only boiled one. Xanthus, after bathing, accordingly invited his friends, informing them, that though their fare would be but scanty, yet he was confident they would take the will for the deed. When they came home, Xanthus ordered Æsop to bring something to drink ; who taking some water from the stream of the bath presented it to Xanthus. At which he was offended, and asked Æsop where he had brought it from ? "From the bath," said Æsop. Xanthus, on account of his friends, concealed his anger, and called for a bason, which Æsop having brought, stood still. Xanthus asked him, "Do you not wash?" he replied, "'Tis for you to command, me to obey. But to put water into the bason was no part of the command." Upon which Xanthus asked his friends whether they thought he had bought a servant? Who replied, that, in their opinion he had rather purchased a master. Xanthus now asked if dinner was ready? When Æsop, putting the lentil into a shell, presented it to his master ; who, having tried if it was boiled enough, ordered him to serve up the rest. Æsop immediately put the broth into saucers, and brought them to

Xanthus; who asked where the lentils were? "You have it already," replied Æsop. "Did you boil but one?" said his master. "No more, sir," said Æsop; "your command was in the singular." At which Xanthus, incensed, exclaimed, "this fellow is enough to drive me mad! but, that I may not deceive my friends, go instantly and buy four hog's feet, and boil them." Which Æsop cheerfully did. Now, while they were boiling, Xanthus, wishing to find some cause of complaint, in Æsop's absence took one of the feet, which Æsop on his return missed, and, suspecting the design, ran to an adjacent hog-sty, and cutting off one of the feet of a fatted hog, singed it, and put it into the pot. Xanthus, suspecting that Æsop, on the discovery, would run away, put the foot in again. So that when Æsop came to serve them up on the table, he found there were five. Upon which Xanthus inquired by what means they were multiplied? Æsop answered by asking, "how many feet have two hogs?" His master replied, "eight." "Here then," said Æsop, "are five present, and your fatted hog hath the other three." Xanthus, being more enraged at this, exclaimed, "did not I say this fellow would drive me mad!"

Shortly afterwards one of the scholars invited Xanthus and his fellow students to a feast. Where Xanthus, wishing to reconcile the difference he had occasioned when he first returned, sent Æsop with a choice dish to his mistress, telling him to give it to her that loved him best. Æsop went; and, seating himself in the porch, called his mistress, and showed her the present Xanthus had sent to her that loved him best. "But this," said he, "madam, is not for you." Then, calling his master's bitch Lycæna, he cast it down, and bid her eat it. At his return, Xanthus asked him whether he had done as he was ordered? He said, "yes, and she swallowed it in my presence." His master then inquired what she said. "Nothing to me," said Æsop, "but to you she

returns her thanks." This so offended his mistress, that she determined to leave the house. In the mean time, while they were all heated with wine, one of the company asked, when would be the time of the greatest confusion among mortals? Æsop replied, "when the dead rise, and attempt to trace out their ancient possessions." At which the scholars smiled. Another asked why sheep die so calmly, and swine with such an offensive noise? "The sheep," answered Æsop, "being used to be shorn, are silent, and expect nothing but what is customary; but swine, unaccustomed to be handled, when they are killed make an hideous noise." The scholars were so pleased with his answers that they burst into laughter. Supper being over, Xanthus returned home, and would have saluted his wife, but she, being highly offended at what had passed, told him she would have nothing to say to him, who, instead of sending her his dainties, had sent them to his dog. Xanthus, surprised, asked Æsop to whom he had presented them. Who replied, "to her that loves you best." Then, calling the spaniel, "this is she," said he, "for, though you load her with stripes, yet still she fawns upon and accompanies you. You should have told me to present them to your wife." "You are now convinced, mistress," said Xanthus, "it was not my fault that the present miscarried. Bear the disappointment with patience, and I will take an opportunity of avenging it upon Æsop." But this did not satisfy his wife: she therefore went to her father, which caused Æsop to triumph, saying, "Now, sir, you see which loves you best."

After this, Æsop, observing his master uneasy on account of his wife's departure, told him not to be unhappy, for that he would soon bring her back again. For which purpose he set off to market and purchased fowls, geese, &c.; with these he intentionally went to the house where his mistress resided, and asked the servants if they had any thing to sell that would add to the

magnificence of a wedding feast he was about to provide. They inquiring whose marriage was going to be celebrated, he replied, "Xanthus means to celebrate his second nuptials to-morrow." This intelligence soon reached the ears of his wife; and filled her so with jealousy that she flew home, and declared that no second espousals of his should be established but upon her urn. Thus Æsop, who was the occasion of her departure, was the cause of her hasty return.

Not long after, Xanthus invited his scholars to dinner, and ordered Æsop to furnish the feast with the choicest dainties; who, while fulfilling the command of his master, was studying how to expose his folly. He therefore laid out the money in tongues; which he served up with poignant sauce.

The scholars much commended this first course, as it furnished them with matter for conversation; but the second and third being the same, the guests were astonished, as well as their master, who inquired if there was nothing provided but tongues? Æsop replied, "Nothing else." "Thou lump of deformity," said Xanthus, "did not I command you to prepare the choicest dainties?" "Sir," said Æsop, "your reproof before philosophers deserves my thanks. What excels the tongue? It is the great channel of learning and philosophy. By this noble organ, addresses, commerce, contracts, eulogies, and marriages, are completely established. On this moves life itself: therefore nothing is equal to the tongue." The scholars, departing, declared that the philosophy of Æsop excelled that of Xanthus.

Some time after this Xanthus, perceiving the dissatisfaction of his scholars, told them it was not his design to have treated them. "But now," said he, "I have ordered my servant to procure the worst meats for supper." Æsop, however, constant to his purpose, again provided tongues. Xanthus, more incensed still, asked him if this was the entertainment he had ordered? To

which Æsop replied, that he had exactly fulfilled his commands. "For what, said he, "is worse than the tongue. Is it not frequently the ruin of empires, cities, and private connections! Is it not the conveyance of calumnies and forgeries! In short, is it not the grand disturber of civil society." When the scholars heard this reply, they declared that the deformity of his body was but the transcript of his distorted and irregular manners; and gave Xanthus a caution, lest his behaviour should drive him out of his mind. To whom Æsop observed, that their speech betrayed their malice, by endeavouring to cause discontent between him and his master.

Xanthus, still desirous to revenge himself for these affronts, again sought for cause to complain of Æsop; and commanded him, since he had accused the scholars of officiousness, to find a man that regarded nothing. The next day, while traversing the streets, Æsop discovered one sitting in a negligent posture, void of reflection. This man Æsop accosted, and invited to dinner with his master. The clown, without hesitation, followed him, and sat down at his master's table in his mean attire. Xanthus immediately asked who this guest was? Æsop replied, "It is a person regardless." Xanthus then desired his wife to wash the stranger's feet, thinking he would not permit her. But, when she offered, the clown carelessly stretched out his feet for the purpose, and suffered her to perform the office. Xanthus next ordered him a goblet of wine, which he readily drank off. When the meat was set before him, Xanthus complained that it was not enough seasoned; but the clown said, he thought it was very agreeable. Whereupon Xanthus, troubled because he could not discompose him, ordered the cheesecakes to be brought; which the stranger also disposed of. Upon this Xanthus blamed the baker for not mingling honey and pepper in the cheesecakes. The baker said it was not his

fault, but that of his mistress. Xanthus then said, if it was so, that she should be instantly burnt alive, thinking the clown would attempt her rescue. But he, seeing no occasion for so prodigious a passion, desired Xanthus to wait until he brought his wife also, that they might both suffer together. Upon this Xanthus acknowledged that Æsop had punctually fulfilled his command, for which he would shortly grant him his freedom.

The next day Xanthus sent Æsop to the bath, to inform him what company was there. As he was going, he met the city prætor, who, knowing him to be the servant of Xanthus, asked him where he was going. Æsop answered, "I do not know." At which the prætor was offended, and ordered him to prison for speaking so impertinently. As they were taking him away, he cried out, "Oh, prætor, did I not tell you I did not know where I was going?" The prætor, pleased with the reply, dismissed him; and Æsop went on his errand. Observing that many stumbled, both going in and coming out of the bath, at a stone which lay at the entrance, and that only one attempted to lay it aside, he went home, and told his master there was but one person in the bath. Xanthus arriving, and seeing a multitude, asked him the reason of his false information. Æsop told him, there was a great stone lay at the entrance, over which many stumbled, but only one removed the obstacle; so that there was only one man, the rest being little better than ciphers.

Not long after, on a day fixed by Xanthus and other philosophers for public rejoicing, Xanthus, having drank freely, was raised into a passion, being worsted in some dispute that had arisen. Which Æsop observing, said, "Master, Bacchus is the parent of three evils. The first is voluptuousness, the second intemperance, the third calumny or reproach; of which you, being engaged in drink, should beware. At last Xanthus being intoxicated, one of the scholars asked him if it was possible

to drink off the sea. "Very easy," said Xanthus, "I will engage to perform it myself." Upon which they laid a wager; and having exchanged rings, departed. The day following, Xanthus missed his ring, and asked Æsop what was become of it. "I know not," said he, "but this I am confident of, we must not stay here; for yesterday, when disguised with liquor, you betted your whole fortune that you would drink off the ocean; and to bind the wager, you exchanged your ring." Xanthus replied, "What could I engage less? But can you contrive how to get rid of it." "To perform it," said Æsop, "is impossible; but how to avoid it I will show you. When you meet again, be as confident as ever, and order a table to be placed on the shore, and persons prepared to lave the ocean with cups; and, when the multitude are assembled, ask what was the wager. The reply will be, that you engaged to drink up the sea; then do you address them thus:—'Ye citizens of Samos, you are not ignorant that many rivers discharge themselves into the sea. My agreement was to drink up the ocean, and not those streams. If you, then, can obstruct their course, I am ready to perform my engagement.'" Xanthus being pleased with the expedients, when the people assembled, acted and said as Æsop had instructed him; for which he was highly applauded: when the scholar fell at his feet, and owned himself wrong; at the same time requesting that the wager might be dissolved; which Xanthus, at the desire of the Samians, granted.

Æsop, on his return home, intimated to Xanthus how much he had merited his freedom, which so offended Xanthus, that he had bid him go to the door; and, if there were two crows in sight, to tell him; for it was an auspicious omen; but, if he beheld but one, it would be a bad one. Æsop returned, and told him he saw two perched on a tree. But, when Xanthus went out, one of them was gone. Upon which he called Æsop an

ungrateful villain, observing that his whole aim was to make him an object of ridicule, for which he should now be scourged. Æsop, groaning with his stripes, addressed one who entered to sup with his master in a sad accent, thus,—“You that beheld one crow, are rewarded with a supper; and I, that discovered two, am recompensed undeservedly;” which ingenious address so softened Xanthus, that he forbad the continuance of his punishment.

Shortly after, Xanthus, designing to entertain the philosophers and orators, commanded Æsop to stand at the gate, and to admit none but wise men. At the appointed time, several came to the gate, requesting admittance, but Æsop put this question to them all:—“What stirs the dog?” At which they were much offended, supposing he meant to give them that appellation. At last one came who made this reply to his question, “His ears and his tail.” Æsop, satisfied with the answer, admitted him, and conducted him to his master, saying there was only one philosopher had desired admittance. The day following, when they met at the schools, they reproached Xanthus with treating them contemptuously, by permitting Æsop to stand at the gate and salute them with the opprobrious epithet of dogs. Xanthus asked if they were serious. They replied, they were. Upon which Æsop was called, and asked how he dared to affront his friends? To which he replied, “Did you not tell me that none but philosophers should be admitted?” “And what are these?” said Xanthus, “do they not merit that character?” “By no means,” said Æsop, “for, when they came to the gate, I demanded of them, what stirs the dog? And but one among them all gave me a proper answer.” Upon this all agreed that Æsop had acted strictly as his master had commanded him.

Some time after this, on a day appointed for general festivity by the citizens of Samos, an eagle descended,

snatched up the public ring, and afterwards dropped it into the lap of a slave. The astonished Samians applied to Xanthus to unfold the mystery; who knowing himself incapable, was very much dejected. Æsop perceiving this, asked what made him so unhappy. "To-morrow, when you appear in public," says he, "tell the Samians that you are not dexterous in these matters, but you have a servant that is." To this Xanthus agreed, and accordingly the next day Æsop was called forth. But, when they saw him, they smiled, asking contemptuously, "How can such a deformed creature unfold this great mystery?" Æsop waving his hand, replied, "Ye citizens of Samos, ye should not only view the front of the house, but the tenant also; for frequently an upright and understanding soul dwells in a deformed and disordered body: and you know it is not the shape of the cask that men admire, but the wine concealed therein." Hearing this, they desired him to proceed; wherefore he continued, "Ye Samians, it rests with you to judge between the master and the servant. If I do not unfold the mystery concealed in this signal accident, let stripes be my reward; but, if the master be outvied by the discovery, then let my freedom be given me." Upon this they insisted that Xanthus should give Æsop his freedom. Xanthus making no reply, the city prætor addressed him thus: "If you do not grant the request of the people, I will declare Æsop free." Whereupon Xanthus declared Æsop free, and the city crier proclaimed it.

Æsop then addressing himself to the people, thus unfolded the mystery: "Ye citizens of Samos! the eagle, you know, is the monarch of birds; and, as the public ring was dropped into the lap of a slave, it seems to forebode that some of the adjacent kings will attempt to overthrow your established laws, and entomb your liberty in slavery." This filled the Samians with grief.

Shortly after, letters arrived from Cræsus of Lydia,

requiring the Samians to pay tribute, or else prepare to suffer the calamities of a destructive war. Upon which a public council was called, and Æsop was requested to give his advice; who thus addressed them: "We have," said he, "but two objects before us. The one is liberty, which in the beginning is rough and difficult, but in the end smooth and easy: the other is bondage, whose beginning is easy, but the conclusion fatal, and calamitous." The Samians, when they heard this, declared, that as they were at present free, so they and their liberty would stand or fall together: and with this resolute reply dismissed the ambassadors. Cræsus, therefore, determined to go to war with them. But the ambassadors advised him first to send for Æsop, with a promise that the tribute should be suspended, and then perhaps he might reduce them; but that as long as they were strengthened with the counsels of Æsop, he would not be able. Cræsus took their advice, and sent for him upon these conditions. The Samians, being well satisfied, agreed to give him up. But when Æsop heard of it he thus addressed them, "Ye citizens of Samos, I am ready to prostrate myself at the feet of Cræsus, but first I will tell you a tale. The wolves commenced war with the sheep, but the sheep were secured by the generous protection of the dogs; on which the wolves sent ambassadors to the sheep, to this end, that if they desired peace, they should give up their dogs. The timorous and unwary sheep agreed to it, and sent away their protectors. The wolves immediately destroyed their dogs, and the sheep fell an easy prey." The Samians, comprehending his meaning, refused to let Æsop go, but he resolved to accompany the ambassadors.

When they arrived at Lydia, they presented Æsop. As soon as the king saw him he was angry; despising the idea that so despicable a person should by his counsels prevent him from conquering the Samians. Æsop observing his astonishment, said, "Mighty sir, since

neither by force nor necessity, but my own free will, I give myself up, I request your attention. "A certain man having gathered many locusts, killed them; and having with them taken a grasshopper, she thus bespoke him: 'Sir, do not kill me, for I am no ways destructive, my whole employment being to charm to sleep the weary traveller. Upon which he let her go. Thus I, O King! prostrate before you, desire my life may be the monument of your mercy, since it cannot be prejudicial to any man; for in this deformed body you shall find an exalted mind."

Cræsus replied, "Æsop, not only thy life, but a fortune, shall be the proof of my beneficence. Demand, therefore, what you please, and it shall be granted." "Oh king," said Æsop, be reconciled to the Samians." The king replied, "I am." And shortly after sent Æsop back with letters of reconciliation. On his arrival the citizens, crowned with garlands, saluted him, rejoicing to find that peace was re-established.

He not long after departed from Samos, and after passing through many kingdoms, and disputing with several philosophers, at last arrived at Babylon, where he soon gained the esteem of King Lycerus. In those days it was usual for nations to send philosophical questions to each other, subject to a fine if they could not resolve them. Now Æsop, unfolding those sent to King Lycerus, improved the reputation of the king. He also, in the king's name, proposed many; which the neighbouring kings were not able to resolve.

Æsop, being childless, had adopted a nobleman named Eunus for his heir, and sought the favour of the king in his behalf. But one day, surprising him with his concubine, he discarded him. In revenge for which, Eunus forged letters from Æsop to the philosophers of another kingdom, and presented them to King Lycerus; in which it appeared that Æsop wished to render them services in preference to the king. Believing the impos-

ture, the king, without examining into the truth of it, ordered Hermippus to put Æsop to death. But he being in friendship with Æsop, concealed him in a sepulchre, and the king gave Æsop's estates to Eunus.

Not long after this, Nectenabo, King of Egypt, hearing Æsop was dead, sent a letter to Lycerus, requiring artificers who could erect a tower which should neither touch Heaven nor earth, and one that could resolve all that was demanded; on the accomplishment of which he would pay him tribute; but, in case of failure, he would exact it of him. After the king had read the letter, he cried out, "Æsop, the pillar of my kingdom, is dead." Now Hermippus, hearing the king deplore his loss, informed him he had not performed his command, but had preserved the life of Æsop; well knowing that the king himself would in the end be grieved. At which the king rejoiced, and sent for Æsop; who, after having established his innocence, was again received into favour, and Eunus was condemned to die; but on the intercession of Æsop, his life was spared. Now, as soon as the King of Egypt's letter was shown to Æsop, he desired that this message might be returned: that, after winter was expired, one should appear, who would not only erect the tower, but answer every question demanded. Which was immediately dispatched.

Æsop, having re-adopted Eunus, admonished him to this effect. "My son, worship God, and honour the king; make thyself a terror to thy enemies, and useful to thy friends. Pray that thy enemies may be indigent, that they may not offend thee; and thy friends opulent, that they may be able to assist thee. Be constant to thy consort, lest thy inconstancy should make her so. Be slow to speak, and swift to hear. Envy not those who do well. So manage thy domestic affairs, that those who fear may love. Be not ashamed to learn. Trust not thy secrets to a woman, lest she should be insolent. Let to-day's stock be the pledge of to-morrow's store.

Be gentle to all. Discard parasites and whisperers. Always act as thou mayest have no cause to repent." These sayings had such an effect upon Eunus, that shortly after he died with remorse and compunction.

The winter being nearly expired, Æsop procured four young eagles; which he taught to carry baskets with little children in them, and to obey their command: and, having prepared for his journey into Egypt, in a short time set off, taking the eagles with him.

Nectenabo, being told that Æsop was arrived, expressed his surprise, having understood that he was dead. The next day all his officers were assembled, dressed in white robes; and the king in his royal attire and imperial diadem. When seated on his throne he sent for Æsop, and asked him, to what he resembled him, and those who surrounded the throne? Æsop replied, "You resemble the vernal sun, and your attendants a fruitful harvest." With this answer the king was greatly pleased. The day following the king appeared in white, and his retinue in purple, when Æsop was asked the same question, to which he answered, "You are an emblem of the sun, and those that stand round, a type of effused beams." Then Nectenabo inquired his opinion of his kingdom, and whether he did not think it preferable to that of Lycerus. "Do not flatter yourself," said Æsop; "though your kingdom may shine like rays of the sun, yet, if put into competition with his, it would soon fade."

Nectenabo, applauding his answer, asked where they were that could erect the tower. "They are ready," said Æsop, "if you have appointed the place." Upon which the king showed him a spacious plain. Then Æsop produced the eagles, with the children in the baskets: and, giving them their working instruments, commanded the eagles to fly; who, being raised in the air, demanded the necessary materials. Nectenabo, hearing their request, said to Æsop, "I have no men

that can fly." Æsop replied, "How then can you think of engaging in a contest with King Lycerus, who is stored with such?" Nectenabo acknowledged himself subdued.

Shortly after he sent for several sages from Heliopolis, to ask Æsop a variety of questions. One of the Heliopolitans, at the banquet, said to Æsop, "I am employed by one of our deities to ask you this question." "You discover your ignorance," said Æsop, "by diminishing the knowledge of one of your gods." A second put this question, desiring Æsop to explain it, "There is a vast temple, and a column supporting twelve magnificent cities, each of which is sustained with thirty rafters, and constantly circulated by two women." To this Æsop answered, "The temple is this world, the cities the months, the rafters the days of the month, and the day and night are the two women who successively attend each other."

The day following Nectenabo summoned his friends, and confessed that the tribute exacted by Lycerus was due to the ingenuity of Æsop. One of them replied, "We will try him again with questions that were never heard of." "And I," said Æsop, "will answer them."

He then departed, and prepared a schedule, whereon was engrossed—"Nectenabo confesses he is indebted a thousand talents to Lycerus,"—and in the morning presented it to the king; who paying him the money, observed that Lycerus was fortunate to have his kingdom supported by so sagacious a person. He then dismissed him, bidding him farewell.

Æsop having digested the whole into a narrative, returned to Babylon, and presented it with the tribute to Lycerus; who was so well pleased, that he commanded an elegant statue to be erected to his memory.

Shortly after he obtained leave of the king to sail into Greece, upon condition that he should return to Babylon. Having surveyed the different provinces, and obtained an eminent character, he set off for Delphos,

where the Temple of Apollo stood. But here they paid little attention to his eloquence ; observing which, Æsop said, " Ye citizens of Delphos, you justly resemble the wood that floats on the sea, which at a distance appears something worth, but when it approaches we are disappointed. So I, when at a great distance from your city, did admire you, but now am led to think you the most useless among men." Hearing this, they were afraid that he would, at his departure, speak disrespectfully of them ; they therefore determined to ensnare and destroy him ; for which end they took a golden cup out of the temple, and concealed it in Æsop's baggage ; who, unsuspecting, departed to Phocide. The Delphians pursued him, and there charged him with sacrilege. He denied the fact ; but they untied his baggage, found the cup, and discovered it to the city. Æsop, now seeing through their malicious stratagem, desired they would not deprive him of his life. But they first condemned him to prison, and then to death. Æsop, unable to extricate himself, deplored his fate in the prison ; while he was complaining, one Demas, a friend, asked him the cause of his violent sorrow. Æsop replied, " A woman, having lately buried her husband, wept daily over his grave. One who was plowing not far off fell in love with her ; and leaving his oxen, went to the grave, and mourned with her. She asked why he wept : ' Because,' replied he, ' I have lately buried an amiable wife, and find it gives me ease.' ' Such is my fate,' said the woman. ' Then,' said he, ' as we are united in trouble, why should we not be joined in marriage, since we love each other ?' While they were thus engaged some villain took away his oxen ; upon which he went home and wept much. The woman inquired why he wept now. He replied, ' I have just cause to weep.' So I, after having escaped many dangers, have cause to weep that I cannot extricate myself from this." The Delphians then came and dragged him to the verge of a craggy precipice,

when Æsop thus addressed them: "When beasts did parley, the mouse, being intimate with the frog, invited her to supper in the storehouse of a rich man, desiring her to make herself welcome. After this the frog invited the mouse; and, that he might not be tired with swimming, she tied his leg to her's. This done, they endeavoured to go across the stream, but before they were half over, the mouse was drowned; and, when dying, declared the frog was the cause, and that some more powerful than themselves would avenge his death. The eagle, beholding the mouse floating on the water, snatched at him, and with him took the frog; thus both fell a prey to the eagle. So I, who am ready to fall a victim to your injustice, shall not want an avenger; for all Greece and Babylon will unite for that purpose."

But all this was of no avail; neither was his attempt to shelter himself in the temple. They still continued dragging him to the precipice; when he again addressed them: "Ye citizens of Delphos, the hare, being pursued by the eagle, retreated into the nest of the hornet. The hornet implored the eagle to have pity on the hare. The eagle repulsed the hornet and destroyed the hare. The hornet traced out the nest of the eagle and demolished her eggs. The next time the eagle built her nest higher; but the hornet still pursued, and again destroyed them. The third time the eagle soared, and deposited her eggs between the knees of Jupiter, invoking his protection. The hornet, composing a ball of dirt, dropped it into Jupiter's lap, who, forgetting the eggs, shook all off together. Being informed by the hornet that this was in revenge for a former injury, he endeavoured to reconcile them, lest the progeny of his favourite bird should be destroyed. But, the hornet persisting, he respited the hatching of the eagles, till the time when the hornets sally forth. And you, citizens of Delphos, despise not this deity, from whom I have implored refuge."

Æsop still perceiving they continued deaf to his entreaties, sternly, and for the last time, thus addressed them: "Ye cruel and obdurate men, a certain husbandman, growing aged, who had never beheld the city, desired his servants to convey him thither, that he might see it before he died. As he went he was overtaken by a violent storm and gloomy darkness, so that the asses which drew the carriage mistook the way, and guided him to a precipice; where, being upon the verge of approaching ruin, he thus exclaimed, 'O Jove, what injury have I committed, that hath incensed thee to cause this misfortune, especially that I should owe my death not to generous horses, nor active mules, but to dull and despicable asses?' And this," said Æsop, "Is my unhappy fate, to fall, not by the hands of persons of worth and abilities, but by those of the vilest and most worthless of men." This said, the Delphians threw him from the precipice, and he perished.

Not long after, a destructive pestilence having raged among them, they were told by the oracle, that it was the expiation of Æsop's unjust tragedy. Wherefore, in order to avert the judgment, they erected a pompous monument over his bones. But when the principals of Greece and the sages were informed of the catastrophe, and having maturely weighed the fact, they severely revenged the innocent effusion of Æsop's blood.

Æsop is generally supposed to have been the inventor of fables, but this is contested by several, particularly Quintillian, who seems to think that Hesiod was the first author of fables. Æsop, however, certainly improved the art to a very great degree; and hence it is that he has been accounted the author of this sort of productions—

If any thoughts in these iambics shine,
Th' invention's Æsop's, and the verse is mine.

PHÆDRUS.

The images made use of by Æsop are certainly very

happy inventions to instruct mankind ; they have all that is necessary to perfect a precept, having a mixture of the useful with the agreeable. Aulus Gellius says: "Æsop, the fabulist, was deservedly esteemed wise, since he did not, after the manner of the philosophers, rigidly and imperiously dictate such things as were proper to be advised and persuaded, but framing entertaining and agreeable apologues, he thereby charms and captivates the human mind."

Apollonius of Tyana greatly prefers the fables of Æsop to those of the poets: "they," says he, "do but corrupt the ears of the hearers; they represent the infamous amours of the gods, their incests, quarrels, and a hundred other crimes. Those who find such things related by the poets as real facts, learn to love vice, and are apt to believe they sin not in gratifying the most irregular appetites, seeing they do but imitate the gods. Æsop, not contented with rejecting fables of this nature, in favour of wisdom has invented a new method." Apollonius, continuing his parallel, shows, by several other reasons, how much the fables of Æsop surpass those of the poets: after which he tells a story that he had learnt of his mother in his infancy. Æsop, it seems, being a shepherd, and feeding his flock near a temple of Mercury, often besought this god to grant him the possession of wisdom. Mercury had a great number of suitors; they all entered the temple with their hands full of rich offerings; Æsop, being poor, was the only one who made no precious offerings, having presented only a little milk and honey, with a few flowers. When Mercury came to make a distribution of wisdom, he had regard to the price of the offerings; he gave accordingly, philosophy to one, rhetoric to another, astronomy to a third, and poetry to a fourth; he did not remember Æsop till after he had finished his distribution; and at the same time recollecting a fable which the Hours had told him when at nurse, he bestowed on

Æsop the gift of inventing apologues, which was the only one left in Wisdom's apartment. This story, fabulous as it is, shows the repute in which Æsop was held even in those days of superstition and idolatry.

HENRY LEE WARNER.

It is universally admitted that no country in the world produces so many humourists and eccentric characters as the British islands. This acknowledgment is an indirect eulogy on the political constitution and the laws under which the English enjoy the happiness of living, and by which each individual is suffered to gratify every whim, fancy, and caprice, provided it be not prejudicial to his fellow-creatures. It is, however, very rarely that we meet with an instance of that particular kind of eccentricity by which the subject of this article was distinguished; and we much doubt whether any parallel case can be produced.

Henry Lee Warner, Esq. of Walsingham Abbey, in Norfolk, was born in 1722. He was the lineal descendant and representative of the eminent John Warner, formerly Bishop of Rochester, whose estates he possessed, as well as those of Sir James Howe, Bart. of Berwick, Wilts, and of Henry Lee, Esq. of Dane John, in Kent. He was the accomplished scholar, the complete gentleman, and the sincere friend; and although, from a series of ill health, and a natural love of retirement, he early withdrew from filling those public stations, in which, with his ability, fortune, and integrity, he would have made a very distinguished figure, yet in private life he was universally respected for his steady adherence to the rules of justice and moderation, and his constant practice of those leading duties of the Christian—humanity and benevolence.

Of the various traits which marked the character of

this extraordinary but truly amiable man, his mode of life, and his conduct towards those who abused his confidence and generosity, were the most remarkable. With him the common distribution of time was completely reversed, and night was literally turned into day. His time of rising was always late in the evening; he generally breakfasted at midnight, and dined at four or five in the morning. The dress in which it was his custom to appear, was precisely that of the English gentleman of the last age: a gold-laced coat and waistcoat, with deep slash-worked sleeves, and richly embossed buttons, a deep chitterlin of rich yellow lace, curve-toed shoes, and oblong buckles.

From a principle of lenity and forbearance, and an extreme tenderness of disposition, he permitted the most injurious depredations to be committed on his property with impunity; and notwithstanding the system of depredation was carried to such a height, as also to render his extensive woods, and even young plantations, a scene of desolation, yet when, during his midnight walk, any of the offenders were perceived by him, he would mildly exclaim, "Take care how you get down that tree, or you may hurt yourself."

The following faithful character of this gentleman is given by Mr. Pratt, in his *Gleanings in England*, "At the Abbey (at Walsingham) resides a gentleman in the possession of a once finely wooded domain, of great politeness and urbanity, much reading, of sound understanding; who, nevertheless, has allowed almost every tree which his domain had to boast, to be deliberately cut down, and carried away, without so much as making any manner of inquiry after the offenders, or entering into any remonstrance as to their past, present, or future depredations, though this went to the loss of 20,000*l*. I suppose you would think I must be fibbing, were I to inform you that whoever has a mind to it, goes into his stable, saddles or harnesses a horse, and rides, or ploughs

with him, brings him home at night, or keeps him a week or a fortnight together, without so much as a question being asked by the squire; and what is worse, they not only steal wheat, barley, and other grain, from the field where it is sheaved, to save themselves the trouble of cutting it, but they are wicked enough to cut off the corn-ears, by whole acres, before they are ripe."

Mr. Warner, with all his peculiarities, was endowed with a thousand qualities which do honour to the heart of man; and with all his shades of character, in which, however, there was no mixture of vice and immorality, he will long be remembered as a man of very tender feelings, a scholar, and a gentleman. Notwithstanding all the deep drawbacks upon his property, Mr. Warner died extremely rich. He never went to church; but the report of his having been of the Roman Catholic religion has been contradicted by the authority of his friends.

His remains were conveyed in a hearse from his venerable mansion to the parish church for interment, preceded by a number of his tenants on horseback, and followed by several of the most distinguished gentlemen in the neighbourhood in their carriages, and by a great concourse of spectators. The pall was supported by Henry Styleman, Esq. high sheriff of the county; Sir George Chadd, Bart.; Sir Jacob Astley, Bart.; T. W. Coke, Esq.; Henry Jodrell, Esq.; and the Rev. W. Astley. The chief mourners were, Mr. Woodward, one of Mr. Warner's nephews, and Mr. Bragge, of Lynn, to whom the principal part of his extensive property was bequeathed.

ELIZABETH BROWNRIGG.

IT is a lamentable fact, that the most appalling and unnatural murders have been committed by women. The



Engraved by R. Cooper.

ELIZABETH BROWNRIGG,
Executed for Cruelty & Murder.

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mind is lost in attempting to trace the cause, especially when it is so well known, that life, without the company of woman, is not worth enjoying—that, by reposing in her arms, Man, as if by inspiration, forgets his cares, troubles, and anxieties—in the hour of sickness her affectionate attention renders illness supportable—with her, domestic felicity is complete—

“ Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that has surviv'd the fall !
Thou art the nurse of virtue, in thine arms,
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heav'n born, and destin'd to the skies again,
Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown.”

The counsel and example of woman in times of difficulty, are beyond all value—surrounded by misfortune, and all the ills “that flesh is heir to,” her presence sheds around comfort, hope and resignation. In perseverance, how matchless ! In virtue, how unconquerable ! In love, how faithful ! Women, in the display of these attributes, are as superior to man, as the brilliant dazzling rays of the sun are to the faint glimmerings of the most diminutive star ! And yet, husbands, fathers, children, have fallen—cruelly and most unfeelingly fallen—by the hand of woman ! Again we say, how are we to account for this sad fact ?

The subject of the present memoir is an unfortunate instance, to what length misguided and perverted feelings may carry an individual.

Elizabeth Brownrigg was the wife of James Brownrigg, a house-painter. After her marriage she resided at Greenwich, where her husband carried on his business for five years ; from hence they came to London, and took a house in Flower-de-Luce Court, Fleet-street. She was the mother of sixteen children, three of whom survived her. In order to assist her husband, in maintaining so numerous a family, she undertook the business

of midwife, and was so well versed in the practice of her office, that she executed it to the general approbation of the patients that came under her hands; and at length became so well known for her skill and tenderness, that the officers of the parish of St. Dunstan's in the West, were induced to appoint her midwife to their workhouse, wherein she acquitted herself with judgment and humanity; and her business here lying among the poorest sort of objects, destitute of every necessary, but what such a miserable place afforded, she was even said to have relieved them by her charitable benevolence.

But Mrs. Brownrigg, besides her general practice abroad, had fitted up conveniencies in her own house for the accommodation of pregnant women, who wanted to lye-in privately.

While she was thus carrying on the business of a midwife, she bethought herself of another way of getting money, which was by taking girls apprentices from the parish workhouse, it being the usual custom in the parish of St. Dunstan, to give 5*l.* with every girl so apprenticed. One of these unfortunate creatures she took from the workhouse of that parish, namely, Mary Mitchell; also, Mary Jones, from the Foundling Hospital; and Mary Clifford from the Precinct of Whitefriars.

It appears that Mary Jones was the first poor girl upon whom she inflicted her cruelties. Brownrigg, the husband, was summoned, at the instigation of the governors of the Foundling Hospital, before the Chamberlain of the City of London, where the matter was finally adjusted. The manner in which she exercised her hellish tortures, on this poor girl, is extraordinary and horrible.

Her mistress used to lay two chairs on the floor, in such a form that one supported the other; then she and her husband fastened the girl upon the back of those

chairs, sometimes naked; but if she had her clothes on, her mistress pulled them over her head, and whipped her till she had tired herself.

Sometimes, when the girl had been washing any of the rooms or stairs, her mistress has taken occasion to find fault with her work, and by way of punishment, has snatched her up in her arms, and soused her over head and ears in a pail of dirty water that was standing by, repeating it several times; and often threatened to drown her in a tub of water, which she once ordered Mary Mitchell to fill for that purpose. By which cruel usage the girl received several contusions in many parts of her body, particularly in her neck and shoulders, from the edge and bale of the pail.

And indeed, so great were the sufferings of this poor girl, and still under apprehensions of yet worse to come, that she resolved, on the first opportunity, to release herself from this terrible situation; which she effected in the following manner:

Her bed, it seems, was in a hole under a dresser, in the same room where Brownrigg and his wife lay, and facing the feet of their bed. Here, as one Sunday morning she lay ruminating on, and lamenting her miserable condition, smarting with the bruises she had already received, and dreading what she was yet likely to suffer, she espied the key of the outer door hanging on a nail against a post, then turning her eyes towards her master's bed, and perceiving they were both fast asleep, she immediately shuffled on her clothes, crept softly to the door, unlocked it, and bid adieu to that inhospitable mansion.

Mary Clifford, the third apprentice, and the chief object of her mistress's infernal rage, was the daughter of John Clifford, a shoemaker in Whitefriars. Her aunt, who had been in the country some time, coming to London, called at Brownrigg's, but was refused admittance by the husband, who even threatened to carry her before

the Lord Mayor if she came there to make further disturbances. The mother-in-law was therefore going away, when Mrs. Deacon, a baker's wife, at the adjoining house, called her in, and informed her, that she and her family had often heard moanings and groans issue from Brownrigg's house, and that she suspected the apprentices were treated with unwarrantable severity. Likewise promised to exert herself to ascertain the truth.

At this juncture, Mr. Brownrigg going to Hampstead on business, bought a hog, which he sent home. The hog was put into a covered yard, having a sky-light, which it was thought necessary to remove, in order to give air to the animal. As soon as it was known that the sky-light was removed, Mrs. Deacon ordered her servants to watch, in order, if possible, to discover the girls. Deacon's servant-maid, looking from a window, saw one of the girls stooping down, on which she called her mistress, and she desired the attendance of some of the neighbours, who having been witnesses of the shocking scene, some men got upon the leads, and dropped bits of dirt, in order to induce the girl to speak to them; but she seemed wholly incapable. Hereupon, Mrs. Deacon sent to the girl's mother-in-law, who immediately called upon Mr. Grundy, one of the overseers of St. Dunstan's, and represented the case. Mr. Grundy and the rest of the overseers, with the women, went and demanded a sight of Mary Clifford; but Brownrigg, who had nick-named her Nan, told them that he knew no such person, but if they wanted to see Mary, (meaning Mary Mitchell), they might, and accordingly produced her. Upon this, Mr. Deacon's servant declared, that Mary Mitchell was not the girl they wanted. Mr. Grundy now sent for a constable, to search the house, but no discovery was then made, on which Mr. Brownrigg threatened them with a prosecution. But Mr. Grundy, with the spirit that became the officer of a parish, took Mary Mitchell with

him to the workhouse, where, on the taking off her leathern boddice, it stuck so fast to her wounds, that she shrieked with the pain; but, on being treated with great humanity, and told that she should not be sent back to Brownrigg's, she gave an account of the horrid treatment that she and Mary Clifford had sustained, and confessed that she had met the latter on the stairs just before they came to the house. Hereupon, Mr. Grundy and some others returned to the house, to make a stricter search; on which Brownrigg sent for a lawyer, in order to intimidate them, and even threatened a prosecution, unless they immediately quitted the premises. Unterrified by these threats, Mr. Grundy sent for a coach, to carry Brownrigg to the Compter; on which the latter promised to produce the girl in about half an hour, if the coach was discharged. This being consented to, the girl was produced from a cupboard, under a beaufet in the dining-room, after a pair of shoes, which young Brownrigg had in his hand during the proposal, had been put upon her. It is not in language to describe the miserable appearance this poor girl made; almost her whole body was ulcerated. Being taken to the workhouse, an apothecary was sent for, who pronounced her to be in danger. Brownrigg was therefore conveyed to Wood-street Compter; but his wife and son made their escape, taking with them a gold watch and some money. Mr. Brownrigg was now carried before Alderman Crosby, who fully committed him, and ordered the girls to be taken to St. Bartholomew's hospital, where Mary Clifford died within a few days; and the coroner's inquest being summoned, found a verdict of wilful murder against James and Elizabeth Brownrigg, and John their son.

In the mean time, Mrs. Brownrigg and her son, moved from place to place in London, bought clothes in Rag-fair, to disguise themselves, and then went to Wandsworth, where they took lodgings in the house of Mr.

Dunbar, who kept a chandler's shop. Dunbar happening to read a newspaper on the 15th of August, saw an advertisement so clearly describing his lodgers, that he had no doubt but they were the murderers. He therefore went to London the next day, which was Sunday, and going to church, sent for Mr. Owen, the churchwarden, to attend him in the vestry, and gave him such a description of the parties, that Mr. Owen desired Mr. Deacon, and Mr. Wingrave, a constable, to go to Wandsworth, and make the necessary inquiry.

On their arrival at Dunbar's house, they found the wretched mother and son in a room by themselves, who evinced great agitation at this discovery. A coach being procured, they were conveyed to London, without any person in Wandsworth having knowledge of the affair, except Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar.

On Saturday, September 2, 1767, Brownrigg, his wife, and their son, were tried at the Old Bailey, for the murder of Mary Clifford. The chief witness was Mary Mitchell, the apprentice; whose evidence developed the most unheard-of cruelties practised by Mrs. Brownrigg: and they being without a parallel in the annals of crime, we subjoin them. She deposed, that Mary Clifford had been apprentice there a year and a half, and was a month upon liking; during that time, she was used well, lay on a good bed, and eat and drank as the family did; but about a week after she was bound, her ill treatment began, and for any trifling offence, her mistress beat her over the head and shoulders with a walking cane and a hearth brush. After she was bound, she was made to lie on the parlour boards, or in the passage, and often in the cellar; and the reason alleged by her mistress for using her thus, was her wetting the bed. Sometimes she lay in her own clothes, or else had a bit of a blanket to cover her. At other times, they were both locked up in a coal-hole under the cellar-stairs. There she had a sack stuffed with straw to lie upon, with

a bit of blanket to cover her; but sometimes she was quite naked. The reason why her mistress confined her in that dark hole was, because, being very hungry, the girl got up one night and broke open the cupboard where the victuals used to be put, but found none. Her mistress having discovered this, made her strip herself to wash, where she stood all that day naked, her mistress whipping her, at intervals, all the time. Mary Clifford was then very near fifteen years of age. The instrument her mistress made use of in beating her, was the stump of a riding whip. After that day her mistress obliged her to lie under the cellar-stairs, the coals being taken out to make room for her. Sometimes they were both locked in together, that is, from Saturday night till Sunday night, when their master and mistress went into the country; during which time they had nothing to eat but a piece of bread, and nothing to drink; and were let out of this dismal prison on Sunday night by the apprentice boy. At such times they were generally locked up by John the son, but never by their master, except once. All the bed they had to lie upon was sometimes some old rags they got out of the garret, and sometimes had only a boy's waistcoat to cover them, it being their mistress's order, that they should not lie in their clothes. About a year and a half ago, John the son, beat Mary Clifford with a leather strap, as hard as he could strike, for not turning up the parlour bed, though it was beyond her strength to do it. The wounds in her head and shoulders, which she had but a little before received from her mistress, and but just scabbed over, were now made to bleed afresh. The blood dropped on the ground, so as to make a small puddle. Once her master beat her with a hearth brush, though never but once.

The manner in which she used to beat her, was, to tie her up by the hands to a water-pipe in the kitchen, and then to lash her naked body with a horsewhip, and seldom left off till she had fetched blood. About three

months before her master, by her mistress's desire, fastened a hook into the beam in the kitchen. The use that was made of this hook, was to tie Mary Clifford and herself up to be beat. When Mary Clifford was tied up, she was always beat till she bled. Some time before the hook was put up, her mistress had been beating the girl a considerable time with a horsewhip, and she was fastened to the water-pipe naked; just as she had unloosed her, John coming down, she bid him take the whip and beat her, which he did, and gave her several severe strokes. Another punishment inflicted by her merciless mistress on Mary Clifford, was, by putting a jack chain round her neck, and fastening the other end of it to the yard door. It was drawn very tight round her neck, as hard as it could be without choking her. The fault she was thus punished for was, that being dry in the night, she broke down some boards to get a little water. She was chained to the door all day, but loosed at night, and then sent into a cellar, with her hands tied behind her, the chain being still on her neck, and locked under the cellar stairs all night. Her mistress having been abroad for some days, came home on Friday the 31st of July. Mary Clifford was then pretty well in health, and her wounds were scabbed over, but very sore about her head and shoulders. About ten o'clock that morning her mistress went down into the kitchen and tied the girl up to the hook, pretending she had done no work whilst she was abroad; then she horsewhipped her all over her body, so that drops of blood trickled down to the ground. Having let her down, and put her to the washing-tub, she lashed her again, and with the but-end of the whip struck her two or three times on the head as she was stooping over the tub, bidding her work faster. Five times she was tied up that day, and whipped by her mistress, neither had she any clothes on the whole day, which she was charged not to put on. After the last severe whipping on Friday,

her head and shoulders were quite raw, and her whole body all over gashed with wounds in a frightful manner; her head, neck, and throat, were prodigiously swelled, insomuch that her chin, cheeks, and all, were quite even. Her mistress then began to think she had gone a little too far, and, to assuage the swelling, laid a poultice of bread and milk to her throat. If any thing could add to the barbarity of this woman, it was, that she would not suffer them to cry out, however cruelly tortured; for if they did, she never left whipping them till they held their tongue. By the evidence it likewise appeared, that Mary Clifford had a fall down stairs with a saucepan in her hand, the handle of which hurt one side of her face very much; which her mistress said, had occasioned her swelled neck and face. The surgeon under whose care she was at the Hospital, being asked what he thought was the cause of the swelling in her neck, and whether if a jack-chain had been fastened about it, it might not occasion such a swelling, answered, it might, and there was on her neck a sort of a ring, as if something had been tied about it, which could not be caused by the saucepan.

This was the substance of the evidence on this memorable occasion. Mrs. Brownrigg, in her defence, partly owned the charge against her; but said, that in beating the girl, she had no design against her life.

The learned judge summed up the evidence, and the jury after a short consultation delivered a verdict of wilful murder against Elizabeth Brownrigg; whereupon she immediately received sentence to be executed on the Monday following. The trial lasted from eight in the morning till six in the evening; and the verdict seemed to give general satisfaction, which was expressed by the multitude in the yard, outside of the Sessions House, in a manner ill adapted to the awfulness of the event.

On the morning of her execution, she was called

early to prayer, after which she went to the chapel, and received the holy sacrament; here the parting between Mrs. Brownrigg, her husband, and son, was affecting in the extreme. Having taken a last farewell of those around her, she went into the press-yard; and after praying for some time, was put into a cart, and conveyed to Tyburn, where she was hung on a gibbet, September 14, 1767: on her way thither, the spectators assailed her with the most bitter reproaches. After hanging the usual time, her body was taken in a hackney coach to Surgeons' Hall, for dissection.

Our object in giving this wretched woman is to show the human character in all its wonderful varieties. It is however a pleasing reflection to know that another monster of so inhuman a disposition is scarcely to be found in the annals of the whole universe; if we except the horrid barbarities formerly carried on in the Slave Trade.

THEODORA GRAHN.

CONCERNING this female, whose extraordinary appearance in male attire attracted considerable notice for many years in the streets of the British metropolis, various and contradictory accounts have been given. The following however is no doubt correct, the particulars of her early life being taken from an account of her published at Berlin since her death.

Theodora Grahn was the only daughter of an architect, who after residing for many years at Berlin, where he erected several edifices, and particularly the church of St. Peter, died at Bayreuth. After his decease she returned to Berlin and lived with one of her relatives. Possessing an excellent capacity, she made herself mistress of the mathematics, and of the French, English, and Italian languages; but with these accomplishments

she combined extraordinary eccentricity of manners. On the death of her aunt, in 1758, she left her a legacy of one thousand rix-dollars, and to improve this little fortune Theodora immediately commenced business as an exchange broker. This was during the period of the seven years' war, which was extremely favourable to the occupation she had adopted. As it required her daily attendance in various parts of the city, she began in dirty weather to wear boots, and with these and other accoutrements she cut a remarkable figure, though she had not yet relinquished the female dress.

On the conclusion of the war, by which she had more than doubled her little capital, she removed to Bayreuth, where she made her appearance in male attire, assuming at the same time the title of Baron de Verdion. She did not, however, attract much notice, till, in 1769, Mr. Basedow commenced his scholastic reforms in Germany, in which he was warmly supported by the self-created baron, who, at length, engaged with him as his secretary and amanuensis. The secret of her sex was suspected, and scandal did not hesitate to insinuate that she served Basedow in another capacity, so that he was at length obliged to dismiss her, though he persisted in asserting his belief that she was not a woman. She betrayed herself by the indulgence of a vice to which she appears to have been addicted through life. The public curiosity was so far excited that some young men formed a plan to invite her to an inn and make her intoxicated. This they accomplished with such success as to ascertain her sex beyond the possibility of doubt.

This unfortunate exposure disgusted her with her native country, which she quitted for ever, and proceeding to England, fixed her residence in London. Here she assumed the appellation of Dr. John de Verdion, and gave instructions in the German language. She is said to have been patronised by many persons of distinction,

and if this were the case, it is more than probable that she lost their favour by her singularities, for we find her after some years principally employed in dealing in second-hand books, purchased chiefly at auctions.

Her figure was striking and grotesque. She always wore a bag-wig, a large cocked-hat, and boots; and was never seen without a cane and an umbrella, which she carried in all weathers, and generally had her pockets filled with books.

For upwards of twenty years she was in the habit of frequenting Furnival's-inn coffee-house, where she freely indulged her love of good living, and gratified her propensity to drinking to such a degree that she was often seen rolling upon the floor. Notwithstanding her sacrificing so frequently and so copiously at the shrine of Bacchus, it is remarkable that her imprudence never led to a disclosure of her sex, though various circumstances, and her timidity in particular, excited suspicions in many on that subject. At home she never employed a servant, but performed all the domestic offices with her own hands; and it has been said that, while engaged in these occupations, she always wore a woman's cap and bed-gown. Another of her singularities was, that neither in winter nor summer was she ever known to have any fire in her apartments.

Soon after her arrival in this country, De Verdion became acquainted with Madame Schwellenberg, who is supposed to have been informed of her circumstances and her sex, and to have occasionally assisted her with pecuniary aid. She is also said to have been, at that period of her life, a constant attendant upon the drawing-room at St. James's, appearing in full dress, and with a very elegant sword.

With respect to religion she is reported to have been an extraordinary admirer of the celebrated John Wesley. Such was the strength of her attachment to him that she

was one of his most constant attendants, and has often been observed to follow him and kiss the skirts of his coat with enthusiastic delight.

In consequence of her extravagant mode of living, and perhaps also the failure of some of her sources of income, she became toward the latter end of her life much reduced in her circumstances. This caused her to intrude upon her acquaintance for eating and drinking, to whom she gave indirect promises of making them amends and remembering them in her will.

The disorder which terminated the life of this singular character was a cancer in the breast, occasioned by an accidental fall down stairs. This circumstance she concealed as long as she could, but was at length compelled to communicate it to a friend, a medical practitioner and a countryman of her own, who lived in the same house with her; a dropsy supervening, in addition to her former disorder, baffled all his endeavours, and she expired at her lodgings in Upper Charles-street, Hatton-garden, on the 15th of July, 1802, aged about sixty years.

By her will she bequeathed all her property to Mr. Denner, the master of Furnival's-inn coffee-house, from whom she had always experienced great kindness, but on his taking possession, it was found inadequate to discharge his bill against her, as very little remained except her wardrobe. Till the last she had no expectation that her dissolution was so near at hand, for she ordered some new clothes, saying that she was going out, and they were sent home to her only the day preceding her death. She was so terrified at the idea of being interred alive, that in her will she gave an injunction to be kept above ground eight days, but with this desire the state of her complaint rendered it impossible to comply. Her motive for laying aside the habit of her sex is a secret that is buried with her.

LADY GODIVA.

THIS lady was the wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and, with her husband, founded, in 1043, a monastery for an abbot and twenty-four Benedictine monks, at Coventry, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, and St. Osburgh. Leofric and his lady, who both died about the latter end of the reign of Edward the Confessor, were buried in the church of the abbey they had founded. The former seems to have been the first Lord of Coventry, and the latter its greatest benefactress, as will appear from the following extraordinary and indeed romantic tradition, which is not only firmly believed at Coventry, but is recorded by many of our historians.—The earl had granted the convent and city many valuable privileges; but the inhabitants having offended him, he imposed on them very heavy taxes; for the great lords to whom the towns belonged, under the Anglo Saxons, had that privilege, which cannot be exercised at present by any but the House of Commons. The people complained grievously of the severity of the taxes, and applied to Godiva, the earl's lady, a woman of great piety and virtue, to intercede in their favour. She willingly complied with their request, but the earl remained inexorable: he told his lady, that were she to ride naked through the streets of the city, he would remit the tax—meaning that no persuasion whatever should prevail with him, and thinking to silence her by the strange proposal; but she, sensibly touched by the distress of the city, generously accepted the terms. She therefore sent notice to the magistrates of the town, with the strictest orders that all doors and windows should be shut, and that no person should attempt to look out on pain of death. These precautions being taken, the lady rode through the city covered only with her fine flowing locks.

While riding in this manner through the streets, no one dared to look at her, except a poor taylor, who, as a punishment, it is said, for his violating the injunction of the noble lady, which had been published with so pious and benevolent a design, was struck blind. This taylor has been ever since remembered by the name of Peeping Tom, and in memory of the event, his figure is still kept in the window of the house from whence it is said he gratified his curiosity. The lady having thus discharged her engagements, the earl performed his promise, and granted the city a charter, by which they were exempted from all taxes. About King Richard the Second's time, in a window of Trinity Church, the figures of the earl and his lady were placed with the following inscription:—

“ I Luriche for the love of thee
Doe make Coventre tol-free.”

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

It cannot be doubted that many fabulous circumstances have crept into the early history of this remarkable character. As no authentic account of his life is extant, and it is impossible, at this distance of time, to ascertain the truth of many particulars recorded of him, we are obliged to follow the popular tradition, leaving it to the judgment of the reader to decide what he ought to believe and what to reject.

Whittington was a native of Shropshire, which he left at an early age, about the year 1368, and repaired to the metropolis. By the way he chiefly subsisted on the charity of well-disposed persons, and on his arrival in London, he made an application to the Prior of the hospital of St. John's, Clerkenwell, where he was kindly relieved; and being handy and willing, was soon put

into an inferior post in the house. How long he remained here is uncertain, but to this charitable foundation he was certainly indebted for his first support in London. His next reception was in the family of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant, whose house was in the Minories, near the Tower. Here he undoubtedly acted as under scullion, for his keep only.

In this situation he met with many crosses and difficulties; for the servants made sport of him; and particularly the cook, who was of a morose temper, used him very ill, and not unfrequently, with a sturdy arm, laid the ladle across his shoulders; so that, to keep in the family, he had many a mortification to endure; but his patience carried it off, and at last he grew used to her choleric disposition.

This was not the only misfortune under which he laboured, for lying in a place for a long time unfrequented, such abundance of rats and mice had bred there, that they were almost ready at times to dispute the possession with him, and full as troublesome by night as the cook was by day, so that he knew not what to think of his condition, or how to mend it. After many disquieting thoughts, he at last comforted himself with the hopes that the cook might soon marry, or die, or quit her service, and as for the rats and mice, a cat would be an effectual remedy against them.

Soon after, a merchant came to dinner, and it raining exceedingly, he stayed all night. The next morning, Whittington having cleaned his shoes, this gentleman gave him a penny. Going along the streets on an errand, he saw a woman with a cat under her arm, and desired to know the price of her: the woman praised her for a good mouser, and told him sixpence; but he declaring that a penny was all his stock, she let him have her. He took the cat home, and kept her in a box all day, lest the cook should kill her if she came into the kitchen, and at night he set her to work for her living. Puss delivered

him from one plague but the other remained, though not for many years.

It was the custom with the worthy merchant, Mr. Hugh Fitzwarren, that God might give him a greater blessing for his endeavours, to call all his servants together when he sent out a ship, and cause every one to venture something in it, to try their fortunes. Just at this juncture he had a ship ready to sail, and all but Whittington appeared, and brought things according to their abilities; but his young mistress being present, and supposing that poverty made him decline coming, she ordered him to be called, on which he made several excuses. Being however, constrained to come, he said he hoped they would not jeer a poor simpleton for being in expectation of turning merchant, since all that he could lay claim to as his own, was but a poor cat, which he had bought for one penny, and which had much befriended him in keeping the rats and mice from him. On this the young lady offered to lay something down for him, but her father told her that according to the custom, what he ventured must be his own. He then ordered him to bring his cat, which he did, but with great reluctance, and with tears delivered her to the master of the ship, called the Unicorn, which had fallen down to Blackwall, in order to proceed on her voyage.

No sooner had this vessel arrived at Algiers than the intelligence reached the Dey, who immediately ordered the captain and officers to wait upon him with presents; for even then, nothing could be done without a bribe. After this first ceremony was over, trade went on pretty briskly, at the conclusion of which, his Moorish majesty gave a grand entertainment which, according to custom, was served upon carpets, interwoven with gold, silver, and purple silk. This feast was no sooner served up than the scent of the various dishes, brought together a number of rats and mice, who unmercifully fell on all that came in their way.

These audacious and destructive vermin did not show any symptoms of fear upon the approach of the company, but, on the contrary, kept to it as if they only were invited. This excited the astonishment of the captain and his people, who, interrogating the Algerines, were informed, that a very great price would be given by the Dey, for a riddance of these vermin, which were grown so numerous and offensive, that not only his table, but his private apartments, and bed, were so infested, that he was forced to be constantly watched for fear of being devoured.

This information put the English captain immediately in mind of poor Dick Whittington's cat, which had done them great service on the passage: and wishing to serve the youth, thought this the best time to come forward with the little industrious animal. Accordingly she was brought the next day, when her presence suddenly kept off most of the vermin; a few only of the boldest daring to venture forward, she dispatched them with wonderful celerity. This pleased his highness so much, that he immediately made very advantageous proposals to the factor of the ship for the possession of this surprising and useful animal. At first the crew seemed very reluctant to part with her; but his liberality soon overcame every objection; and her purchase amounted, in various commodities, to several thousand pounds. During the time the English remained here, her industry in destroying the vermin so completely pleased the Moorish chief, that, on their departure, he again loaded them with rich presents.

The cook, who little thought how advantageous Whittington's cat would prove, incessantly persecuted the youth on account of his penury, so that he grew weary of enduring it, and resolved rather to try his fortune again in the wide world, than lead such a disagreeable life. Accordingly he set out early on Allhallows morning, resolving to go into the country, and get into a more agreeable service.

As he went over Finsbury Moor, since called Moorfields, his mind began to fail; he hesitated, and halted several times: he grew pensive, and his resolution left him. In this solitary manner he wandered on till he reached Holloway, where he sat down upon a large stone, which is still called Whittington's stone. Here he began to ruminate upon his ill-luck, and in the depth of his meditation, he suddenly heard Bow-bells begin to ring. This attracted his attention; and as he listened, he fancied they called him back again to his master. The more he hearkened, the more he became confirmed in this notion, conceiving the bells expressed the following distich:—

“Return again Whittington,

“Thrice Lord Mayor of London.”

This proved a happy thought for him; and it made so great an impression on his fancy, that finding it early, and thinking he might get back before the family were stirring, he instantly returned, and entered unperceived, to pursue his usual daily drudgery.

Things were in this situation when the news arrived of the success of the voyage. When the bill of lading was presented to the merchant, the principal part was found to belong to Whittington, amongst which was a cabinet of rich jewels, the last present of the Dey. This was the first thing brought to Mr. Fitzwarren's house, it being deemed too valuable to remain on board. When the servants' goods for their ventures were all brought up to be divided, Whittington's portion was too bulky to be unpacked before them; but the pearls and jewels alone were estimated at several thousand pounds.*

* This story, however improbable, is not without a parallel in the history of another country, for in a description of Guinea, published in 1665, it is recorded, how Alphonso, a Portuguese, being wrecked on the coast of Guinea, and being presented by the king with his

The humility of Whittington's mind prevented him from displaying the least degree of arrogance, petulance, or superciliousness, on this sudden change of his fortune. At first he could scarcely be prevailed upon to quit the scullery, but Mr. Fitzwarren, who, it would appear took him into partnership, omitted no opportunity of promoting his interest, introducing him at court and to the principal characters in the city.

In this new career Whittington's success must have been truly extraordinary, for we find that in a few years, King Edward III. being at war with France, and soliciting of his subjects a subsidy to carry it on, Whittington paid towards the contribution offered by the city of London, no less than ten thousand pounds, an astonishing sum in those days, for an individual's share, when it is considered that history has almost left us in the dark as to the remuneration expected. Be that as it may, history places it in the forty-sixth year of the king's reign, A. D. 1372. The success did not answer his great preparations ; for his fleet was dispersed by contrary winds, and he was forced to disband his soldiers.

What contributed much at this time in favour of Whittington, was the absence of the Lombard merchants, who withdrew themselves from London, on account of the oppression of the king, which became excessive towards the latter end of his reign, for continual draughts to support his ambition in France. These, and the Jews abroad, conducted at that time the whole financial commerce of the city of London ; but Mr. Whittington, upon their departure, came in for a considerable share of it.

weight in gold for a cat to kill their mice ; and an ointment to kill their flies ; this he improved within five years to six thousand pounds on the place, and returning to Portugal after fifteen years traffic, became, not like Whittington the second, but the third man in the kingdom.

In the 52d year of Edward's reign, the Lords and Commons granted the King a Poll-tax, of four-pence a head, for every man and woman passing the age of fourteen years, beggars excepted. The king demanding of the city of London to advance him 4000*l.* upon this poll, and the Mayor, Adam Staple, proving backward in complying, he was by the king turned out of that office; and Sir Richard Whittington put into his place, to finish the year; and this is the first mention of his being knighted, and of his great importance in the city at that time, being only about ten years after his first coming thither.

According to Stow, Sir Richard Whittington was a great dealer in wool, leather, cloth, and pearls, which were universally worn at that time by the ladies. In 1377, the first year of King Richard II. he was called by summons to the parliament that met at London.

In 1395, the eighteenth of this king's reign, Edmund Duke of York, the king's uncle, held a parliament at London, the king being absent in Ireland, and relating to the citizens the great streights the king was reduced to in Ireland, they granted him a tenth upon their personal estates; first protesting that they were not in rigour of right obliged to it, but that they did it out of affection. The mission to this parliament, we are particularly informed by Sir Robert Cotton, from Leland's papers, was managed by the uprightness of Sir Richard Whittington. It also appears from the parliamentary rolls, that the citizens only granted this for four years, on condition that it should be bestowed upon the wars; that the king should be advised by his council; and that the wars ceasing before the time expired, payment might determine.

Thus he grew in riches and fame the most considerable of the citizens, greatly beloved by all, especially the poor, several hundreds of whom he publicly or secretly assisted or supplied.

About this time it was that he married his master's daughter, Miss Fitzwarren. According to the pre-torian banner, once existing in Guildhall, but destroyed by the fire which consumed the city archives, Whittington served his first mayoralty in 1397. He was now near forty years of age, and was chosen into the office by his fellow citizens, whose approbation of his conduct, after having once before filled the office when put in by King Edward, is a proof that he was a good, loyal, and patriotic man.

He was one of those who went from the city to the Tower to King Richard II. to put him in mind of his promise to relinquish the government; and was upon that constituted one of the king's proxies to declare his renunciation. According to Stow and Collier, he assisted at the coronation of Henry IV. when he took the oath of homage and allegiance to him. He assisted at the great council which that king soon after summoned, to demand aid of the lords spiritual and temporal against his enemies, the kings of France and Scotland, who were then preparing to invade England; in which council the city of London, as well as the barons and clergy, unanimously granted the king a tenth to support him in the war, which was undertaken by Charles IX. of France to restore his father-in-law, Richard II. who was yet alive. Whittington's name stands second, Scroop, Archbishop of York, being first, of those privy counsellors who were commissioned to treat on the king's part with the Earl of Northumberland, about the exchange of castles and lands. But the designs of Whittington and the city were frustrated by the death of the unfortunate Richard.

Whittington's second mayoralty occurred in 1406. His third and last service of mayor happened in 1419, in Henry the Fifth's time, in which situation he behaved with his usual prudence. Though age had now taken off much of his activity, yet he was the most vigilant ma-

gistrate of his time. Soon after Henry's conquest of France, Sir Richard entertained him and his queen at Guildhall, in such grand style, that he was pleased to say, "Never prince had such a subject;" and conferred upon some of the aldermen the honour of knighthood.

At this entertainment the king particularly praised the fire, which was made of choice wood, mixed with mace, cloves, and all other spices; on which Sir Richard said, he would endeavour to make one still more agreeable to his majesty, and immediately tore, and threw into the fire, the king's bond for 10,000 marks due to the company of mercers; 12,500 to the chamber of London; 12,000 to the grocers; to the staplers, goldsmiths, haberdashers, vintners, brewers, and bakers, 3000 marks each. "All these," said Sir Richard, "with divers others lent for the payment of your soldiers in France, I have taken in and discharged to the amount of 60,000*l.* sterling. Can your majesty desire to see such another sight?" The king and nobles were struck dumb with surprise at his wealth and liberality.

Sir Richard spent the remainder of his days in honourable retirement, in his house in Grub-street, beloved by the rich and the poor. By his wife he left two sons. He built many charitable houses, founded a church in Vintry Ward, dedicated to St. Michael. Here he constructed a handsome vault, for the sepulchre of his father and mother-in-law, and the remainder of the Fitzwarren family, and there himself and wife afterwards were interred.

In 1413, he founded an alms-house and college in the Vintry. The latter was suppressed by order of council in King Edward the Sixth's time: but the former, on College-hill, still remains.

The munificence of Whittington, it would appear, though he was an inhabitant of Vintry Ward, was felt and acknowledged all over the city. The library of the famous church of the grey friars, near the spot where

Christ-church, in Newgate-street, now stands, was founded by him in 1429. In three years it was filled with books to the value of 556*l.* of which Sir Richard contributed 400*l.* the rest being supplied by Dr. Thomas Winchelsey, a friar. This was about thirty years before the invention of printing. He also rebuilt Newgate, contributed largely to the repairs of Guildhall, and endowed Christ's Hospital with a considerable sum.

Whittington, as well as his master, Mr. Fitzwarren, were both mercers. How long he lived is uncertain, as his Latin epitaph in the church of St. Michael Paternoster, in the Vintry, where he was buried, does not specify his birth. His will, however, is dated December 21, 1423. In the above-mentioned church, Sir Richard Whittington was three times buried; first by his executors, under a handsome monument; then in the reign of Edward VI. when the parson of the church, thinking to find great riches in his tomb, broke it open and despoiled the body of its leaden sheet, then burying it a second time. In the reign of Queen Mary, she obliged the parishioners to take up the body, and restore the lead as before, and it was again buried; and so he remained till the great fire of London violated his resting place a third time. This church also, which his piety had founded, together with a college and alms-houses near the spot, became a prey to the flames in the great conflagration of 1666.

The capital house called Whittington-college, with the garden, was sold to Armagill Wade, in the second year of Edward VI. The alms-houses which he founded for thirteen poor men, are still supported by the Mercers Company, of which he was a member, and in whose custody are still extant the original ordinances of Sir Richard Whittington's charity, made by his executors, Coventre, Carpenter, and Grove.—The first page, curiously illuminated, represents Whittington lying on his death-bed, his body very lean and meagre, with his

three executors, a priest, and some other persons standing by his bedside.

Dame Alice, the wife of Sir Richard, died in the 63d year of her age; after which he never re-married, though he outlived her near twenty years. At last he expired like the patriarch, full of age and honour, leaving a good name and an excellent example to posterity. The following curious epitaph is said to have been cut on the upper stone of his vault, and to have continued perfect till destroyed by the fire of London:—

M. S.

Beneath this stone lies Whittington,
Sir Richard rightly nam'd;
Who three times Lord Mayor serv'd in London,
In which he ne'er was blam'd.

He rose from Indigence to Wealth,
By Industry and that,
For lo! he scorn'd to gain by stealth,
What he got by a Cat.

Let none who reads this verse despair
Of Providence's ways:
Who trust in him, he'll make his care,
And prosper all their days.

Then sing a requiem to departed merit,
And rest in peace till death demands his spirit.

MARGARET FINCH.

MMARGARET FINCH, Queen of the Gipsies, was born at Sutton in Kent, in the year 1631, and after travelling over various parts of the kingdom, for nearly a century, settled at Norwood, whither her great age and the fame of her fortune-telling talents attracted numerous visitors.

From a constant habit of sitting on the ground with her chin resting on her knees, generally with a pipe in

her mouth, and attended by her faithful dog, her sinews at length became so contracted, that she was unable to rise from that posture. Accordingly, after her death, it was found necessary to inclose her body in a deep square box. She died in October, 1740, at the great age of 109 years. Her remains were conveyed in a hearse, attended by two mourning coaches, to Beckenham in Kent, where a sermon was preached on the occasion to a great concourse of people who assembled to witness the ceremony.

The picture of Margaret Finch adorns the sign of a house of public entertainment at Norwood, called the Gipsy-house, which is situated on a small green, in a valley, surrounded by woods. On this green, a few families of Gipsies pitched their tents for a great number of years in the summer season; in winter either procuring lodgings in the metropolis, or taking up their abode in barns in some of the more distant counties. Since the inclosure of Norwood, however, they have been obliged to remove farther away, and only make their daily excursions to the Gipsy House, for the purpose of obtaining money from the credulous visitors to that place. The Rev. Mr. Lysons, in his *Environs of London*, says, "In a cottage adjoining the Gipsy-house, lives an old woman, grand-daughter of Queen Margaret, who inherits her title. She is niece to Queen Bridget, who was herself niece to Margaret Finch, and was buried at Dulwich in 1768. It does not appear that the Gipsies pay her any particular respect, or that she differs from the rest of the tribe in any other point than that of being a householder." She, however, has long since paid the debt of nature.

Having several times in the course of this work had occasion to notice those extraordinary people called Gipsies, we shall now lay before our reader a short historical sketch, by which he may be enabled to form his own opinion of this singular race.

Gipsies are said to have made their first appearance in Germany about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Historians inform us, that when sultan Selim conquered Egypt in 1517, a large body of the natives refused to submit to the Turkish yoke, and revolted under Zinganeus; whence the Turks call them to this day *Zinganees*; but being at length surrounded and banished, they agreed to disperse in small parties all over the world, where their supposed skill in the knowledge of futurity gave them an universal reception among ignorant and superstitious persons. In the course of a few years they gained such a number of proselytes, who imitated their language and complexion, and betook themselves to the same arts of chiromancy, that they became troublesome, and even formidable, to most of the states of Europe. Hence they were expelled from France by an edict, in 1560, and from Spain in 1591. And the government of England took the alarm much earlier: for in 1530, they are described by 22 Hen. VIII. c. 10. as "an outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor feat of merchandise, who have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire, and place to place, in great companies, and used great, subtle, and crafty means, to deceive the people; bearing them in hand, that they by palmistry could tell men's and women's fortunes; and so many times by craft and subtilty have deceived the people of their money, and also have committed many heinous felonies and robberies. Wherefore they are directed to avoid the realm, and not to return under pain of imprisonment, and forfeiture of their goods and chattels; and upon their trials for any felony which they may have committed, they shall not be entitled to a jury *de medietate linguæ*." And afterwards it is enacted, by statutes 1st and 2d Ph. and Mary, c. 4.; and 5th Eliz. c. 20, that "if any such person shall be imported into the kingdom, the importer shall forfeit forty pounds.

And if the Egyptians themselves remain one month in the kingdom, or if any person, being fourteen years old, whether natural-born subject or stranger, which hath been seen or found in the fellowship of such Egyptians, or which hath disguised him or herself like them, shall remain in the same one month at one or several times, it is felony without benefit of clergy." And Sir Matthew Hale informs us, that at one Suffolk Assizes, no less than thirteen persons were executed upon these statutes a few years before the restoration. But, to the honour of our national humanity, there are no instances more modern than this of carrying these laws into practice; and the sanguinary act was itself repealed by 23 Geo. III. c. 54.

It is incredible to think how this regular swarm of banditti has spread itself over the face of the earth. They wander about in Asia, in the interior parts of Africa, and, like locusts, have over-run most of the European nations. In the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, as we have seen, they were set up as a mark of general persecution in England; yet their numbers did not appear for a long time to be much diminished. Spain is supposed to contain forty thousand of these vagrants. They became less numerous in France, in consequence of the strictness of the police. In Italy they abound, especially in the states of the church, on account of the prevalence of superstition, which entices them to deceive the ignorant. They are scattered, though not in great numbers, through Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia; but their chief population is in the south-east parts of Europe, which seem to be the general rendezvous of the gipsy nation. At a moderate computation, Europe contains more than seven hundred thousand of these vagabonds. For near four centuries they have wandered through the world; and in every region, and among every people, whether barbarous or civilized, they have continued equally unchanged by the lapse of time, the variation of climate,

and the force of example. Their singular physiognomy and particular manners are the same in every country. Their swarthy complexion derives no darker shade from the burning sun of Africa, nor any fairer tincture from the temperate climates of Europe; they contract no additional laziness in Spain, nor acquire any new industry in England; in Turkey they behold the mosque and the crescent with equal indifference as they do the reformed and the Catholic church in Europe. In the neighbourhood of civilized life they continue barbarous; and, beholding around them cities and settled inhabitants, they live in tents or holes in the earth, and wander from place to place as fugitives and vagabonds.

In an old work, printed in 1612, the following description is given of the Gipsies, by which it appears they have long been accustomed to have their king and queen.

“This kind of people, about a hundred years ago, beganne to gather an head, as the first heere, about the southerne parts. And this, as I am informed and can gather, was their beginning: Certain Egyptians banished their country, (belike not for their good conditions,) arrived heere in England, who for quaint tricks and devices, not known heere, at that time, among us, were esteemed, and had in great admiration; insomuch, that many of our English *Loyterers* joined with them, and in time learned their craftie cosening.

“The speech which they used, was the right Egyptian language, with whom our Englishmen conversing, at least learned their language. These people continuing about the country, and practising their cosening art, purchased themselves great credit among the country people, and got much by palmistry, and telling of fortunes; insomuch, they pitifully cosened poor country girls, both of money, silver spoons, and the best of their apparelle, or any goods they could make.”

From this author, it is collected, they had a leader

of the name of *Giles Hather*, who was termed their king; and a woman of the name of *Calot*, was called queen." These riding through the country on horseback, and in strange attire, had a prettie traine after them."

Niebuhr, in his Travels through Arabia, met with hordes of these strolling gipsies in the warm district of Yemen: and M. Sauer, in like manner, found them established in the frozen regions of Siberia. His account of them, published in 1802, shows the Gipsy character to be the same in northern Russia, as with us in England. He describes them as follows:—"I was surprised at the appearance of detached families of Gipsies throughout the Government of Tobolsk; and upon inquiry I learned, that several roving companies of these people had strolled into the city of Tobolsk. The governor thought of establishing a colony of them; but they were too cunning for the simple Siberian peasant; which induced him to separate each family. He placed them on the footing of the peasants, and allotted a portion of land for cultivation, with a view of making them useful to society. They, however, reject houses even in this severe climate, and dwell in open tents or sheds; nor can they be brought to any regular course of industry; but they watch every traveller, and pretend to explain the mysteries of futurity, by palmistry or physiognomy. The peasant dreads their power; and, from motives of fear, contributes to their support, lest they should spoil his cattle and horses. It is said, that they are very skilful farriers and cow-leeches."

In Hungary and Transylvania, their summer habitations are tents; their winter ones, holes ten or twelve feet deep in the earth. They are fond of plate, particularly silver cups, which they bury under the earth for security. The principal occupations which they pretend to follow are, smith's work, or tinker's, or wooden ware, and horse-dealing; they are also executioners of criminals, flayers of dead beasts, and washers of gold. The

women deal in old clothes, prostitution, wanton dances, and fortune-telling. Notwithstanding these occupations, this people are indolent beggars and thieves. They bring up their children to their own professions, and appear very fond of them. They have few disorders, except the measles and small-pox, and weaknesses in their eyes, occasioned by the smoke; and live to an advanced age, with a strong attachment to life. Their physic is saffron in their soups, with bleeding.

In their food these people are by no means choice: it is all one to them, whether it be carrion of a sheep, hog, cow, or other beast, horse-flesh only excepted. When any one censures their taste, they answer, "The flesh of a beast which God kills must be better than that of one killed by the hand of man." They therefore take every opportunity of getting such dainties. That they take carrion from a laystall, as is affirmed of the Gipsies in Hungary, is by no means certain, any more than that they eat horse-flesh. But if a beast out of an herd dies, and they find it before it becomes rotten or putrefied; or, if a farmer gives them notice of a cow dead, they proceed, without hesitation, to take possession of the booty. Their favourite object is animals that have been destroyed by fire; therefore, whenever a conflagration has happened, either in town or country, the next day the Gipsies, from every neighbouring quarter, assemble and draw the suffocated half-consumed beasts out of the ashes. Men, women, and children, in troops, are extremely busy, joyfully collecting the flesh, upon which they gluttonize in their huts as long as this delicious fare lasts.

The Gipsies have, at least in Transylvania, a sort of regular government, rather nominal than real or effective. They have their leaders or chiefs, whom they distinguish by the Slavonian title, *waywode*. To this dignity every person is eligible who is of a family descended from a former waywode; but the preference is

generally given to those who have the most wealth, who are of a large stature, and not past the meridian of life. Of religion they have no sense; though, with their usual cunning and hypocrisy, they profess the established faith of every country in which they live. They also speak the languages of the respective countries, yet have a dialect of their own; from whence derived, authors differ. The only science which they have attained is music. Their poetry is indecent rhyme.

Their general character is thus given by Grellman, in his Germanic Treatise on Gipsies:—"They are lively, uncommonly loquacious and chattering; fickle in the extreme, consequently inconstant in their pursuits; faithless to every body, even their own cast; void of the least emotion of gratitude, frequently rewarding benefits with the most insidious malice. Fear makes them slavishly compliant when under subjection; but having nothing to apprehend, like other timorous people, they are cruel. Desire of revenge often causes them to take the most desperate resolutions. To such a degree of violence is their fury sometimes excited, that a mother has been known, in the excess of passion, to take her small infant by the feet, and therewith strike the object of her anger, when no other instrument has readily presented itself. They are so addicted to drinking, as to sacrifice what is most necessary to them, that they may feast their palates with ardent spirits. Nothing can exceed the unrestrained depravity of manners existing among them. Unchecked by any idea of shame, they give way to every libidinous desire. The mother endeavours, by the most scandalous arts, to train up her daughter for an offering to sensuality; and this is scarcely grown up, before she becomes the seducer of others. Laziness is so prevalent among them, that were they to subsist by their own labour only, they would hardly have bread for two of the seven days in the week. This indolence increases their propensity to stealing and cheating, the common

attendants on idleness. They seek to avail themselves of every opportunity to satisfy their lawless desires. Their universal bad character, therefore, for fickleness, infidelity, ingratitude, revenge, malice, rage, depravity, laziness, knavery, thievishness, and cunning, though not deficient in capacity and cleverness, render these people of no use in society, except as soldiers to form marauding parties. Attempts have in vain been made for cultivating and civilizing them. This appears from a very intelligent Hungarian lady's experience on the subject, communicated in a letter as follows:—"There are a great number of them on my estates, but I have permitted two families in particular to establish themselves at the place of my own residence, under the express condition that no others shall come here and join them. I took all possible pains to make them reasonable creatures. I set the elder ones to work; the younger ones to tend the cattle. I observed that they were more fond of horses than any thing else; for which reason I placed a Gipsy under each groom. I had their children clothed, that none of them might be running about naked, according to their usual practise. It appeared, however, that custom was become nature with them. The old ones worked diligently so long as any body stood over them; the moment their back was turned they all got together in a circle, their legs across, facing the sun, and chattered. Thus they cannot possibly earn more, indeed hardly so much, as would find them in bread. Even in winter they cannot bear a hat on their head, nor shoes on their feet. The boys will run like wild things after carrion, let it stink never so much; and where a mortality happens among the cattle, there these wretched beings are to be found in the greatest numbers. The origin of this people, as we have seen, has been generally supposed to be Egyptian; and that belief is as old as their existence in Europe. Tomasius, Salmon, and Signior Grisellini, have endeavoured to prove the

fact by satisfactory evidence. This theory, however, seems without foundation. The Egyptian descent of these people is not only destitute of proofs, but the most positive evidence is found to contradict it. Their language differs entirely from the Coptic; and their customs are very different from those of the Egyptians. They are indeed to be found in Egypt; but they wander about there as strangers, and form a distinct people as in other countries."

The Egyptian descent of the Gipsies being thus rejected by Grellman, he next endeavours to show that they came from Hindoostan. The chief basis of his theory, however, is no other than that very dubious one, a similarity of language. He adds a long vocabulary of the Gipsy and the Hindoo languages; in which, it must be confessed, many words are the same; but many are different. The cause of their emigration from their country, he conjectures, not without probability, to be the war of Timur Bec, or Tamerlane, in India. In the year 1408, and 1409, this conqueror ravaged India; and the progress of his arms was attended with devastation and cruelty. All who made resistance were destroyed; those who fell into the enemy's hands were made slaves; of those very slaves one hundred thousand were put to death. As on this occasion an universal panic took place, what could be more natural than that a great number of terrified inhabitants should endeavour to save themselves by flight? He next endeavours to trace the route by which the Gipsies came from Hindoostan to Europe: but here he justly acknowledges that all is mere surmise; and that there still hangs a cloud over the origin of this extraordinary race of people.

Pasquier in his *Recherches de la France*, gives another account of their origin, he says—"On August 17th, 1427, came to Paris twelve Penitents, *Penanciers*, as they called themselves, viz.: a duke, an earl, and ten men, all on horseback, and calling themselves good

Christians. They were of Lower Egypt, and gave out that not long before the Christians had subdued their country, and obliged them to embrace Christianity, on pain of being put to death. Those who were baptized were great lords in their own country, and had a king and queen there. Some time after their conversion, the Saracens over-ran their country, and obliged them to renounce Christianity.

“ When the Emperor of Germany, the King of Poland, and other Christian princes, heard of this, they fell upon them, and obliged the whole of them, both great and small, to quit their country, and go to the Pope at Rome; who enjoined them seven years’ penance, to wander over the world, without lying in a bed. They had been wandering five years when they came to Paris; first the principal people, and soon after the commonalty, about 100, or 120, reduced from 1000, or 1200, when they came from home; the rest being dead, with their king and queen. They were lodged by the police, out of the city, at Chapel St. Denis.

“ Nearly all of them had their ears bored, and one or two silver rings in each, which they said were esteemed ornaments in their country. The men were black, their hair curled; the women remarkably black, all their faces scarred, *deployez*, their hair black, their only clothes a large old shaggy garment, *flossoye*, tied over the shoulders with a cloth or cord, sash, *lien*, and under it a poor petticoat, *roquet*. In short, they were the poorest miserable creatures that had ever been seen in France; and notwithstanding their poverty, there were among them women, who, by looking into people’s hands, told their fortunes. And what was worse, they picked people’s pockets of their money; and got it into their own, through telling these things by art, magic, &c.

“ But though this was the common report, I spoke to them several times, yet I never lost a farthing by them; or ever saw them look into people’s hands. But the Bi-

shop of Paris, hearing of it, went to them with a friar preacher, named *Le petit Jacobin*, who, by the Bishop's order, preached a sermon, excommunicating all the men and women who pretended to believe these things, and had believed in them, and shown their hands; and it was agreed that they should go away, and they departed for Pontoise, in September.

“ This was copied from an old book in the form of a journal, drawn up by a doctor of divinity in Paris, which fell into the hands of Pasquier; who remarks upon it, that however the story of a penance savours of a trick, these people wandered up and down France, under the eye and with the knowledge of the magistrates, for 100 or 120 years. At length, in 1561, an edict was issued, commanding all officers of justice to turn out of the kingdom, in the space of two months, under pain of the gallies and corporal punishment, all men, women and children, who assumed the name of *Bohémiens* or Egyptians.”

That the Gipsies are an abandoned and illiterate race must be admitted, but that they are capable of civilization and of being made useful members of the community is equally admissable. On this subject Mr. Hoyland, in his *Survey of the Gipsies*, thus concludes that work :

“ Can a nation, whose diffusive philanthropy extends to the civilization of a quarter of the globe, and to the evangelization of the whole world, be regardless of any of the children of her own bosom, or suffer the pious truly patriotic solicitude of her king, for the instruction of the meanest of his subjects to remain unaccomplished.

“ Many persons appear zealous to send missionaries to convert heathens in the most distant parts of the world; when, as a late writer observes, ‘ the greatest, perhaps, of all heathens, are at home, entirely neglected.’

“ Peace and tranquillity are favourable to the improvement of the internal condition of a country; and can



Engraved by R. Cooper.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT,
An Extraordinary Fanatic

Published by J. Hobbs & Co. Albion Press, London. May 1. 1841.

Britain more unequivocally testify her gratitude for the signal favours conferred upon her, than in promoting that object for which rational beings were formed—the glory of God, and the happiness of his creatures.

“ In relation to the uncultivated race we have been surveying, may a guarded and religious education prove to them, as the voice crying in the wilderness: ‘ Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert an highway for our God.’ The subsequent declaration, without doubt, is descriptive of what should be effected under the gospel dispensation: ‘ The crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and *all flesh* shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.’ ”

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

THIS woman was born at Gettisham in Devonshire. She was the daughter of William and Hannah Southcott; her father was in the farming line; and both her parents were professed members of the established church.

The first forty years of her life were passed in honest industry, sometimes as a servant, at others working at the upholsterers' business, without any other symptom of a disordered intellect than that she was zealously attached to the methodists. She mentions in one of her books a preacher who frequented her master's house, and, according to her account, lived in habits of adultery with the wife, trying at the same time to debauch the daughter, while the husband vainly attempted to seduce Joanna herself. This preacher used to terrify all who heard him in prayer, and to make them shriek out convulsively. He said that he had sometimes, at a meeting, made the whole congregation lie stiff upon

the floor till he had got the evil spirits out of them ; that there never was a man so highly favoured of God as himself ; that he would not thank God to make him any thing, unless he made him greater than any man upon earth, and gave him power above all men ; and he boasted, upon hearing of the death of one who had censured him, that he had fasted and prayed three days and three nights, beseeching God to take vengeance upon that man, and send him to eternity. Where such impious bedlamites as this are allowed to walk abroad, it is not to be wondered at that madness should become epidemic. Joanna Southcott lived in a house which this man frequented, and where, notwithstanding his infamous life, his pretensions to supernatural gifts were acknowledged, and he was accustomed to preach and pray. The servants all stood in fear of him. Joanna says, he had no power over her, but she used to think the room was full of spirits when he was in prayer ; and he was so haunted that he never could sleep in a room by himself, for he said his wife came every night to trouble him. She was perplexed about him, fully believing that he wrought miracles, and wondering by what spirit he wrought them. After she became a prophetess herself, she discovered that this gentleman was the false prophet in the Revelations, who is to be taken with the beast, and cast alive with him into a lake of burning brimstone.

Four persons wrote to Joanna upon the subject of her pretended mission, each calling himself Christ ! One Mr. Leach, a methodist preacher, told her to go to the Lord in his name, and tell the Lord that he said her writings were inspired by the devil. These circumstances show how commonly delusion, blasphemy, and madness, are to be found in this country, and may lessen our wonder at the phrensy of Joanna and her followers. Her own career began humbly, with prophecies concerning the weather, such as the popular English

Almanacs contain; and threats concerning the fate of Europe, and the successes of the French, which were at that time the speculations of every newspaper, and of every alehouse politician. Some of these guesses having chanced to be right, the women of the family in which she then worked at the upholstering business, began to lend ear to her; and she ventured to submit her papers to the judgment of one Mr. Pomeroy, the clergyman whose church she attended in Exeter. He listened to her with timid curiosity, rather wanting courage than credulity to become her disciple; received from her certain sealed prophecies which were at some future time to be opened, when, as it would be seen that they had been accomplished, they would prove the truth of her inspiration; and sanctioned, or seemed to sanction, her design of publishing her call to the world. But in this publication his own name appeared, and that in such a manner as plainly to imply, that, if he had not encouraged her to print, he had not endeavoured to prevent her from so doing. His eyes were immediately open to his own imprudence, whatever they may have been to the nature of her call; and he obtained her consent to insert an advertisement in the newspaper with her signature, stating that he had said it was the work of the devil. But here the parties were at issue: as the advertisement was worded, it signified that the clergyman always said her calling was from the devil; on the other hand, Joanna and her witnesses protest that what she had signed was merely an acknowledgment that he had said, after her book was printed, the devil had instigated her to print his name in it. This would not be worthy of mention, if it were not for the very extraordinary situation into which this gentleman brought himself. Wishing to be clear of the connection in which he had so unluckily engaged, he burnt the sealed papers which had been intrusted to his care. From that time all the Joannians regarded him as the arch-apostate. He was

the Jehoiakim who burnt Jeremiah's roll of prophecies; he was their Judas Iscariot, a second Lucifer, son of the Morning. They called upon him to produce these prophecies, which she boldly asserted, and they implicitly believed, had all been fulfilled, and therefore would convince the world of the truth of her mission. In vain did Mr. Pomeroy answer that he had burnt these unhappy papers: in an unhappy hour for himself did he burn them! day after day long letters were dispatched to him, sometimes from Joanna herself, sometimes from her brother, sometimes from one of her four-and-twenty elders, filled with exhortation, invective, texts of scripture, and denunciations of the law in this world, and the devil in the next; and these letters the prophetess printed for this very sufficient reason—that all her believers purchased them. Mr. Pomeroy sometimes treated them with contempt; at other times he appealed to their compassion, and beseeched them, if they had any bowels of Christian charity, to have compassion on him and let him rest, and no longer add to the inconceivable and irreparable injuries which they had already occasioned him. If he was silent it was no matter: still they sent him letters, and continued printing copies of all which they wrote; and, when he was worried into replying, his answers also served to swell Joanna's books. In this manner was this poor man, because he had recovered his senses, persecuted by a crazy prophetess and her four-and-twenty crazy elders, who seemed determined not to desist, till, one way or other, they had made him as ripe for Bedlam as they were themselves.

The books which she sent into the world were written partly in prose, partly in rhyme, all the verse and the greater part of the prose being delivered in the character of the Almighty! It is not possible to convey an adequate idea of this unparalleled and unimaginable nonsense by any other means than literal transcript. Her hand-writing was illegibly bad; so that at last she found

it convenient to receive orders to throw away the pen, and deliver her oracles orally ; and the words flowed from her faster than her scribes could write them down. This may be well believed, for they were words and nothing else : a mere rhapsody of texts, vulgar dreams and vulgar interpretations, vulgar types and vulgar applications :—the vilest string of words in the vilest doggerel verse, which has no other connection than what the vilest rhymes have suggested, she vented and her followers received as the dictates of immediate inspiration. A herd, however, was ready to devour this garbage as the bread of life. Credulity and Vanity are foul feeders.

The clergy in her own neighbourhood were invited by her, by private letters, to examine her claims, but they treated her invitations with contempt; the bishop also did not choose to interfere;—of what avail, indeed, would it have been to have examined her, when they had no power to silence her blasphemies? She found believers at a distance. Seven men came from different parts of the country to examine—that is—to believe in her; these were her seven stars; and when at another time seven more arrived upon the same wise errand, she observed, in allusion to one of those vulgar sayings from which all her allusions are drawn, that her seven stars were come to fourteen. Among these early believers were three clergymen, one of them a man of fashion, fortune, and noble family. It is not unlikely, that the woman at first suspected the state of her own intellects : her letters appear to indicate this ; they express an humble submission to wiser judgments than her own ; and, could she have breathed the first thoughts of delusion into the ear of some pious confessor, it is more than probable that she would have soon acknowledged her error at his feet, and the phrensy which infected thousands would have been cut off on its first appearance. But, when she found that persons into whose society no-

thing else could have elevated her, listened to her with reverence, believed all her ravings, and supplied her with means and money to spread them abroad, it is not to be wondered at if she went on more boldly;—the gainfulness of the trade soon silencing all doubts of the truth of her inspiration.

Some of her foremost adherents were veterans in credulity; they had been initiated in the mysteries of animal magnetism, had received spiritual circumcision from Brothers, and were thus doubly qualified for the part they were to act in this new drama of delusion. To accommodate them, Joanna confirmed the authenticity of this last fanatic's mission, and acknowledged him as King of the Hebrews,—but she dropt his whole mythology. Her heresy in its main part is not new. The opinion that redemption extended to men only, and not to women, had been held by a Norman in the sixteenth century, as well as by the fair English heretic already mentioned. This man, in a book called *Virgo Veneta*, maintained that a female Redeemer was necessary for the daughters of Eve, and announced an old woman of Venice, of his acquaintance, as the Saviour of her sex. Bordonius, a century ago, broached even a worse heresy. In a work upon miracles, printed at Parma, he taught that women did not participate in the atonement, because they were of a different species from man, and were incapable of eternal life. Joanna and her followers are too ignorant to be acquainted with these her prototypes in blasphemy; and the whole merit of originality in her system must be allowed her, as indeed she exceeded her forerunners in the audacity of her pretension. She boldly asserted that she was the woman in the Revelations, who has the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars; the twelve stars being her twelve apostles, who with the second dozen of believers make up her four-and-twenty elders. In her visitation it was told her, that the angels rejoiced at her birth, because

she was born to deliver both men and angels from the insults of the devil. Let it be lawful for me to repeat these blasphemies, holding them up to merited abhorrence. The scheme of redemption, she said, was completed in her, and without her would be imperfect; by woman came the fall of man, by woman must come his redemption; woman plucked the evil fruit, and woman must pluck the good fruit; if the tree of knowledge was violated by Eve, the tree of life was reserved for Joanna. Eve was a bone from Adam; she was a bone from Christ, the second Adam. She was the bride, the promised seed who was to bruise the serpent's head; she also claimed the promise made at the creation, that woman should be the helpmate of man; and by her the Creator fulfilled that promise, and acquainted himself of the charge of having given to man the woman in vain. The evening-star was placed in the firmament to be her type. While she arrogated so much to herself, she was proportionally liberal to her followers; they were appointed to the four-and-twenty elderships: and to one of them, when he died, a higher character was more blasphemously attributed; she assured his relations that he was gone to plead the promises before the Lord; that to him was to be given the key of the bottomless pit, and that the time was at hand when he should be seen descending in the air,—for they knew not the meaning of Our Saviour's words when he said, "Ye shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds, in power and great glory."

The immediate object of her call was to destroy the devil: of this the devil was aware; and, that it might not be said he had had foul play, a regular dispute of seven days was agreed on between him and Joanna, in which she was to be alone, and he to bring with him as many of the Powers of Darkness as he pleased: but he was not to appear visibly; for, as he did not choose to make his appearance on a former occasion when some of her

elders went to give him the meeting, but had disappointed them, he was not to be permitted to manifest himself bodily now. The conditions were, that, if she held out with argument against him for seven days, the woman should be freed and he fall; but, if she yielded, Satan's kingdom was to stand, and a second fall of the human race would be the consequence. Accordingly, she went alone into a solitary house for this conference. Joanna was her own secretary upon this occasion, and the proces verbal of the conference was printed, as literally taken down; for she was ordered to set down all his blasphemies, and show to the world what the language of hell is. It is by no means a polite language;—indeed the proficiency which Satan displays in the vulgar tongue is surprising.

Of all Joanna's books this is the most curious. Satan brought a friend with him, and they made up a story for themselves which has some ingenuity. "It is written," said they, "Be still, and know that I am God;" this still worship did not suit Satan; he was a lively cheerful spirit, full of mirth and gaiety, which the Lord could not bear, and therefore cast him out of heaven. This, according to Apollyon's account of heaven, could have been no great evil. "Thou knowest," he says, "it is written of God, he is a consuming fire, and who can dwell in everlasting burnings? Our backs are not brass, nor our sinews iron, to dwell with God in heaven." The heaven, therefore, which men mistakenly desire, is in its nature the very hell of which they are so much afraid; and it is sufficient proof of the truth of all this, that the devil invites them to make themselves happy and lead a gay life, agreeably to his own cheerful disposition; whereas, religion enjoins self-denial, penitence, and all things which are contrary to our natural inclinations. Satan accounted to Joanna for her inspiration by this solution: an evil spirit had loved her from her youth up; he found there was no other access to her

heart than by means of religion; and, being himself able to foresee future events, imparted this knowledge to her in the character of a good spirit. This spirit, he said, was one which she had been well acquainted with; it was that of one Mr. Follart, who had told her, if she would not have him for a husband, he should die for her sake; and he died accordingly. But this deception had now been carried so far, that Satan was angry, and threatened, unless she broke her seals and destroyed her writings, he would tear her in pieces.

The conference terminated like most theological disputes. Both parties grew warm. Apollyon interfered, and endeavoured to accommodate matters, but without effect, and Joanna talked Satan out of all patience. She gave him, as he truly complained, ten words for one, and allowed him no time to speak. All men, he said, were tired of her tongue already; and now she had tired the devil. This was not unreasonable; but he proceeded to abuse the whole sex, which would have been ungracious in any one, and in him was ungrateful. He said no man could tame a woman's tongue—the sands of an hour-glass did not run faster—it was better to dispute with a thousand men than with one woman. After this dispute she fasted forty days; but this fast, which was regarded by her believers as so miraculous, was merely a Catholic lent, in which she abstained from fish and flesh.

Once, when the Lord made her the same promise as Herod had done to Herodias, she requested that Satan might be cut off from the face of the earth, as John the Baptist had been. This petition she was instructed to write, and seal it with three seals, and carry it to the altar when she received the sacrament! and a promise was returned that it should be granted. Her dreams were usually of the devil. Once she saw him like a pig with his mouth tied; at another time skinned his face with her nails after a fierce battle; once she bit off his

fingers, and thought the blood sweet—and once she dreamt she had fairly killed him. But neither has the promise of his destruction been as yet fulfilled, nor the dream accomplished.

This phrensy would have been speedily cured in Spain; bread and water, a solitary cell, and a little wholesome discipline, are specifics in such cases. Mark the difference in England. No bishop interferes; she therefore boldly asserted that she had the full consent of the bishops to declare that her call was from God, because, having been called upon to disprove it, they kept silent. She, who was used to earn her daily bread by daily labour, was taken into the houses of her wealthy believers, regarded as the most blessed among women, carried from one part of England to another, and treated every where with reverence little less than idolatry. Meantime, dictating books as fast as her scribes could write them down, and publishing them as fast as they were written, the Joannians bought them as fast as they were published. This was not her only trade. The seals in the Revelations furnished her with a happy hint. She called upon all persons “to sign their names for Christ’s glorious and peaceable kingdom, to be established and to come upon earth, and his will to be done on earth as it is done in heaven, and for Satan’s kingdom to be destroyed, which is the prayer and desire of Joanna Southcott.” They who signed this were to be sealed. Now if this temporal sealing, which is mentioned by St. John in the Revelations, had been understood before this time, men would have begun sealing themselves without the visitation of the Spirit; and, if she had not understood it and explained it now, it would have been more fatal for herself and for all mankind than the fall of Eve was. The mystery of sealing was this; whosoever signed his name received a sealed letter containing these words: “The Sealed of the Lord, the Elect, Precious, Man’s Redemption, to inherit the Tree of Life,

to be made Heirs of God, and Joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. Signed, *Joanna Southcott*.

In 1792 she opened her commission and declared herself to be the woman spoken of in the Revelations, "the Bride, the Lamb's wife, and the woman clothed with the sun." Previous to this, while sweeping her master's shop, she found or pretended to find a seal, on which were the initials J. S.; this of course was applied to her own name, and here she began to show the cloven feet. This seal was for a time thrown aside, probably while she was conjecturing what use to make of it, till at length she informed the few who reposed confidence in her, "The Spirit one day ordered her to look for it," when she found, not only the letters J. S., but what was much more convenient for her purpose, the initials J. C. engraved in addition on it, accompanied with two stars! This miracle was soon blazoned around, and this ridiculous assertion was the ground-work on which she built her mummary, of being visited by God.

Shortly after opening her mission she published the following declaration:—

"I, Joanna Southcott, am clearly convinced, that my calling is of God, and my writings are indited by his spirit, as it is impossible that any spirit but an all wise God, that is wondrous in working, wondrous in wisdom, wondrous in power, wondrous in truth, could have brought round such mysteries, so full of truth, as is in my writings; so I am clear in whom I have believed, that all my writings came from the spirit of the most high God.

"JOANNA SOUTHCOTT."

In December 1813, she declared her pregnancy, and in her third and fourth book of wonders, she said she should have a son that year by the power of the Most High. Her followers now increased rapidly and she amused them with very interesting visions and dreams; and chapels were opened for promulgating her doctrine.

This infatuated woman not only promised her believers a child, but assured them of a *private marriage*; the following is a letter, which she addressed, on this occasion, to her friends :—

“ Many of my believers in my visitation, as I have been informed, begin to grow impatient in their expectation, as to the marriage spoken of, not having taken place and published a long time before the child should be born; and seeing the harvest nearly ended, ‘ they appear ready to sink in the great deep,—the seas before them, and the Egyptian host behind them ;’ so that, Where is the promise of either the marriage or the child ? will soon be the cry of the public ; and the believers themselves will be ready to say,—‘ the harvest is over ; the day is ended, and we are not saved.’ From this I see clearly, that my enemies would soon boast and triumph ; while the believers would be ready to sink and despair, if the way they are stumbled in remained without being answered and explained. In order, therefore, to do away such a state of mind in the believers, I take this opportunity of informing them, that when the marriage was first proposed to me, it was before I had any knowledge of what would follow ; I was warned that a private marriage should first take place in my own house, which afterwards was to be granted to be realized in public.

“ This circumstance stumbled me, and also my friends who were made acquainted with it, because at that time there appeared no necessity for such a private marriage to take place in haste ; but now I see cause enough, from the dangers which begin to appear ; so that from my present situation, and my own feelings, I can judge of the truth of the words that are already in print. For if there be ‘ no son,’ there will be ‘ no adopted father,’ and no marriage to be binding ; because it will be but a temporary marriage, from which death must soon release me. But who the bridegroom is, must not publicly be made known, after the marriage hath taken place, until the child is born. Thus, taking the whole into consideration, it is clear to me, that the marriage and the birth of the child may, and will most likely, take place within, perhaps, less than a day, the one before the other ; therefore the believers may, from this hint, be able to form a correct judgment, and check their impatience, not to look for the *Sixth Book* immediately after the marriage shall have taken place ; but that the *Sixth* and *Seventh Books*, to complete the wonders, as before said, will be in order, and in right time, both after the birth of the child shall have taken place.

October 21, 1814.”

(Signed)

“ JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

As soon as the wished-for day approached for the alleged delivery, presents of all descriptions, as they pretended, came in unasked. Some one sent her a crib for the expected Messiah, made in all the taste of elegant design, and manufactured with a bed, by Seddons, a cabinet-maker, of Aldersgate-street; and that nothing might be wanting at this accouchement, laced-caps, bibs, robes, mantles, pap-boats, caudle-cups, and every thing necessary for such an occasion, so poured in for the use of the expected Shiloh, as at length to oblige them, as they stated, to refuse further presents. A Bible also, in the most costly decoration, was not forgotten among the offerings of the *wise men*.

Further to strengthen the fraud, it was unblushingly asserted, that a number of medical men of the highest reputation, were called in, who had expressed their opinion of her pregnancy. Dr. Sims, however, in the Morning Chronicle of September 3, 1814, published a statement, declaring as follows:—

“ I went to see her on August 18, and after examining her, I do not hesitate to declare, it is my firm opinion that the woman called Joanna Southcott, is not pregnant; and before I conclude this statement, I feel it right to say, that I am convinced the poor woman labours under strong mental delusion. Having observed in the newspapers, assertions repeatedly made, that eminent *accoucheurs* have declared this woman to be pregnant, I am desirous I should not be considered in that number.”

At length it seems that Joanna Southcott, when approaching to her end, either *recovered her senses* or *repented of her sins*. The following letter appeared in the Observer, October 30, 1814.

TO THE EDITOR.

“ Having been requested by Joanna to acknowledge her former wicked errors, I presume no publication better adapted to give publicity to this subject than ‘The Observer.’ I have therefore, on the part of Joanna, respectfully, and with sincere contrition to state, that for some considerable time past she has been in a state of delirium, but

at length having become, as it were, herself again, being now calm and collected, and fearing that she is approaching to her latter end, hereby renounces all the wicked incantations of her former distempered brain; and she hopes that a generous public will forget the impositions and errors that she has of late endeavoured to impose upon their understanding. And she further hopes, that all good Christians will not only forgive, but will fervently join in her prayers to the Almighty, for a forgiveness of her late blasphemous doctrines and past sins.

"I. TOZER."

Even after the death of Joanna Southcott, her simple believers expected a sudden resurrection. The following letter appeared in a second edition of the Sunday Monitor, which had for some time past degraded itself in the vehicle of this poor wretch's infatuation or imposture, for the sake of selling a few copies to those silly people who would buy such trash. It appeared that the scandalous delusion which had for several months disgraced the metropolis, and even the character of the times we live in, was now at an end:

Death of Mrs. Southcott. Tuesday afternoon.

TO MR. STOKES.

"SIR—Agreeable to your request, I send a messenger to acquaint you, that Joanna Southcott died this morning, precisely at four o'clock. The believers in her mission, supposing that the vital functions are only suspended for a few days, will not permit me to open the body until some symptom appears, which may destroy all hopes of resuscitation.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"Piccadilly, Dec. 27, 1814."

"RICHARD REECE."

The most zealous of the followers did not hesitate even then to pronounce their positive conviction of her re-animation during the day—these predictions, however, to the mortification of the deluded multitude, were destined to disappointment. The prescribed period of four days and nights elapsed, and so far was the body from exhibiting appearances of a temporary suspension of animation, that it began to display a discoloration,

which at once brought home to conviction the fact, that the wretched Joanna was but mortal, and like other mortals, subject to decay. The hopes of her friends being thus frustrated, preparations were made to perform that operation which she had herself directed, namely, to dissect her remains, which was done by Doctors Reece and Want, when all question respecting her pregnancy was finally settled, and the real cause of her appearing in that state instantly seen.

On the 2nd of January, 1815, her remains were privately interred in Mary-le-bone Upper Burying-ground, near Kilburn, and a stone bearing the following inscription placed over her grave.

IN MEMORY OF JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

Who departed this life, December 27, 1814, Aged 60 years.

While through all thy wond'rous days,

Heaven and earth enraptured gaze,

While vain sages think they know,

Secrets *thou* alone cans't show.

Time alone will tell what hour

Thoul't appear in greater power! *

* Similar in extravagance were the lines put on the stone of Ludovick Muggleton, a journeyman taylor, who set up for a prophet in the time of Cromwell. He and his companion Reeves, absolved or condemned whom they pleased, saying they were the *two last witnesses* spoken of in the Revelations, who were to appear previous to the destruction of the world! He was buried in Spinning-wheel Alley, Moorfields, dying March 14, 1697, in the 88th year of his age—the inscription ran thus:—

Whilst mausoleums and large inscriptions give

Might, splendor, and past death make potent's live,

It is enough briefly to write *thy* name:

Succeeding times by *that* will read thy fame;

Thy deeds, thy acts, around the globe resound,

No foreign soil where MUGGLETON's not found!

“I have been down to the burial ground, and no memorial remains; the raven plume of oblivion hath long ago waved over the prophet's grave!” *Dr. Evans's Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World. Fourteenth Edition, page 336.*

As Joanna Southcott's numerous pamphlets abound with poetry, the following is given as a specimen.

And *now* the knowledge it is in *her* hand,
 By such writings as we cannot command,
 And seal'd from us, what shortly will appear,
 And what all nations have to hope and fear ;
 And all our Bibles we see open wide,
 And *now* in Adam we see how we died,
 And so in Christ we now are made alive !
 For in the woman we all died at first,
 And in the woman now we're brought to Christ ;
 That as in *Adam*—Man is pronounced dead,
 So now in *CHRIST*—we see our living head !

How such ignorance and wickedness could seduce thousands, in this enlightened age, to become proselytes to such blasphemy and nonsense is truly astonishing ; well might the *Journal de Paris*, in commenting on this subject, style us "The English Gulls." "Are these the people," said that Journal, "who would beat us in arts as well as arms—who now shape their political projects according to the silly garrulity of an infatuated old woman and her followers." O shame ! shame ! But may the case of Joanna Southcott, however evil, still have its corresponding good, in serving as a beacon to warn others from falling into the same discreditable path.

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

THIS extraordinary character, the only son of Lady Mary, and Mr. Wortley Montague, was born at Warncliffe-lodge, near Sheffield, about the year 1714, and in 1716 he accompanied his parents to Constantinople, his father being appointed ambassador to the Porte. In 1718, Mr. Wortley returned from his embassy ; previous however to quitting Constantinople, young Montague

was inoculated for the small-pox, being the first English person on whom that operation was performed; and which laid the foundation of its first introduction into this country.

At a proper age he was sent to Westminster School, from which he ran away three several times. The events of this part of his life have been related by the Rev. Mr. Forster, who was intimate with the Montague family, we shall therefore give the narrative in his own words.

“ When the notorious Edward Wortley Montague ran away from Westminster School, Mr. Forster was requested to use every possible means for the discovery of the fugitive. Every expedient was tried, and every expedient failed of success. The purlieus of Covent Garden were searched in vain. Even the circuit of St. Giles’s was paced by the friends and relatives of the family. Advertisements, hand-bills, all proved inefficacious. The prodigal was not to be found. At last mere accident effected what studied design could not accomplish; the accident was this:—

“ Mr. Forster had some business to transact with the captain of an India ship which was moored at Blackwall. He set out for that place attended by one of the domestics of old Wortley Montague. Scarcely had they entered Blackwall before the voice of a fisherman’s boy arrested their attention. They were accustomed to the voice. They conceived it to be very like that of young Montague. They dispatched a sailor after him, under pretence of a desire to purchase some of the fish he had in his basket. The sailor executed his commission, and returned with the boy. They were confirmed in their suspicions: it was indeed young Montague with a basket of plaice, flounders, and other small fish upon his head. When he found himself discovered, he laid his basket down and ran away. The basket, however, being soon owned, the habitation of young Montague was dis-

covered. He had been bound, by regular indenture of apprenticeship, to a poor, but a very industrious fisherman; and, on inquiry, it appeared that he had for more than one year served his master most faithfully. He cried his fish with an audible voice; he made his bargains with shrewdness, and he returned the purchase-money with exactitude. He was brought home, and again placed in school, from which in a very little time he again ran away.

“ This second flight was managed more artfully than the first. He took an effectual method to elude, for many years, the search of his friends. He bound himself to the master of a vessel which sailed for Oporto. This man was a Quaker—what is not always the case, his religious persuasion gave a turn of morality to his actions; he was strictly conscientious. There was a mixture of the parent and of the master in his treatment of young Montague. He found him, as he supposed, a poor deserted friendless boy; he clothed him decently, fed him regularly, and made a sea-life as comfortable to him as the nature of it would admit. This treatment made very little impression on the mind of young Montague; he was either incapable of gratitude, or the few generous feelings he had were borne down by the wayward humour of his fancy, which, always fickle and constantly roving, impelled him for ever to change the present scene. As soon as the vessel reached Oporto, Montague decamped: not a syllable of the language did he know, yet he ventured a considerable distance up the country. It was the vintage season. He offered himself as an assistant in any capacity. He was tried, and found very useful. For two or three years did he continue in the interior parts of Portugal; and probably he never would have emerged from the situation in which his fancy had placed him, had not the following incident led to a discovery of his parentage.

“ Young Montague was ordered to drive some asses to

the factory. This task was allotted him on account of some business which was to be transacted in the English language. Montague, not dreaming of a discovery, set out with his group of dull companions. The English consul knew him; and his old master, the Quaker, being there with his vessel, the discovery was complete. The asses were consigned to another, although not perhaps a better driver. Montague was brought home; private tuition was judged to be the most proper; and Mr. Forster was desired to complete his education.

“Mr. Forster acquitted himself in this department; but young Montague, who seemed born to frustrate every honourable effort that could be made in his favour, ran away a third time, and entered as a foremast-man on board a ship bound for the Mediterranean. This provoked old Montague beyond endurance. He now talked of for ever disclaiming a son whom it would never be possible to reclaim. Mr. Forster interposed. He exercised the milder offices of humanity. He pleaded for the prodigal in the true spirit of beneficence. He called up all the father in the bosom of Old Montague. He offered to take on himself the trouble of bringing back the graceless wanderer. Old Wortley at last consented, and the business was accomplished.

“Young Montague being returned once more, it was proposed that he should go abroad for a few years. Mr. Forster engaged to accompany him. Young Montague agreed. A stipend was allotted for his support, and the West Indies were chosen as the place of retreat. Thither Mr. Forster accompanied Montague. There he renewed his classical studies, and there he continued for some years, until, being sent for by his father, he was, on his return, chosen to a seat in parliament.”

It is said that on his first leaving school he exchanged his clothes with a chimney sweeper, whose occupation he followed until he engaged himself with the fisherman.

In 1747, Mr. Montague became a member of par-

liament for the county of Huntingdon, and in 1754 he was returned for Bossiney, for which place he was again returned in 1761.

Old Mr. Wortley died the 22d of January, 1761, at the advanced age of eighty years, and by his will, made in the year 1755, bequeathed to his son an annuity of 1000*l.* a-year, to be paid to him during the joint lives of himself and his mother, Lady Mary, and after her death an annuity of 2000*l.* a-year, during the joint lives of himself and his sister, Lady Bute. By the same will he empowered Mr. Montague to make a settlement on any woman he might marry, not exceeding 800*l.* a-year, and to any son of such marriage he devised a considerable estate in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

On the 21st of August 1762, Lady Mary Wortley Montague died, leaving Mr. Montague only *one guinea*, "his father having," as she expressed it, "amply provided for him." The death of his father having secured him independence, he seems immediately to have availed himself of it, and went abroad on his travels, from whence he never returned. In the parliament which assembled in 1761, he was again returned for Bossiney. But in 1762 we find him at Turin, as appears by two letters on a supposed antique bust at that place, addressed by Mr. Montague to the Earl of Macclesfield, which were read at the Royal Society on the 25th of November, 1762.

From Turin he took his journey into the east, and in September 1765, was at Venice, where Mr. Sharp then found him, and thus describes him, in his "Letters from Italy."

"One of the most curious sights we saw amongst these curiosities was the famous Mr. Montague, who was performing quarantine at the Lazaretto. All the English made a point of paying him their compliments in that place, and he seemed not a little pleased with their

attention. It may be supposed that visitors are not suffered to approach the person of any who is performing quarantine. They are divided by a passage of about seven or eight feet wide. Mr. Montague was just arrived from the east; he had travelled through the Holy Land, Egypt, Armenia, and with the Old and New Testament in his hands for his direction, which he told us had proved unerring guides. He had particularly taken the road of the Israelites through the Wilderness, and had observed that part of the Red Sea through which they passed. He had visited Mount Sinai, and flattered himself he had been on the very part of the rock where Moses spake face to face with God Almighty. His beard reached down to his breast, being of two years and a half growth; and the dress of his head was Armenian. He was in the most enthusiastic raptures with Arabia and the Arabs; his bed was the ground, his food rice, his beverage water, his luxury a pipe and coffee. His purpose was to return once more amongst that virtuous people, whose morals and hospitality, he said, were such, that were you to drop your cloak in the highway, you would find it there six months afterwards; an Arab being too honest a man to pick up what he knows belongs to another. And were you to offer money for the provision you meet with, he would ask you with concern, why you had so mean an opinion of his benevolence, as to suppose him capable of accepting a gratification. Therefore money, said he, in that country, is of very little use, as it is only necessary for the purchase of garments, which in so warm a climate are very few, and of very little value. He distinguishes, however, betwixt the wild and the civilized Arab, and proposes to publish an account of all I have written."

From Abbé Winkelman's Letters, dated in the same year, 1765, we learn an anecdote of Mr. Montague, not calculated to erase any unfavourable opinion which our readers may have entertained of him. "At Alexandria,"

says the Abbé, " he (Montague) got acquainted with the Danish Consul, who had a very handsome wife. Under various pretences he engaged the husband to go to Holland ; some time after he showed a feigned letter, mentioning the consul's death, and married his wife, whom he now carries with him into Syria. Not long after the Danish Resident at Constantinople received from the Texel advice of the supposed dead consul, so that Montague is not safe in any of the Grand Seignior's dominions."

On the 13th of March 1766, his relation of the journey from Cairo, in Egypt, to the Written Mountains in the Deserts of Sinai, in a letter dated from Pisa, December 2, 1765, was read before the Royal Society. He was then about to return to the East, and in 1768, it was said in the public papers that he had been received with uncommon respect at Constantinople, after passing through Salonica, and viewing the islands in the Archipelago. In the beginning of the year 1773 he was at Rosetto, in Egypt, which he quitted in June, and was at the Lazaretto off Leghorn in the same month. From thence he went to Venice, where he stayed above two years, during which time he was visited by Dr. Moore, who was then travelling with the Duke of Hamilton; the doctor's account of this singular man is thus given in his Travels in Italy.

" Hearing that Mr. Montague resided at Venice, the duke had the curiosity to wait on that extraordinary man. He met his grace at the stair-head, and led us through some apartments, furnished in the Venetian manner, into an inner room, in quite a different style. There were no chairs, but he desired us to seat ourselves on a sofa while he placed himself on a cushion on the floor, with his legs crossed in the Turkish fashion. A young black slave sat by him, and a venerable old man, with a long beard, served us with coffee.

" After this collation some aromatic gums were

brought and burned in a little silver vessel. Mr. Montague held his nose over the steam for some minutes and snuffed up the perfume with peculiar satisfaction; he afterwards endeavoured to collect the smoke with his hands, spreading and rubbing it carefully along his beard, which hung in hoary ringlets to his girdle. We had a great deal of conversation with this venerable looking person, who is, to the last degree acute, communicative and entertaining, and in whose discourse and manners are blended the vivacity of a Frenchman with the gravity of a Turk. We found him, however, wonderfully prejudiced in favour of the Turkish character and manners, which he thinks infinitely preferable to the European, or those of any other nation.

“He describes the Turks in general as a people of great sense and integrity; the most hospitable, generous and the happiest of mankind. He talks of returning as soon as possible to Egypt, which he paints as a perfect paradise; and thinks that, had it not been otherwise ordered for wise purposes, of which it does not become us to judge, the children of Israel would certainly have chosen to remain where they were, and have endeavoured to drive the Egyptians to the land of Canaan.

“Though Mr. Montague hardly ever stirs abroad, he returned the duke’s visit: and as we were not provided with cushions, he sat, while he stayed, upon a sofa, with his legs under him, as he had done at his own house. This posture by long habit is now become the most agreeable to him, and he insists on its being by far the most natural and convenient; but indeed he seems to cherish the same opinion with respect to all the customs which prevailed among the Turks. I could not help mentioning one which I suspected would be thought both unnatural and inconvenient by at least one half of the human race; that of the men being allowed to engross as many women as they can maintain, and confining them to the most insipid of all lives within their

harems. 'No doubt,' replied he, 'the women are all enemies to polygamy and concubinage; and there is reason to imagine that this aversion of theirs, joined to the great influence they have in all Christian countries, has prevented Mahometanism from making any progress in Europe. The Turkish men, on the other hand,' continued he, 'have an aversion to Christianity equal to that which the Christian women have to the religion of Mahomet. Auricular confession is perfectly horrible to their imagination. No Turk, of any delicacy, would ever allow his wife, particularly if he had but one, to hold private conference with a man, on any pretext whatever.'

"I took notice that this aversion to auricular confession could not be a reason for the Turks' dislike to the Protestant religion. 'That is true,' said he, 'but you have other tenets in common with the Catholics, which renders your religion as odious as theirs. You forbid polygamy and concubinage, which, in the eyes of the Turks, who obey the dictates of the religion they embrace, is considered as an intolerable hardship. Besides, the idea which your religion gives of Heaven is by no means to their taste. If they believed your account, they would think it the most tiresome and comfortless place in the universe, and not one Turk among a thousand would go to the Christian Heaven if he had his choice. Lastly, the Christian religion considers women as creatures upon a level with men, and equally entitled to every enjoyment both here and hereafter. When the Turks are told this,' added he, 'they are not surprised at being informed also, that women, in general, are better Christians than men; but they are perfectly astonished that an opinion which they think contrary to common sense, should subsist among the rational, that is to say, the male part of Christians. It is impossible,' added Mr. Montague, 'to drive it out of the head of a Mussulman, that women are creatures of a subordinate species,

created merely to comfort and amuse men during their journey through this vain world, but by no means worthy of accompanying believers to Paradise, where females, of a nature far superior to women, wait with impatience to receive all pious Mussulmans into their arms.

“It is needless to relate to you any more of our conversation. A lady, to whom I was giving an account of it the day on which it happened, could with difficulty allow me to proceed thus far in my narration; but interrupting me with impatience, she said, she was surprised I could repeat all the nonsensical, detestable, impious maxims of the odious Mahometans; and she thought Mr. Montague should be sent back to Egypt with his long beard, and not be allowed to propagate opinions, the bare mention of which, however reasonable they might appear to Turks, ought not to be tolerated in any Christian land.”

The concluding transactions of the remarkable life of Mr. Montague have been thus related: During his residence at Venice, he received intelligence of the death of the original Mrs. Montague, the washerwoman, and as he had no issue by her, his estate was likely to devolve to the second son of Lord Bute. To prevent this he resolved to return to England and marry. He acquainted a friend with his intentions, and commissioned that friend to advertise for any young decent woman who might be in a pregnant state. The advertisement was inserted shortly after in one of the morning papers, and consisted of the following words:—

MATRIMONY.

A gentleman who hath filled two succeeding seats in parliament, is near sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry any widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polished manners, and five, six, seven, or eight months gone in pregnancy. Letters directed to ——— Brecknock, Esq. at Will's Coffee-house, facing the Admiralty, will be

honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every possible mark of respect.

Several ladies answered this advertisement, one of whom was selected as being the most eligible object. She waited with eagerness for the arrival of her expected bridegroom from Venice; but, while he was on his journey, death arrested him in his career.

The Rev. Mr. Forster says, that in his passage from Marseilles to England he was choaked with the bone of a fig-bird, but this may be doubted, as it seems certain that he had no intention of returning home; and, from Mrs. Piozzi, it may be conjectured that he died in Italy. That lady, speaking of Mr. Montague's mother, says, "Surely she had then present to her warm imagination a favourite Cassino in the Piazza St. Marco. That her learned and highly-accomplished son imbibed her taste and talents for sensual delights, has been long known in England; it is not so, perhaps, that there is a showy monument erected to his memory at Padua, setting forth his variety and compass of knowledge in a long Latin inscription. The good old monk who showed it me seemed generously and reasonably shocked, that such a man should at last expire with somewhat more firm persuasions of the truth of the Mahometan religion than any other; but that he doubted greatly of all, and had not for many years professed himself a Christian of any sect or denomination whatever.

"So have I seen some youth set out,
Half Protestant, half Papist;
And wand'ring long the world about,
Some new religion to find out,
Turn Infidel or Atheist."

By his will made at Venice, 28th of November 1775, and proved in London 6th of August 1776, he appointed Lord Sandwich and Robert Palmer, Esq. his executors, directing them out of his estates in Leicestershire and Yorkshire to raise money sufficient to purchase an an-

nunity of 400*l.* for the support of his reputed son Fortunatus, otherwise Massoud, a black, as he describes him, then living with him, of the age of 13 years, and whose education he directs shall be in some country place in England, where he should be taught arithmetic, and to write English. He forbids his being taught Latin or Greek, or his residing in London, or either of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. He also provides for his son, Edward Wortley Montague, then in the East Indies, and gives a legacy to his daughter Mary, then a nun in the Convent of the Ursulines at Rome. His books and manuscripts (except those in Turkish and Arabic, which he bequeathed to Fortunatus) he disposed of to his son Edward, and from the legacies which he bequeathed appears to have been in affluent, or at least in good circumstances.

The following anecdotes are translated from "Memorial d'un Mondain. Par Count Maximilian de Lamberg."

In a letter which Mr. Montague wrote to Mr. Laine, of Florence, is this passage:—

"I have been making some trials, that have not a little contributed to the improvement of my organic system. I have conversed with the nobles in Germany, and served my apprenticeship in the science of horsemanship at their country-seats. I have been a labourer in the fields of Switzerland and Holland, and have not disdained the humble professions of postilion and ploughman—I assumed at Paris the ridiculous character of a *petit-maitre*—I was an abbé at Rome—I put on, at Ham-
burgh, the Lutheran ruff, and, with a triple chin and a formal countenance, I dealt about me the word of God, so as to excite the envy of the clergy—I acted successively all the parts that Fielding has described in his Julian—My fate was similar to that of a guinea, which at one time is in the hands of a Queen, and at another is in the fob of a greasy Israelite."

“From the Protestant religion Mr. Montague,” says Count Lamberg, “went over to the faith of Rome, and from thence deserted to the most rigorous observation and profession of Mahometanism. He used always to seal his letters with three Arabian signets, which had sentences of the Koran engraven on them.” Count Lamberg, who saw Mr. Montague at Venice, describes his manner of living there in the following terms:—

“He rises before the sun, says his prayers, and performs his ablutions and lazzis according to the Mahometan ritual. An hour after he awakes his pupil, a filthy emigrant of the parched Abyssinia, whom he brought with him from Rosetto (in Egypt). He instructs this dirty negro with all the care and precision of a philosopher, both by precept and example: he lays before him the strongest proofs (as they appear to him) of the religion he teaches him, and he catechizes him in the Arabian language. The Moor listens to him with the most striking marks of a profound and respectful attention all the time that is employed in these lessons. That he may not omit any particular in the most rigorous observance of the Mahometan rites, Mr. Montague dines at a low table, sitting cross-legged on a sofa, while the Moor, on a cushion still lower, sits gaping with avidity for his master’s leavings. It is this negro who supports the white mantle that makes a part of the Turkish garb of his master, who is always preceded, even at noon-day, by two gondoliers with lighted torches in their hands.—The ordinary place of his residence is at Rosetto, where his wife lives, who is the daughter of an inn-keeper at Leghorn, and whom he has forced to embrace the Mahometan religion. His income amounts to about 6000 piastres, which are remitted to him from London by his sister, Lady Bute, and 4000 from the Sublime Porte. During the most intense cold he performs his religious ablutions in cold water, rubbing, at the same time, his body with sand from the thighs to the feet: his negro



Engraved by R. Cooper.

COUNT JOSEPH BORUWLASKI,

The celebrated Polish Dwarf.

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also pours fresh water on his head, and combs his beard, and he also pours cold water on the head of his negro. To finish this religious ceremony, he resumes his pipe, turns towards the east, mutters some prayers, walks afterwards for half an hour, and drinks his coffee.—*O miseræ hominum mentes !*"

JOSEPH BORUWLASKI.

A STRIKING proof, if any were wanted, that the modifications of human stature are dependent on circumstances which have hitherto eluded all investigation, is afforded by the celebrated dwarf, Boruwlaski. To soundness of understanding, quickness of apprehension, and solidity of judgment, Boruwlaski united that fascinating ease and elegance of deportment which can only be acquired by intercourse with the highest classes of polished society; an advantage which his uncommonly diminutive size, during the whole course of his life, never failed to procure him.

Joseph Boruwlaski, commonly called Count Boruwlaski, was born in the vicinity of Chaliez, in Polish Russia, in November, 1739. His parents were of the middling size, and had a family of six children, five sons and one daughter. In consequence of one of those freaks of Nature for which it is impossible to account, three of the sons, when full grown, exceeded the middle stature, while the other two, and the daughter, only attained that of children at the age of four or five years. The eldest son, born in 1728, reached the height of three feet six inches: he possessed a healthy constitution, and uncommon strength and vigor for his size. Having lived a long time with the Castellane Inowloska, his con-

duct was such as to gain her esteem, and finding that his ability and good sense were not inferior to his integrity, she at length intrusted him with the stewardship and management of her affairs. The second son was of a weak and delicate frame: he died at the age of twenty-six, being at that time five feet ten inches high. Joseph was the third child, and those that came after him were alternately tall and short. His sister died of the small-pox at twenty-two, when she was no more than two feet two inches in height.

At the moment of Joseph's birth, there was every reason to believe that he would be extremely short, as he measured only eight inches. Notwithstanding his diminutive size, he was neither weak nor puny: on the contrary, his mother, who suckled him herself, frequently declared, that none of her children gave her less trouble. He walked, and was able to speak, at about the same age as other infants, and his progressive growth was as follows: at one year, fourteen inches; at six, seventeen inches; at ten, twenty-one inches; at fifteen, twenty-five inches; at twenty, twenty-eight inches; at twenty-five, thirty-five inches; at thirty, thirty-nine inches. At this size he remained fixed, without having since increased one-eighth of an inch. Some naturalists have maintained that dwarfs continue to grow during their whole lives; but the falsehood of this assertion is proved by the example of Joseph Boruwlaski and that of his brother, who both grew till the age of thirty, and then ceased to increase in stature.

The young Boruwlaski had scarcely entered his eighth year, when his father died, leaving his widow with six children, and a very small portion of the favours of fortune. Before this event the Starostina de Caorlitz, a female friend of Madame Boruwlaski, had often manifested great affection for Joseph, and solicited his parents to commit his education to her care. She now availed

herself of the embarrassed circumstances of the family to repeat her offers to his mother, who, consulting only the happiness of her child, consented with pain to the separation.

The lady accordingly took him to her estate, which was not far distant from the residence of his mother. For four years she fulfilled with scrupulous fidelity the charge she had undertaken; the conduct of the *protégé* was such as to secure her attachment, and he appeared to be fixed with her for ever, when an unexpected circumstance changed his situation. His patroness, a lady of large fortune, was a widow, who, though not young, still possessed a considerable portion of personal charms. The Count de Tarnow, whose affairs had brought him into the neighbourhood, paid his addresses to her, and prevailed upon her to give him her hand. A few months after their marriage, the Countess de Tarnow imagined herself pregnant. On this occasion the happy couple received the congratulations of all their friends, and, among the rest, of the Countess Humieska. That lady, distinguished for her birth, her wealth, and personal accomplishments, had an estate contiguous to that of the Starostina, at whose house she had frequently seen the young Boruwlaski, and had often declared how delighted she should be to take him with her to Warsaw. Being one day with the Count and Countess de Tarnow, she took an opportunity of turning the conversation to the dangers to which pregnant females are exposed, and asked the count whether he was not under some apprehensions for his lady, from Boruwlaski being continually in her sight, and whether he was not afraid lest this circumstance might affect the child of which she was pregnant. Perceiving that what she said made a considerable impression, she adduced a great number of facts calculated to increase their uneasiness. She concluded with advising them to part with their little friend, offering at the same time to take him under her protection,

and promising that she would endeavour to make him happy. Whether this advice was given with sincerity, or was the result of the countess's desire to have Boruwlaski about her person, it is impossible to decide. It produced, however, the effect she wished, and, with his consent, he was transferred by his former benefactors to the Countess Humieska.

With her he departed in a few days for her estate at Rychty, in Podolia, where they stayed six months. Having formed a design of making the tour of Germany and France, the countess resolved to make him the companion of her travels, and after some necessary preparations, he set out with her at the age of fifteen for Vienna. Here he had the honour of being presented to the empress-queen, Maria Theresa, who was pleased to say, that he far exceeded all the accounts she had heard of him, and that he was one of the most astonishing beings she had ever beheld. That great princess was at this period at war with the King of Prussia, and Boruwlaski being one day in her apartment when her courtiers were complimenting her on a victory obtained by her army, the empress asked him his opinion of the Prussian monarch. "Madam," replied he, "I have not the honour to know him; but were I in his place, instead of waging an useless war against you, I would come to Vienna, and pay my respects to you, deeming it a thousand times more glorious to gain your esteem and friendship, than to obtain the most complete victories over your troops." Her majesty, who seemed highly delighted at this reply, caught Boruwlaski in her arms, and told his patroness that she thought her very happy in having such a pleasing companion in her travels.

On another occasion, when according to her desire he had performed a Polish dance in the presence of this sovereign, she took him on her lap, caressed him, and asked him, among many other questions, what he thought most curious and interesting at Vienna. He

answered, that he had seen in that city many things worthy of a traveller's admiration, but nothing seemed so extraordinary as what he at that moment beheld. "And what is that?" inquired her majesty. "To see so little a man on the lap of so great a woman," replied Boruwlaski. This answer procured him fresh caresses.—The empress wore a ring, on which was her cipher in brilliants, of the most exquisite workmanship. His hand being accidentally in hers, he seemed to be looking attentively at the ring, which she perceiving, asked whether the cipher was pretty. "I beg your majesty's pardon," replied Boruwlaski, "it is not the ring that I am looking at, but the hand, which I beseech your permission to kiss." With these words he raised it to his lips. The empress seemed highly pleased at this little specimen of gallantry, and would have presented him with the ring which gave occasion to it, but as it was much too large, she called a young lady, five or six years old, who was then in the apartment, and taking a very fine diamond from her finger, put it on Boruwlaski's. This young lady was the unfortunate Maria Antoinetta, afterwards Queen of France; and, as may be easily imagined, Boruwlaski has preserved this jewel with religious care.

The kind notice of the empress procured him the attention of her whole court, and the marked kindness of Prince Kaunitz was particularly grateful to his feelings. So far, however, from being seduced by the favours bestowed on him, or the pleasures procured him, Boruwlaski was sometimes oppressed by sensations of the most painful kind, conscious that he was only looked upon by others as a puppet, a little more perfect, it is true, and better organized than they commonly are, but at any rate, as nothing better than an animated toy.

During a residence of six months at Vienna, the Countess Humieska availed herself of the opportunity to have her little charge instructed in dancing by M. An-

gelini, the ballet-master to the court, who afterwards obtained such celebrity by his extraordinary professional talents and his taste for literature. Though Boruwlaski had not time to improve himself as much as he wished, yet his benefactress could not forbear testifying her satisfaction at the progress he had made.

From the Austrian metropolis the travellers proceeded to Munich, where they were most graciously received by the Elector of Bavaria, and where the countess's little companion excited no less curiosity than he had done at Vienna. They next repaired to Luneville, at that time the residence of Stanislaus Lecziński, the de-throned King of Poland, who, as a compensation for the Polish crown, had been put in possession of the Dukedoms of Lorraine and Bar.

By this venerable monarch, the travellers were received with his accustomed bounty and affability, and being of his own country, they were, by his order, lodged in his palace. With this prince lived the famous Bébé, who was till then considered the most extraordinary dwarf that was ever seen. *

From Luneville Boruwlaski proceeded with his benefactress to the gay metropolis of France, where they were received in the most flattering manner by the queen, herself a native of Poland and daughter of King Stanislaus. At this time Count Oginski, grand general of Lithuania, resided at Paris, and showed particular regard for Boruwlaski. He even carried his complaisance so far as to teach him the rudiments of music, and conceiving that his pupil had a taste for that art, he prevailed on the Countess Humieska to engage for his master the celebrated Gavinies, who taught him to play on the guitar, an amusement which has since often solaced him in moments of trouble and inquietude.

Count Oginski took a great pleasure in having his little

* See page 122.

countryman near him. One day when he gave a grand entertainment to several ladies of high distinction, he put Boruwlaski into an urn placed on the middle of the table. He said that he would treat them with an extraordinary dish, but forbearing for a considerable time to uncover the urn, the curiosity of the company was excited to the highest pitch. At length the cover was removed, and out sprung Boruwlaski to the no small astonishment and diversion of the ladies, who did not at first know him.

Our travellers passed more than a year at Paris, in all the pleasures which that capital afforded. They were visited and entertained by all the principal nobility and persons of opulence. Among the rest M. Bouret, the farmer-general, so renowned for his ambition, his excesses, and his extravagancies, gave an entertainment, and to show that it was in honour of Boruwlaski, he caused every thing, even the plate, the knives, forks, and spoons, to be proportioned to his size. The ortolans, becaficos, and other small game of that kind, of which the entertainment entirely consisted, were served up on dishes adapted to their dimensions.

Having first exchanged the frivolous levity of France for the phlegmatic sedateness of Holland, the Countess Humieska returned with her little companion through Germany to Warsaw. He was preceded in that capital by the reputation he had acquired in his travels. He was greatly improved during his absence; and as he had acquired at Paris no small portion of that graceful ease and politeness, which give such charms to the most common things, he had the satisfaction of finding that his company was courted, not merely as an object of curiosity, but for the pleasure of his conversation.

Boruwlaski had now attained the age of twenty-five; he began to feel new emotions, which are in general experienced at a much earlier period of life. Love did not disdain the conquest of his little heart: he became en-

amoured of an actress, belonging to the company of French comedians at Warsaw. Having procured an introduction to his mistress, he mustered sufficient courage to declare his passion, and for some time was happy in the belief that she cherished similar sentiments towards him. He devoted to her every moment that he could with decency steal from the duty imposed upon him by the bounty of his benefactress, making his little excursions when he was supposed to be asleep, for which purpose he was obliged to bribe the porter and the servant by whom he was attended. This intrigue, however, was not of long continuance; he soon found that it was a subject of public notoriety, that his charmer, whom he thought most interested in secrecy, openly laughed at his passion, and the tumultuous emotions she had excited in his bosom. This discovery completely overwhelmed him, by humbling his pride; he loved sincerely, and imagined that he was sincerely beloved, and it was not without extreme mortification that he now saw the illusion dispelled.

But this was not the only source of pain arising from his indiscretion. His patroness being made acquainted with his intrigue, discharged from her service the porter and the servant through whose means he had been enabled to carry it on, and even withdrew her favour from him, till by the regularity of his conduct he regained her kindness.

Soon after the accession of Stanislaus II. to the throne of Poland, Boruwlaski had the honour to be presented to his majesty, who took great notice of him, bestowed on him the most unequivocal marks of his bounty, and honoured him for many years after he had quitted his native country with his particular protection.

About this time Boruwlaski lost his sister Anastasia. She was seven years younger than himself, and so short that she could stand under his arm. If she was remarkable for the smallness of her person, and the perfectly

regular proportion of her shape, she was still more distinguished by the qualities of her heart, and the gentleness of her disposition. The Castellane Kaminska, a very rich lady, who had taken her into her house, expressed for her the most unbounded tenderness, and Anastasia availed herself of this ascendancy to gratify the generous feelings of her heart. At twenty Anastasia was in love; and with so much the more passion, as her attachment was grounded only on the pleasure of contributing to the happiness of its object. Her inclination was soon perceived by her benefactress, who challenged her with it; and her ingenuous and feeling heart was far from concealing the sentiments with which a young officer, who frequented the house, had inspired her. Though of a good family, he was not rich; this Anastasia knew, and endeavouring to find means to serve him without hurting his delicacy, she contrived to engage him to play at piquet with her, and generally obliging him to play deep, she always took care to lose, and thus joined the pleasure of doing good to that of avoiding the expression of his gratitude. It is impossible to say how far her sensibility would have carried her, had she not been seized with the small-pox during an excursion to Leopoldstadt. The disease baffled all the powers of art, and in two days she expired with the utmost tranquillity and composure. This event made such a deep impression on her patroness, that for many days her health was in danger; she would not suffer the name of her dear Anastasia to be mentioned, nor her brother to visit her, lest his presence should revive her affliction.

Boruwlski continued, meanwhile, to bask in the sunshine of the Countess Humieska's favour, through whose means he enjoyed universal consideration and regard. But, at the age of forty, love again interposed to disturb his happiness. His patroness had taken into the house, as a companion, a young lady named Isalina Barboutan, descended from French parents settled at War-

saw. Her beauty, her sparkling eyes, and the elegance of her shape, made, at first sight, an indelible impression on his heart. Long was this fair one deaf to all the protestations of his passion, which naturally enough she treated with ridicule. Undaunted by every repulse, he still pressed his suit with all the ardour of an intoxicated lover. No sooner was the Countess Humieska informed of his sentiments, than she remonstrated with him, in the hope of bringing him to reason, but as he paid no attention to her arguments, she directed him to be confined in his own apartment. This was but the prelude to greater severity, for finding that he continued obstinate in his resolution, she ordered him to leave her house, with the injunction never to return, and sent Isalina home to her parents.

Turned adrift in the world, without money, or resource of any kind, Boruwlaski was at first under no small embarrassment how to proceed. He soon conceived the idea of applying to the king's brother, Prince Casimir, who had always taken a particular interest in his affairs. The prince, feeling for his situation, recommended him so strongly to the king, that his majesty promised to make a provision for him.

The little lover still continued his unremitting addresses to the object of his passion, who at length consented to make him happy. It is not improbable that her acquiescence was in a great measure determined by the prospect of the royal favour, as well as by the apprehension that she should never have a better offer, since their amour had become the public talk of the city. Be this as it may, the king approved the match, and settled an annuity of one hundred ducats on the happy Boruwlaski.

It was not long before he found that the king's favours would scarcely be sufficient for the support of himself and his wife, who, to the great astonishment of all, apprized him, within six weeks after their marriage, that

he was destined to be a father. This intelligence only served to increase his anxiety relative to their future subsistence. It was absolutely necessary to take some step to improve his finances, and his patrons suggested that a second visit to the courts of Europe could not fail of answering the purpose, and of procuring him the means of leading, on his return, a life of ease and tranquillity. Seduced by such a dazzling prospect, he immediately adopted the idea; the king supplied him with a convenient carriage, and being provided with letters of recommendation, he left Warsaw on the 21st of November, 1780.

At Cracow his wife was taken ill. This circumstance obliged them to continue some time in that city, where, after a long indisposition, she was delivered of her first child, a girl. On her recovery they set out for Vienna, where they arrived on the 11th of February, 1781. Unfortunately for Boruwlaski, death had just snatched away his illustrious patroness, Maria Theresa, and profound sorrow pervaded the whole city. He experienced, however, the same marks of benevolence from Prince Kaunitz as on his former visit, and became acquainted with the British ambassador, Sir Robert Murray Keith, who was the principal cause of his subsequent voyage to England. After giving a concert, which was attended by almost all the nobility of Vienna, he left that metropolis, provided with letters of recommendation to many princes of Germany.

The next place he visited was Presburg, the capital of Hungary, whence he proceeded to Linz. Here he gave a concert, for which Count Thierheim, governor of Lower Austria, and son-in-law to Prince Kaunitz, lent his band of musicians. During the performance, the young countess, then between six and seven years of age, never took her eyes off Boruwlaski, and when it was over, she ran to her father, earnestly entreating him to buy the little man for her. "But what would you do

with him, my dear?" said the count. "Besides," added he, "we have no apartment for him."—"Never mind that, papa," replied the child with the greatest simplicity, "I will keep him in mine; I will take the utmost care of him, have the pleasure of dressing and adorning him, and of loading him with caresses and dainties."

After visiting Teschen, Munich, and other places, where he was treated in a very flattering manner, by the most distinguished personages, he proceeded to Triersdorff, the residence of the Margrave of Anspach, where his reception exceeded every thing he had yet experienced. Through the recommendation of the celebrated French actress, Mademoiselle Clairon, the margrave was so strongly interested in his behalf, that he loaded him with favours, and even undertook to provide for his infant daughter, whom he prevailed upon the parents to leave behind in his care.

On his departure from Triersdorff, Boruwlaski passed rapidly through Frankfort, Mentz, and Manheim, to Strasburg, and then directing his course to Brussels and Ostend, embarked for England. After a tempestuous passage of four days, during which the vessel lost her masts and sails, he landed with his wife at Margate, and after a few days, set out for London, where he arrived without accident.

He had brought with him a number of recommendatory letters to many of the first nobility, and immediately made use of those directed to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. In those illustrious characters, the little stranger found the most zealous protectors. As he was ignorant of the language, and from that circumstance could scarcely provide for his wants, the duchess gave orders that a comfortable lodging should be procured him at her expense, and being informed that his wife was ill, she sent Dr. Walker to attend her. The first visit of that gentleman was rather diverting. The duchess had not apprized him what kind of man it was

whose wife she had desired him to attend, and on entering the apartment, he took Boruwlaski for a child. He approached the patient's bed, and inquired into her case, on which Boruwlaski began to thank him, and to recommend his wife to his care. As the tone of the voice was so much above the stature of the person before him, he was at a loss to conceive whence the words addressed to him proceeded. Perceiving the doctor's embarrassment, Madame Boruwlaski informed him who it was; but he could not be persuaded that such a diminutive being was a man, or that he was capable of uttering such sounds as he had just heard.

A short time after the arrival of Boruwlaski in London, a stupendous giant likewise visited that metropolis. He was eight feet three or four inches high. Many persons being desirous of seeing them together, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, accompanied by Lady Spencer, one day took Boruwlaski with them to see the giant. Their surprise was equal; the giant remained some time in silence, viewing the dwarf with looks of astonishment, and then stooping very low to present him his hand, which would have contained a dozen of the little visiter's, he made him a very polite compliment. Had a painter been present, the contrast of their figures might have furnished him with the idea of an interesting picture, for Boruwlaski's head was nearly on a level with the giant's knee.

It was not long before Boruwlaski was introduced to most of the first characters in London, and among the rest, to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, by whom he was treated with the greatest affability. He had soon afterwards the honour of being introduced by the Countess of Egremont to the notice of George the Third, his Queen, and all the junior branches of the royal family, on the 23d of May, 1782.

All the favours of his patrons were not, however, adequate to the decent support of himself and his family,

so that he was obliged to have recourse not only to the expedient of subscription concerts, but likewise to that of an exhibition, first at a guinea, then at five shillings, and afterwards at half-a-crown. It was not without considerable difficulty that he became reconciled to the idea of making an exhibition of himself, but as the matter in question was nothing less than providing a subsistence for those who were dearest to his heart, this consideration counterbalanced every other. In short, he was obliged to avail himself of every resource, as he found it impossible, with the utmost economy, to reduce his expenses to less than four or five hundred a year.

At the beginning of the winter of 1782, he visited Bath, where he gave breakfasts and concerts. In 1783, he went to Ireland, where he was particularly patronized by the Lord Lieutenant and his lady, and by the Duke of Leinster. Of that amiable nobleman, Boruwlaski often related the following anecdote of a circumstance to which he was himself an eye-witness. The duke passing on horseback through Dame-street, an unlucky servant, whose foot had slipped as he was getting behind a coach, fell between the hind-wheel and the body of the carriage. Fortunately for the man, the duke was at that instant near the carriage; he alighted, flew to the horses, and extricated the poor fellow, whom another turn of the wheel would have crushed to death.

In Ireland, Boruwlaski was detained longer than he had intended by the illness of his wife, who was brought to bed in that country of her second child.

On his return to England he passed through Liverpool Manchester, and Birmingham, to Oxford, where he resided a considerable time. At length, after an absence of three years, he returned to London in March, 1786.

Here he resumed his former system of concerts and exhibitions, but neither could prevent his being involved in difficulties, from which he was generously relieved by his countrywoman, the Princess Lubomirska, who hear-



Engraved by R. Cooper.

ANN MOORE,

The fasting woman of Tutbury.

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ing that he was exposed to the vexations of creditors, inquired the amount of his debts, and nobly discharged them. His mind being now relieved from anxiety, he, at the request of his friends, began to write the history of his life, which undertaking was patronized by the Prince of Wales, and a long list of nobility. It forms an octavo volume, and was published in 1788.

An erroneous report having reached his native country, that he had laid out several thousand pounds in the funds, he was thought no longer to want the king's favours, and his annuity of one hundred ducats was cut off. This circumstance is supposed to have been the occasion of his leaving England, and visiting Poland in the year 1792.

His absence was not of long duration: he soon returned to this country, where his exhibitions were so successful, that he was enabled to save a handsome competence, with which he retired to Durham there to spend the remainder of his days.

ANN MOORE.

THIS vile impostor, who pretended she could live without food, was born at Royston, otherwise Roslington, near Ashbon, in the county of Derby, in the year 1761. Her parents were poor, of the name of Peg. At the age of 27, she married James Moore, a labourer, with whom she soon parted; after which she had two children by her master, a girl and a boy.

About the beginning of 1807, residing then at Tutbury, a village in Staffordshire, she first excited the public attention, by declaring she could live without food. An assertion so repugnant to reason and nature, was of course, rejected: she therefore offered to prove

the truth of her assertion by submitting to be watched for a considerable time.

In order to satisfy the public, she was removed from her home to the house of Mr. Jackson, grocer, of the same village, and all the inhabitants were invited to join in watching her. A Mr. Taylor, surgeon, superintended the watching, which continued sixteen days, during which time she was allowed a little water on the three first days. When the watch had ended, she was removed to her own house, and Mr. Taylor published an account, declaring that she had lived for thirteen days without taking any food, liquid or solid. This account, so attested, was believed by numbers, who flocked to see her, and few visited her without leaving some proof of their credulity or pity. By this means she collected about 250*l*.

In order to give additional weight to her case, she professed to be very religious: the Bible was laid on her bed, and her conversation such as led the ignorant to imagine her to be a person of extraordinary piety. But this mask was thrown off whenever she was pressed too hard by pointed questions from those who still doubted. On such occasions she would vent such virulent language as would fully evince the absence of any religious principle in her.

As her object appeared to be the acquisition of money, she thought proper to assert, that since the time she was watched, she had not taken any thing whatever.

Though the declaration of the persons who formerly watched her, in addition to her own assertions, had obtained considerable credit, yet there were many who thought her an impostor, and demanded that she should be again watched: this for some time she refused; at length, most unwillingly she consented; and a committee was formed of the neighbouring magistrates and clergymen. They met on Tuesday, the 20th of April, 1813. And the length of time which they determined she should

be watched was one month. This she vehemently refused to submit to, but as no shorter time would satisfy the medical part of the committee, she at last was obliged to assent.

Her bed was filled with chaff, and the clothes examined in the presence of the committee. The watch entered on their office at two o'clock on Wednesday. She received the watchers with as much good manners as she was capable of, though she had been crying bitterly before they came.

The first watch, which continued four hours, was begun by Sir Oswald Mosley and the Rev. Legh Richmond, and followed by several other gentlemen. At the end of seven days the public was informed that she had, during that time, taken no food whatever. Great confidence was now expressed by her advocates that she would endure the ordeal with credit. But when the machine for weighing her was put under the bed, it was found that she lost weight rapidly. At last, on the ninth day, she insisted on the watchers quitting the room, declaring that she was very ill, and that her daughter must be sent for. She was now greatly reduced, and the watchers who attended her were much alarmed, lest she should expire, and, apprehensive of being implicated in the charge of murder, they quitted the room and admitted the daughter. It was thought that she could not live two hours longer, but after the watchers had left her, and the daughter admitted, and had administered what she thought proper, the mother began to recover.

One remarkable circumstance was, that on Friday, the 30th of April, after the watch broke up, she desired to take a solemn oath, that she had not, during the time she was watched, taken any food whatever; which oath was administered unto her. This she did in hope, notwithstanding all, still to impose upon the public. But as her clothes gave evidence against her, to her utter confusion, she was brought at last to make the following confession:

I, Ann Moore, of Tutbury, humbly asking pardon of all persons whom I have attempted to deceive and impose upon, and above all, with the most unfeigned sorrow and contrition, imploring the divine mercy and forgiveness of that God whom I have greatly offended, do most solemnly declare, that I have occasionally taken sustenance for the last six years.

Witness my hand this fourth day of May, 1813.

The mark of ✕ ANN MOORE.

The above declaration of Ann Moore, was made before me, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Stafford.

THOMAS LISTER.

Witness to the above declaration and signature of my mother Ann Moore.

MARY MOORE.

This juggler was committed to prison in February 1816, for falsely collecting money under the pretence of charity. Since this it is unknown what became of her, and the name of Ann Moore is only remembered as an impostor of the vilest description.

MARY DELANY.

THIS lady, eminently distinguished for her ingenuity, was born at a small country-house of her father's at Coulston in Wiltshire on the 14th of May 1700. Her descent and family connections were highly honourable, she being the daughter of Bernard, a younger brother of George Granville, Esq. afterwards Lord Lansdown, a nobleman whose virtues and abilities, whose friendship with Pope and Swift, and other eminent writers of his age, together with his general patronage of men of genius, have been so often recorded.

Belonging to such a family Miss Granville could not fail of receiving the best education. She resided chiefly with her aunt, Lady Stanley, at Whitehall, but paid frequent visits to her uncle Lansdown in the country. In the society of a nobleman, who united the accomplish-

ments of the polite courtier, with those of the elegant scholar, her understanding was much improved, her taste refined, and she acquired a grace and dignity of manners which she preserved till the close of her life.

At Long Leat, the seat of the Weymouth family, occupied by Lord Landsdown during the minority of the heir, Miss Granville first saw Alexander Pendarvis, Esq. a gentleman of large property at Roscrow in the county of Cornwall. He immediately paid his addresses to her, and so strenuously were they supported by her uncle, whom she had not the courage to refuse, that she gave a reluctant consent to the match, and accordingly it took place in the course of two or three weeks, she being then in the seventeenth year of her age.

In consequence of a great disparity of years, and other causes, she was very unhappy during the time this connection lasted. She however employed the retirement to which she was confined in the farther cultivation of her understanding, and particularly made a great proficiency in music. In 1724, she became a widow, on which occasion she quitted Cornwall and fixed her principal residence in London.

For several years, between 1730 and 1736, she maintained a correspondence with Dean Swift, and some of her letters are inserted in his works. In 1743, after remaining a widow nineteen years, she was married to Dr. Delany, the friend of Swift, with whom she had long been acquainted. This union, which in some degree compensated for the unhappiness of the former, was dissolved by the decease of the doctor in May 1768.

Mrs. Delany had in her early years formed an intimacy with the Duchess Dowager of Portland, and which, after this event, her grace cultivated with increased assiduity. In winter scarcely a day passed in which the duchess, unless confined by illness, did not pass some time with Mrs. Delany at her house in St. James's Place. The summer was spent by the latter at Bulstrode, the ele-

gant mansion of her friend, or in excursions among her relations in the counties of Warwick and Stafford.

On the death of the duchess, George the Third assigned her, as a summer-residence, a house at Windsor completely furnished, and to prevent inconvenience from this increased establishment, conferred on her a pension of three hundred pounds a year. The manner in which this pension was paid added to the gracefulness of the gift. To prevent the customary deductions, the queen herself, in the most condescending manner, carried to her every half year the bank-notes in her pocket. Mrs. Delany did not stand in need of this gift as an eleemosynary appointment; the munificence of the king proceeded from the esteem which their majesties entertained for her character, and from their desire to have near them a lady of such uncommon merit and endowments. To the latter it is owing that Mrs. Delany has been admitted to a place in this work. She was particularly distinguished for her skill in painting and in other ingenious arts, one of which was entirely of her own invention. With respect to painting, she was late in her application to it. She did not learn to draw till she was more than thirty years of age, when she put herself under the instruction of Goupy, a fashionable master of that time, and much employed by George the Second. She did not take to oil-painting till she was past forty. So strong was her passion for this art, that she was frequently known to employ herself in it, day after day, from six o'clock in the morning till dinner-time, allowing only a short interval for breakfast. She was principally a copyist, but a very fine one. The only considerable original work by her in oil was the raising of Lazarus, which, after her death, came into the possession of her friend Lady Bute. The number of pictures painted by her, considering how late it was in life before she applied to the art, was very great. Her own house was full of them, and others were among the chief ornaments of

Calswick, Welsbourn, and Ilam, the respective residences of her nephews, Mr. Granville and Mr. Dewes, and her niece, Mrs. Port.

Among other accomplishments Mrs. Delany excelled in embroidery and shell-work, and in the course of her life produced many elegant specimens of her skill in these respects. But what is more remarkable with regard to her is, that at the age of seventy-four she invented a new and beautiful mode of exercising her ingenuity. This was by the construction of a Flora of a most singular kind, formed by applying coloured papers together, and which might not improperly be called a species of mosaic work. Being perfectly mistress of her scissars, she cut out the plant or flower which she purposed to imitate; that is, she cut out its various leaves and parts in such coloured Chinese paper as suited her subject; and as she could not always meet with a colour to correspond with the one she wanted, she then dyed her paper to answer her wishes. She used a black ground as best calculated to throw out her flower; and not the least astonishing part of her art was, that though she never employed her pencil to trace out the form or shape of the plant, yet, when she applied all the pieces of which it was composed, it hung so loosely and gracefully, that every one who saw it was persuaded it must have been drawn out and repeatedly corrected by a most judicious hand, before it could have attained the ease and air of truth, which, without any impeachment of the honour of this accomplished lady, might justly be called a *forgery* of Nature's works. The effect was superior to what painting could have produced; and so imposing was her art, that she would sometimes put a real leaf of a plant beside one of her own creation, which the eye could not detect even when she herself pointed it out. Mrs. Delany continued in the prosecution of her design till the eighty-third year of her age, when the dimness of her sight obliged her to lay it aside.

However, by her unwearied perseverance, she became authoress of by far the most complete Flora ever executed by the same hand. The number of plants finished by her amounted to one hundred and eighty. This invaluable collection she bequeathed to her nephew, Court Dewes, Esq.

The liberality of Mrs. Delany's mind rendered her at all times ready to communicate her art. She frequently pursued her work in company; was desirous of showing to her friends how easy it was to execute; and was often heard to lament that so few would attempt it. It required, however, two essential requisites to undertake it with success, great patience, and a great knowledge in botanical drawing.

When Mrs. Delany had entered the eightieth year of her age, she prefixed to the first volume of her Flora the following lines, having never written, so far as is known, any verses before.—

“Hail to the happy hour when Fancy led
My pensive mind the flowery path to tread,
And gave me emulation to presume
With timid Art to trace fair Nature's bloom;
To view with awe the great creative power
That shines confest in the minutest flower;
With wonder to pursue the glorious line,
And gratefully adore the hand divine.”

These lines are succeeded by a short preface, dated Balstrode, 5th July 1779, in which she says—“This paper Mosaic work was begun in the seventy-fourth year of my age, which I at first only meant as an imitation of an Hortus siccus, and as an employment and amusement to supply the loss of those that had formerly been delightful to me, but had lost their power of pleasing; being deprived of that friend, whose partial approbation was my pride, and had stamped a value on them. Though the effect of this work was more than I had expected, I thought that a whim of my own fancy

might fondly beguile my judgment to think better of it than it deserved; and I should have dropped the attempt as vain, had not the Duchess Dowager of Portland looked on it with favourable eyes."

During Mrs. Delany's residence in Ireland she was presented with a citron, the seeds of which she planted, and reared to a tree, which at the time of her leaving that country was in its perfection. When she was become enamoured of her new work, she often wished to perpetuate the tree she had left behind her, and intimating this wish to the duchess dowager of Portland, her noble friend, with that benevolence which distinguished her character, contrived to get the tree sent over to Bulstrode. As soon as it was recovered from the accidents of so long a journey, it was placed in the gallery, and when Mrs. Delany admired the beauty of the plant, she was informed by her grace that it was the identical tree she had so often been desirous of obtaining. The celebrated Mr. Keate happened to pay a visit at Bulstrode, just as Mrs. Delany had finished the portrait of a branch of her favourite citron-tree: and hearing the history of it, a desire was excited in him, of commemorating an event, which gave him an opportunity of recording the abilities of Mrs. Delany, and the discerning and attentive friendship of the duchess. This he accordingly did in an elegant copy of verses entitled "A Petition from Mrs. Delany's Citron Tree to her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Portland."

In 1782 Mrs. Delany lost her sight, and on the 15th of April, 1788, she expired, after a short indisposition, at her house in St. James's Place, having nearly completed the eighty-eighth year of her age. She was buried in a vault of St. James's Church, and on one of its columns a stone is erected to her memory, briefly recording her descent, marriages and character.

Mr. Walpole, in the later editions of his "Anecdotes of painting," speaking of a particular picture, which

was in the possession of the Duchess Dowager of Portland, expresses himself in a note as follows:—"This portrait the duchess, at her death, bequeathed to her friend, the widow of Dr. Delany and correspondent of Dr. Swift: a lady of excellent sense and taste, a paintress in oil, who, at the age of seventy-five, invented the art of paper Mosaic, with which material, coloured, she in eight years executed within twenty of a thousand various flowers and flowering shrubs, with a precision and truth unparalleled."

TOBY.

THIS vile impostor, whose real name is unknown, frequented the streets of London in the early part of the present century, and lived upon the credulity of the too charitable metropolis; in which place he was only known by the familiar appellation of Toby. He was a negro, and during a passage from Bermuda to Memel, while on board a merchant-man, lost all his toes; this accident was however of great service, by rendering him an object of pity and compassion, during his daily perambulations.

The use of his own language was also of great help to him, in fixing the attention of passengers; and a great inducement to many to extend their charity to this apparently distressed stranger; indeed he left no method untried to work upon the various dispositions of those he supplicated. Very often he would preach to the spectators gathered round him; and sometimes would amuse another sort of auditors with a song; and when begging, he always appeared almost bent double, as if with excessive pain and fatigue. But when his day's business was done, he laid aside all constraint and walked upright; and at the beggars' meeting there was not a



Engraved by R. Cooper.

T O B Y.

A well Known Imposter.

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more jovial member. From these midnight revels he adjourned to a miserable lodging, from which in the morning he again sallied forth in quest of those credulous persons, who will ever be found in so extensive a metropolis as London.

In this way passed many years of the life of Toby, until the indiscriminating hand of death snatched him from a state which he had so long abused and degraded.

Having thus briefly noticed one of the most conspicuous of beggars, we shall take this opportunity of giving some account of these people, and making a few remarks thereon.

Poverty and riches are relative terms: they are consequences of the unequal distribution of property; and this, in its turn, is a consequence of civilization, and of the spirit which accompanies associations of men. Riches are the result of accumulation: but the savage never accumulates. He who depends for the support of life on the fish he takes, or on the deer he runs down, has no temptation to preserve his capture: it is of a perishable nature; if he does not use it, and that presently, it ceases to be property, and becomes a mass of dissolution and putridity. Society, in changing the condition of mankind, makes no individual poorer than he would be in a state of nature; but it enables others to become rich. No man, born under the most polished state of society, can be poorer than he who relies on the wild bounties of nature for sustenance, and shares the unenvied and unenviable lot of the brute animals, which would be his condition, did not society exist. But the wildest of men must labour, in some manner, to obtain a supply for his wants: he must strike a fish with his spear, or transfix a beast with his arrow: this implies industry in some shape, for he must construct that spear, and the bow which shoots his arrow, together with the arrow that is shot. It is, then, as the reward of his industry, he obtains his daily support. Now, society does nothing more than ap-

point to men that course of industry which the general good commands each class to pursue. The agriculturist who trims a hedge, the shepherd who tends his flock, even the boy scare-crow who frightens away birds from the field, each contributes something toward the general welfare, for which, in return, he claims subsistence from the general stock. It is, then, because he is industrious, in his way, that he expects reward: his way is pointed out, and he follows it. But what shall be said of him who is not industrious? who contributes nothing to the general stock? who obtains not his own subsistence from the liberality of nature? who, as to any desirable advantage, is inferior to the wildest of men in the wildest of woods? Why does he not do something for a living? Where are such men found? Only where wealth and property are abundant. They follow riches; and, in proportion as riches accumulate, they increase. In a poor country there are no beggars: not because all are willing to work, but because none has any overplus from which to bestow. He who would beg, knows that his clamours are useless; they are wasted on the desert air: he therefore labours. And yet in the poorest of countries there are usually some who are able to show compassion to real subjects of accidental distress; who can in some humble degree, but with cheerful feelings, alleviate misfortune, and impart consolation.

The subject of real accidental, or rather undeserved distress, is a sufferer under the hand of Providence: the idle and the lazy have none to blame but themselves for their sufferings. True it is, that in countries long settled the population may exceed the productive powers of the spot; and it is also true, that trade and manufactures shift from place to place in the same country, so that what at one time supports many workmen, at another time yields no employment. But, if the labourers in these places have been diligent and civil, their character rarely leaves them entirely destitute: they

find some resource in that, and more in their frugality, if such has been their habit.

The blind, who are absolutely unable to work, have an unquestionable claim on the compassion of society; and this has been felt in all ages, from those whom we read of as begging by the way-side in the Gospels, to the hospital of the privileged *Quinze-Vingts* at Paris, and the various permissions, formerly by express license, known among ourselves.

It is not with the truly suffering that the statesman and the philanthropist are at variance; but with that immoral class, which, instead of making personal exertions, preys on the property of the industrious: those who study "by night the artifices of the day," as Persius says; those whom Horace thus describes;—

He whom a lying lameness once deceives
No more the falling vagabond believes;
And, though with streaming tears the caitiff cries,
"Help me, ah cruel! help a wretch to rise."
Though loud he swear, "Indeed my leg is broke;
By great Osiris, I no longer joke;"
Yet the hoarse village answers to his cries,
"Go find a stranger to believe your lies."

This broken leg, this sprawling in the street, to be picked up by the compassionate, was much the same piece of acting as we have seen practised in our own day; though fainting-fits have been more in vogue, especially among the women, till, at length, imposition has wearied charity to death. But the party who could stoop to such imposition could also embrace a fair opportunity of displaying other powers. It was so in Rome: it was so in London; years, we might say, ages ago. Thus sings our poet Gay, describing the manner of the metropolis in his days:—

Where Lincoln's Inn's wide space is rail'd around,
Cross not with vent'rous step; there oft is found

The lurking thief, who, while the day-light shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.

The same practices still prevail, though not in the same places; thus the public is plundered both ways. The benevolence of our countrymen is one great cause of this evil: it cannot be cured, while charity imparts greater sums than honesty could acquire: the trade of begging is not the least profitable trade, though, of all that can be named, it is the least deserving.

There is no doubt but the wretched condition of many of the objects who crave charity in the streets, arises chiefly, if not altogether, from their own depravity and idleness; and, at the same time, there are many who appear in the extremity of distress from some motive almost inconceivable to a well regulated mind, who, in reality, possess sufficient property to hold a respectable place in society. Instances every day occur of this kind of fraud, and ignoble peculation, to which, if there were not actual proofs, no man would venture to assert the human specie capable of submitting.

There is also another cause, which tends, in some measure, to allay the rapture with which some people speak on the great improvements which are continually being made in machinery, by which our principal manufactories are chiefly carried on. It is not unusual for a single improvement of this nature to supersede the necessity of employing hundreds of people, who before that invention lived respectably on the profits of their own labour. The younger branches of them may certainly learn other employments, but those who are grown old in the practice of one particular occupation, whose faculties are become torpid, and minds void of elasticity, are rendered in a great measure incapable of attaining further knowledge; these are obliged to go with sorrow

and regret for their lost independence, to the general repository of the poor of the parish, or left miserable objects to gain their future subsistence by the aids of precarious charity. To the introduction of machinery must be attributed much of our national distress, and the excessive burthen of the poor rates.

The subject has employed the talents of the wisest; but the difficulties of the case seem to have puzzled Solomon himself; for he hints that "a thief is not despised who steals when he is hungry;" (Prov. vi. 30.) meaning perhaps, that heavy punishment is misplaced in visiting a transgression enforced by hard necessity, to save life; and the ancient laws of the original Britons so far coincide with this idea, as to enact, that "the thief is not to be punished with death, who has asked in vain for relief at three towns, and at three times three houses in each town." This authority proves, that our island has, in all ages, been afflicted by this evil; and that long before the dissolution of monasteries (whence some have dated our poor-laws) beggary was rife among us. Chaucer, describing his friar, says—

He knew well the tavernes in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapsterre,
Better than a lazar or a beggere.

A further evidence is afforded by the famous "Begg Petition against Popery," addressed to Henry VIII. A.D. 1538, which states the plain truth in plain words: "To the King our Sovereign Lord;—Most lamentably complaineth, their woful misery unto your highness, your poor daily bedemen, [who pray for your welfare,] the wretched hideous monsters (on whom scarcely for horror any eye dare look), the foul unhappy sort of lepers, and other sore people, needy, impotent, blind, lame, and sick, that live only by alms; how that their number is daily so sore increased, that all the alms of the well disposed people of this your realm is not half enough to

sustain them; but that, for very constraint, they die for hunger."

Now, if this were the fact while the clergy were in full power, in full possession of the church-property, while abbeyes and monasteries, and other institutions, usually supposed to have been the seats of charity, were in full vigour, then it was not to the dissolution of them that the increase of poor was ascribable: then the clergy, though bound by their institution to bestow one-third of their incomes on the poor, did not maintain them. To the regular incomes of religious persons in office must be added, that derived from the superstitious notions of the age. The prayers of the poor, in favour of their benefactors, were supposed to possess great efficacy, even in the world of spirits; and the united supplications of many "daily bedemen," said every preacher on the subject of charity, certainly contributed to the eternal happiness of the dead. Humanity, duty, and superstition, conspired to furnish a fund for the indigent; and well had it been, if such only as had fair claims on this fund had received their maintenance from it.

Parishes are ecclesiastical jurisdictions; and, since England has ceased to be Catholic, the reliance of the poor has been transferred from the cloister and the convent to the parish and the overseer. The clergy, regular and irregular, have ceased to enjoy that prodigious proportion of the national land, with which mistaken charity had endowed the church; but the race of sturdy beggars has not ceased. Other means of support have been devised; and they now plunder the laity, as formerly they plundered ecclesiastics; they now follow trade and commerce, as they formerly followed the land. They reduce their occupation to a system, and demand with greater obstreperousness than when they promised a pilgrimage to our Lady of Pity in behalf of the pious good Christian out of whose pocket they teased a tardy donation.

Catholic countries, at this day, are not free from mendicant poor; but are pestered with swarms of them in all parts, and very insolent they are: they follow strangers every-where; even into the churches, where they demand with most persevering and irreverent urgency. Napoleon did his utmost to remove this blot on his government, from France. His "Houses of Mendicity" were established for this purpose; but his intention totally failed.

About the year 1815, the practice of begging in London had arrived at such a height that on the 8th of June in that year, Mr. Rose called the attention of the House of Commons to the state of mendicity in and about the metropolis. He said that a recent institution of great utility had been the means of many inquiries into the subject. Mr. Martin, a gentleman connected with it, had calculated, from pretty good sources, that there were more than 15,000 beggars in and about the metropolis. Of these, some had settlements: they amounted to 6,690, of whom 4,150 were children, and 2,540 adults. There were 2,604 who had settlements in the country of England, of whom 1,137 were adults, and 1,467 children. Those without settlement were estimated at 5,320, of whom 2,673 were children. There were Scotch and Irish: the Scotch amounted to 504: 177 had no settlement whatever, and were foreigners. On the whole, there were 9,283 children, and 6,000 adults, living by begging: making, 15,283. Some of these could occasionally earn as much as forty shillings a-week; but, not belonging to benefit societies, when they were ill their wives and children went a-begging. The support of all these people, taking them at 3s. a-day, and he knew many received much more, would come to 328,000*l.* a-year for the adults. The inconvenience in the streets was the least part of the evil. The great mischief was, that the children were brought up in all sorts of idleness

and vice. The beggars would seldom send a child to the new schools; which, in many cases, had been of incalculable benefit: there were even instances of the children educated therein having reformed their parents. Mr. Rose proposed a committee to consider of the state of public mendicity. Those who had settlements near the metropolis, should be forced to go to their settlements; the same might be said of those from the country; the expense occasioned would be trifling compared with the evil. Those from Scotland and Ireland might be sent back. As to the foreigners, the Lascars were under the care of the East-India Company. Many other foreign beggars might be sent to their own countries. The most importunate beggars were soldiers and sailors who were wounded, and who were, therefore, entitled to their pension of 18*l.* a-year. He then moved for "a committee to inquire into the state of mendicity in the metropolis and its immediate neighbourhood," which was agreed accordingly.

The report of the committee was presented to the house on the 11th of July, from which the following particulars are extracted. The number of mendicants in the metropolis was estimated at 30,000; and most of these persons gained more than many industrious individuals of the lower classes of the community. One man actually acknowledged that his profits were about thirty shillings a-day. This might be a singular case; but it was proved by the strongest evidence, that the average receipts of mendicants in London were from three to six shillings a-day. This money was spent in the most exceptionable manner, in dram-shops, at feasts, and even in the purchase of luxuries of all sorts, eatable as well as drinkable. The committee had ascertained a fact which was unknown to them before. Many parishes farmed their poor. About one hundred parishes in the city did so. Six or seven shillings a-week each were al-

lowed to those by whom they were taken, and who sent them out to beg during the day for the purpose of saving their provision!

Matthew Martin, Esq. on his examination said, "I am conductor of the inquiry into the state of mendicity in the metropolis, under instructions from his majesty's principal secretary of state for the home department, supported by the advice and influence of the committee for superintending the management of the subscription-fund connected with the inquiry. The institution originated in a private inquiry made by me, first proposed at Bath, and afterwards commenced in London about the year 1796. At an early period it received the countenance of the society for bettering the condition of the poor, and was by them recommended to the Duke of Portland, then secretary of state for the home department. A deputation from that society waited upon his grace, who was pleased to approve of the plan; and in consequence I received a warrant of 500*l.* from the Lords of the Treasury for the expenses of the inquiry, which was afterwards continued under the authority of the Earl of Chichester, then Lord Pelham, who succeeded the Duke of Portland as secretary of state; and I received from time to time further sums from the treasury. The first inquiry continued till about the beginning of the year 1803, and comprised about 2,300 cases. In the year 1811, a communication was made by the society to the Right Hon. Richard Ryder, then secretary of state for the home department, strongly recommending a renewal of the inquiry; in consequence of which, Mr. Ryder applied officially to the Lords of the Treasury for an issue to enable me to resume it. For the purpose of more effectually carrying on the inquiry, and affording some relief to the poor objects who were brought before me, I circulated papers soliciting subscriptions; in consequence of which, contributions have been raised to some extent; and several noblemen and gentlemen

have been further pleased to encourage the undertaking, by forming a committee to superintend, together with me, the care and distribution of the subscription-fund, and the direction of employment and relief to the paupers. Under the management of this committee, and the authority of Mr. Ryder and of Lord Sidmouth, now secretary of state, the inquiry has been continued to the present time. Materials have been provided, and accommodation furnished, for enabling such of the beggars as were disposed to work, to spin flax and yarn, which has been woven into cloth of a superior quality: and others have been employed as sempstresses. The number of cases examined down to the present time amounts to about 4000. I think that the number of beggars has something decreased since the first inquiry, nine years ago; and I am very much confirmed in that opinion by what persons have told me, that they have not seen so many as they did."

Montague Burgoyne, Esq. who was examined, was asked whether he did not take the office of honorary secretary to a society established for the relief of the lower class of Irish in this metropolis, to which he replied—"It was originally intended to give assistance to one particular part, where a great number of Irish lived, namely, Calmel-buildings, Orchard-street, in the parish of Mary-le-bone. I had heard, that in twenty-four small houses, seven hundred Irish poor lived; and upon inquiry I found that the number exceeded that, often three or four families in a room. I observed that they were totally neglected by the parish, inasmuch as the court where they lived was not cleansed, and was a perfect nuisance; persons were afraid of entering it for fear of contagion: and I have been told by medical men, that, whenever they visited the poor in this court, they thought they ran considerable risk of contagion. The society to which I have the honour to act as secretary have made frequent applications to the parish of Mary-

le-bone to remedy those nuisances; but I am sorry to say, that at the present time they prevail as much as ever; and, as I understand, the number of the poor in that court has increased. I have been into every room myself, and neither in town nor in the country have I ever met with so many poor among whom there was so much distress, so much profligacy, and so much ignorance. The discovery that the society made in Calmel-buildings led them to investigate the state of the Irish poor, not only in the parish of Mary-le-bone, but throughout the metropolis."

Mr. Stevenson, who was overseer of St. Giles's parish the preceding year, also said—"Most of these beggars have no lodging. There are houses where there are forty or fifty of them, like a gaol. The porter stands at the door, and takes the money for threepence, they have clean straw, or something like it; for those who pay fourpence there is something more decent; for sixpence they have a bed. They are all locked in for the night, lest they should take the property: in the morning there is a general muster below. The servants go and examine all the places, to see that all is safe; and then they are let out into the street, (just as you would open the door of a gaol,) forty or fifty of them together, and at night they come again: they have no settled habitations, but those places to which they resort; but there are numbers of those houses in St. Giles's."

The following information was communicated by the members of a society instituted for benevolent purposes. "In visiting George-yard, leading from High-street, Whitechapel, into Wentworth-street, we found there were from thirty to forty houses apparently full of people, and, being desirous of knowing the situation they were in, we gained access to several of them where we had formerly visited distressing cases; and, from the information we collected, we conceive that in these houses there are no less than two thousand people: the whole

place; indeed, presents such a scene of human misery and dissipation as can hardly be conceived. We learned from those we had access to, that one-half of these inhabitants subsist almost entirely by prostitution and beggary; the other half are chiefly Irish labouring people. In Wentworth-street (adjoining the above yard) there are a great many houses occupied by inhabitants similar to those in George-yard. One of these (a private house, No. 53,) we visited, and were not a little surprised to find that it contained a hundred beds, which are let out by night or otherwise, to beggars and loose characters of all descriptions. In some of the lanes leading from this street there are other houses of the same kind."

The evidence of the Rev. W. Gurney, rector of St. Clement Danes, a gentleman of well-known humanity and consideration for the poor, is very interesting.—"I am rector of St. Clement Danes, and minister of the Free Chapel in West-street, St. Giles's. In the Free Chapel there is accommodation for 600 poor. In the course of my ministry there, I have had occasion to visit persons in very great distress, and have seen a great deal of suffering. I have ascertained that there are four different sorts of beggars, or persons not having habitations, or rather four different ways of begging. Some are by letters, which they send by the post: these are called *twopenny-post beggars*. Some are what we call *knocker-beggars*, who go from house to house, knocking at every door. They contrive to get a knowledge of persons from others residing in the same street; and, if they can get information of any one residing in a street, they go to that house, and, if they succeed, or even if they do not get any thing, they say, 'I have been to Mr. Gurney's, or some other person's; and I want to make up a sum of money to pay rent;' whereas perhaps they pay no rent. A third sort of beggars are *stationary* the whole day; they come to their stand at a certain hour, and they

stay so many hours, and then are led perhaps to another stand. These persons get a great deal of money, and live very well, especially if they are pretty well maimed, or if they are blind, or if they have children. There is a fourth sort, women and children, who are *moveable beggars*; they move about with the people, not particularly by the street, but with the people: for instance, at the time of the play they are always very near the theatres; and, if they see a gentleman and lady walking together in deep conversation, they will pester them, and run before them till they give them a penny or two-pence to get rid of them. Those people at other times of the day, if it is a Sunday for instance, will be found near chapels where there are large congregations; they know as well where the large congregations are as possible; not that they ever go within-side the doors, they keep without-side, and there they speak of the benevolence and charity of the people coming out, and pray for them. If they get any thing, it is well; if not, perhaps they will afterwards utter imprecations against them, which I have frequently heard."

Mr. Gurney might have added, that these beggars are of all persuasions. There was one who regularly stood at the door of the Catholic chapel in Lincoln's-inn-fields, petitioning "for the love of the Holy Virgin," and other Catholic saints: in half an hour afterwards, he was at the door of a dissenting meeting-house, bawling "for the love of Christ." The evening placed him at West-street, or at some other chapel belonging to the established church.

"There are five large gin-shops, or wine-vaults as they are called, close to the Seven Dials, which are constantly frequented. There is one where they go in at one door and out at another, to prevent the inconvenience of returning the same way, where there are so many. A friend of mine, who lived opposite, had the curiosity to

count how many went in the course of one Sunday morning, before he went to church ; and it was 320."

The following information was given by Joseph Butterworth, Esq. M. P. one of the committee of the Strangers' Friend Society. "In the course of my observations I have noticed the condition of many beggars ; their cases have been inquired into, and in the general way they have been found to be impostors ; and I am persuaded they are the most profligate and idle description of character. I am convinced that very few, if any, honest, industrious, and sober people, ever have recourse to begging. In the neighbourhood where I live there is a great resort for beggars ; and I have made some inquiries into their condition. There are two public-houses in Church-lane, St. Giles's, whose chief support depends upon beggars : one called *The Beggar's Opera*, which is the Rose-and-Crown public-house ; and the other the Robin Hood. The number of beggars that frequent those houses, at various times, is computed to be about 300. I have been credibly informed, they are divided into companies, and each company is subdivided into what are called *walks*, and each company has its particular walk ; if this walk be considered beneficial, the whole company take it by turns, each person keeping it from half an hour to three or four hours : their receipts, at a moderate calculation, cannot be less than three to five shillings a-day, each person, frequently more. They cannot be supposed to spend less at night than half-a-crown, and they generally pay sixpence for their bed. It is their custom to sally out early in the morning ; and those who have any money left of the preceding day's earning, treat the rest with spirits, before they begin the operations of the day. I have been informed, that they have a kind of committee to organize the walks to be frequented by each person, and they generally appropriate the best walks to the senior beggars,

in rotation. There is an Irishman who pretends to be a sailor, and frequently cuts his legs to excite compassion; he begs shoes, and then sells them; he is a most audacious fellow, and has several times been imprisoned. Another man, half naked, and who generally appears in that condition, has, I am credibly informed, a considerable sum of money in the funds; he is a young man with a long beard; he frequently has flowers in his hand, and limps; he will not act with the gang, but preserves his own independence, and is one of the greatest boxers in St. Giles's. I understand, that, after the business of the day is over, they frequent those houses, and partake of the best food they can obtain; they spend their evenings in a very riotous manner; the food that is given them by benevolent persons they do not eat, but either throw it away or give it to the dogs. Women have been frequently known to assume an appearance of pregnancy, in order to obtain child-bed linen, which in many cases they have done eight or ten times over. I know a sober hackney-coachman, upon whose veracity I can depend, who has frequently conveyed beggars to their lodgings; and formerly, when he plied in St. Giles's, has been called to the houses I before mentioned, to take them from thence, being so intoxicated they could not walk home. A fact lately came under my observation, of a person in Charles-street, Drury-lane, who, with his wife, obtained their living by begging; she lately lay-in; a benevolent neighbour, perceiving she had no bed or bedstead, furnished her with them; but he soon found they were not used. The bedstead was cut up and made into a rabbit-hutch; and the reason assigned by the beggar was this: that benevolent persons would occasionally visit them, and, finding that they had neither bed nor bedstead, would be more disposed to give them money; and he wished to appear as mean as possible.

"The visitors of the Strangers' Friend Society, on the

eastern part of the town, report, that they never knew any worthy characters found in the streets begging. I have known several instances of persons obtaining considerable sums, daily, by begging. About two months ago some children in Russell-square attracted my attention; I inquired particularly into their history; and I found the mother supported by a daughter, a girl about twelve years of age, who also appeared very dirty and offensive. The girl informed me she had been six years engaged in begging for her mother; that on some days she gets three or four shillings, besides copper; that on Christmas-day last she earned four shillings and sixpence, that she usually gets about eighteen-pence a-day. I inquired of the mother whether the child had any instruction; she said she had not; and she gave as the reason, that she had no suitable clothes to go to school in. The mother was furnished with money to procure suitable clothing, and the child was sent to the Sunday-school in Drury-lane, which she attended two or three Sundays; but, like many other similar cases, she then absented herself. A boy, aged fifteen years, was placed by his mother by the wall near Whitechapel workhouse. On application to the mother, entreating her to let him be taken into the workhouse, she would not consent unless they would allow her 36s. or 38s. a-week, as, she stated, that upon an average was but a part of his gains. The Society well knew a negro beggar, who about two years since used to stand by Messrs. Elliott and Robinson's tea-warehouse, near Finsbury-square, who has retired to the West Indies, with a fortune, it was supposed, of about 1500*l.* obtained by this way of life."

Mr. S. Roberts, watch-house-keeper, Bloomsbury.—
 "My opinion is, that a great number of the beggars who go about are not in distress, that they are impostors: I have knowledge of one man in particular, that goes about and pretends to be in fits in the street: he chews soap, and has been taken several times in imposing upon

people; he was taken in Lincoln's-inn-fields about a fortnight ago, and committed for a month: his name is John Collins; he is known by the beadies by the name of the soap-eater. There is another, a woman, a good deal in Lincoln's-inn-fields, of the name of Anne Phillips; she has been passed to St. Sepulchre's a number of times, but it is impossible to keep her away from that neighbourhood. There is a little black man who has frequently been brought into the watch-house for begging. I have seen him have a bag with silver, and another bag with copper; and at other times he has come to fetch me to take up people who have robbed him of a great deal of money, as he stated: and I have been told at the public-house, he would spend fifty shillings a-week for his board: he would spit his own goose or his own ducks, and live very well."

Mr. Cooper, connected with the Spitalfields' Benevolent Society, stated—"that in January, February, and March, 1814, the Spitalfields' Society was called upon for very particular exertions. A committee, consisting of about sixteen persons, visited, in the course of those three months, I suppose at least 800 different families. We used to go two and two together. From the observations I made upon the state of poor families, I have no idea at all that, in any individual case, persons that were worthy objects, however distressed they were, have had recourse to street-begging."

Mr. John Daughtry, in the same connection, was asked what his general opinion was as to the character of street-beggars, derived from any information he had acquired.—"That they are idle and worthless; the visitors of the Spitalfields' Benevolent Society, with which I am connected, having been led to adopt as a maxim, 'That street-beggars are, with very few exceptions, so utterly worthless and incorrigible, as to be undeserving the attention of such a society.' I would beg to state as a general observation, that, when persons are by any

means driven to the practice of street-begging, their characters become so depraved, that they are seldom of any use to society or their families afterwards; they generally become openly depraved and immoral to a very great degree. But the instances in which worthy, honest, industrious, persons have recourse to begging, are extremely rare; they will in general rather starve than beg. A person of veracity, who some time ago visited 1500 poor families in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields, affirms, that out of full 300 cases of abject poverty and destitution, and at least 100 of literal starvation, not a dozen had been found to have had recourse to begging: many of the most wretched of the above cases had been not long before able to support themselves in some comfort, but want of employ had completely ruined them: they were at that moment pressed by landlord, baker, and tax-gatherer; had pawned and sold every thing that could be turned into money; were absolutely without a morsel of food for themselves or family; but still had not had recourse to begging. As a general fact, the decent poor will struggle to the uttermost, and even perish, rather than turn beggars. After some of the preceding observations, it need scarcely be stated, that the class of persons under consideration is believed to consist almost exclusively of the idle and profligate, the greater part depraved and abandoned beyond description; only less vicious and injurious to society than professed thieves and housebreakers. In most cases, idleness and hypocrisy are so wrought into their natures, that they are absolutely incurable. Living by hourly deception, *they have less character than even thieves*, and are more hopeless as to moral reformation: they are known to be *too idle even to beg when they have a shilling left to spend*, or can find a public-house or chandler's shop that will trust them."

Mr. William Hale, of Spitalfields, said—"I have known instances of my own work-people, who have left

good looms of work, to go out begging. Some time back, in Old Broad-street, leading to the Royal Exchange, where there are a number of merchants who walk about four o'clock towards the Exchange; coming towards Spitalfields I met a woman, as I was crossing the street in a hurry; she had an infant in her arms, and asked charity; I looked her in the face, and she was very much confused; she and her husband worked for me at the time; he had a good loom's work, and she silk-winding, which I was at the time very much in want of.

"There was a woman who used to go to a chapel in the City Road, as she said: one of our overseers was coming out in the evening after service, when he heard a voice, 'Pray, remember a poor blind child; have pity on a poor blind child.' Knowing the voice, he turned round, and recognized her to be one of our paupers, who had borrowed or hired this blind child for the purpose of exciting pity; for it is a very common thing for them to hire or borrow children to go out begging; and, if you meet with a woman who appears to have twins, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are not her own, or not both her own: *I have known a woman sit for ten years with twins; they never exceeded the same age.* Some, who are well practised in the art of begging, will collect three, four, or five children, from different parents of the lower class of people, and will give those parents sixpence or even more per day for those children to go begging with; they go in those kind of gangs, and make a very great noise, setting the children sometimes crying in order to extort charity from the people. Many children also are sent out by their parents as soon as it is possible for them to extort relief, and distributed about. One perhaps takes a broom; and if they do not bring home more or less, according to their size, they are beaten for it. A family is the greatest resource of such persons.

“Some mendicants employ a certain portion of their time in finding out the committee-days of the respective parishes, when they meet and relieve their out-door poor; and it is very well known they go to one vestry on a Monday, a second on Tuesday, and a third on Wednesday, and so on. They will tell such tales of distress, which appear so interesting to gentlemen not deeply versed in their duplicity, that they are sure to gain upon their feelings, and they get 1s. or 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. from each.

“It is a rule with us, never to relieve any person that applies, in the first instance, as a casual pauper for temporary relief; but we take down their name and residence; and the overseer whose turn it is for the week calls the next day, and relieves them at their own habitation. That plan was first adopted when I was overseer; and I think, in five cases out of ten, we found that we had false directions, and that there were no such persons living there.”

Mr. G. H. Malme, of St. John's Westminster, said—
“Going along the High-street, Borough, I saw a number of persons, whom, by their appearance, I knew to be itinerant beggars, travelling by passes. Observing a man and his family divide, close to the church, and the woman take a pass out of her pocket, I guessed the business they were upon; and, on paying a little attention to their further proceedings, found this family were making use of two passes: the woman went into the shop where one of the overseers resided, taking with her all the children; and the man went afterwards with some of them; by which means they got double allowance.”

Mr. Hale was asked, what is your opinion of the best means to prevent mendicity?—“To take every possible means of informing the public of what description these individuals are, and their sheer depravity; that they are not fit objects of their benevolence; that *in no instance*

should an individual give any thing to a person that applied to him in the streets; and for the churchwardens, overseers, constables, and other efficient officers in their respective parishes, never to suffer a beggar to walk the streets, but, if they do, to warn them; if they trespass a second time, take them before a magistrate, who will give the necessary instructions to pass them to their respective parishes. But the advantages arising from begging are such a temptation to the idle poor, not willing to work, that they would sooner be imprisoned three months in the year, than be deterred from the practice of begging the other nine."

On the same question being put to Mr. John Daughtry, he said—"If the public lodging-houses, which are the nightly resort of the worst of this class of persons, were brought under regulation, and perhaps suppressed, it might contribute a little towards this object; but the most effectual preventive would be, to enlighten the public mind on the point, and check the injudicious benevolence which supports and encourages such vagrants. But the proper observance of the Sabbath by the lower orders of society, has a most important influence on the moral character and general comfort of their families; and it will rarely be found to happen, that poor persons so brought up, and who had also the advantage of suitable instruction, have become mendicants. *Sunday-schools* perhaps, above every other means, promote among the poor this much-neglected duty; the children are not only taught the sacred obligation of the Sabbath, but are habituated to observe it, by being regularly conducted to public worship. Such is the effect on the poor in general, of a stated attendance on the public service of religion, that those who are accustomed to visit them, are in most cases able to discern it in the very aspect of the family: where the sabbath is observed, you may expect to find, in even the poorest, cleanliness, decency, and civil behaviour; but, where it is

violated, the reverse of these are often met with. Persons who have been for many years connected with these institutions, and have anxiously traced the destination of many of the children that were formerly under their care, can point out great numbers, who, being grown up into life, are now good members of society; but they have never discovered any instance of one becoming a mendicant. Well-regulated Sunday-schools are directly calculated to counteract the dispositions and habits that might lead to mendicity. In the course even of a few months after the lowest order of children have been admitted, their very appearance is observed to undergo a decided improvement; they are uniformly cleaner and more tidily dressed; and their minds are evidently raised a degree further from the meanness and degradation of mendicants. The knowledge and moral influence of which the children thus partake, they communicate, in a greater or less degree, to all their various families. Not unfrequently too, the benefit which in this way extends to the parents, is confirmed by a word of counsel and admonition from a teacher, who calls perhaps to inquire after an absent child, or to afford relief in case of sickness. I allude more particularly to those Sunday-schools where the teachers act *gratuitously*, as I find that no persons who are paid do the work half so well as those who do it from motives of real benevolence. The above remarks will also, in a great measure, apply to those *day-schools* in which the children are assembled on the Sunday for moral and religious instruction, and are statedly conducted to public worship.

“In a school established at Hoxton, a few years ago, where there were a great number of very depraved poor, the moral improvement in the neighbourhood is visible to all the inhabitants; and there are many instances which can be pointed out, of the most complete reformation in the morals and conduct of the parents, from the circumstance of the children having been introduced into the

schools. In some instances they have taught their parents to read. As a branch of this school, another has been established at Haggerstone, a village at a small distance, which was proverbial for depravity: there are a number of brickmakers reside there, who are a most wretched set of beings; and the face of that neighbourhood is completely changed in the course of the last year or two; and it is ascribed by all to the institution of the school there."

Mr. Hale was asked if he knew any thing as to the state of the village of Haggerstone, alluded to by the last witness. To which he replied,—“It is a place inhabited chiefly by brick-makers, of the very lowest class of society, and perhaps some of them of the very worst characters; so much so, that no man or woman towards dark will walk across that way towards Hackney, though it might be somewhat nearer; and so bad, that, if a thief was pursued and ran to Haggerstone, no constable or runner would go beyond a certain line; it has been called *The City of Refuge*. To have any moral improvement made on the face of society like that, such as has been spoken of by the last witness, must afford a striking proof the beneficial consequences resulting from early instruction."

On the subject of delivering the streets from the nuisance of common beggars, we have the following evidence:—

Mr. Francis Hobler, clerk to the lord-mayor, who attended his lordship daily in the justice room, was asked whether beggars were frequently brought before him.—

“Not the common beggars very often; but the common beggars, in general, unite pilfering with begging; if they have an opportunity of taking a door-mat, or any thing where there is no appearance of danger, they attempt it, and are frequently caught in those attempts. They are not so often taken up for vagrancy only, as perhaps they might be. It is a very disagreeable thing for

an officer to undertake, for he is sure to get a crowd about him, and to be ill-treated ; there is generally a serious struggle before any of those common beggars can be taken into custody, and conveyed to a place of security."

By people of their own class?—"No ; by an ill-advised kindness of individuals. These beggars immediately make a resistance, by falling down and screaming ; and then good-natured people interest themselves, and desire they will not pull the poor creature about. I should feel that as one principal reason of the officers not doing their duty more often."

Do you find the same people that have been under examination at one time, and passed to their parishes, return?—"Yes, frequently. Some have been sent to Ireland more than once. There is a woman infests the city with three or four children, who has been sent to Ireland more than once, an excessively bad woman, and very troublesome and abusive ; she was found begging in a very short time in the same places as before."

Mr. Philip Holdsworth, city-marshal, said—"I have the charge of the police ; the police are instructed to prevent burglaries, street-robberies, nuisances of every kind ; and it is as much their duty to remove beggars as it is to apprehend thieves ; but it is a duty that I have found the officers more unwilling to attend to than any other of their duties, for it is unpopular, and they always get abused when they lug these people to the prisons. The people generally join with the mendicant, and the officers frequently are ill-used ; so much so, that one officer, the week before last, in taking up a sailor whose dog carries his hat, was seriously hurt. We proved on the average, that that man with his dog got thirty shillings a-day ; that was proved by his own assertion when in Bridewell."

The following session, the committee was revived, when it appeared that much good had accrued from the exposure

of the report of the preceding year. The number of beggars was greatly reduced, and the officers had been very active in clearing the streets of them.

Without any material alteration in the laws, a very visible difference has taken place in the appearance of mendicity in the metropolis; and if every individual would refrain from granting relief to beggars; or, if all police and parish officers were to do their duty, these miserable beings would soon apply themselves to work, or go to their own parishes for subsistence. The progress of education will also be a material check to this vile practice, as an enlightened and informed mind can never submit to the vile degradation of begging.

By a report of the President and Governors for the Poor of London, in 1702, it appears that the depravity of the community of beggars, has been but too stationary since that period. It says,—“That people may not be imposed upon by beggars, who pretend to be lame, dumb, &c. which really are not so; this is to give notice, that the president and governors for the poor of London, pitying the case of one Richard Alegil, a boy of eleven years of age, who pretended himself lame of both his legs, so that he used to go shoving himself along on his breeches; they ordered him to be taken into their workhouse, intending to make him a tailor, upon which he confessed that his brother, a boy of seven years of age, about four years ago, by the advice of other beggars, contracted his legs, and turned them backwards, so that he never used them from that time to this, but followed the trade of begging; that he usually got five shillings a day, sometimes ten shillings; that he hath been all over the west of England, where his brother carried him on a horse, and pretended that he was born so, and cut out of his mother’s womb. He hath also given an account that he knows of other beggars that pretend to be dumb and lame, and some that tie their arms in their breeches, and wear a wooden stump in their sleeve. The

said president and governors have caused the legs of the said Alegil to be set straight; he now has the use of them, and walks upright. They have ordered him to be put to spinning, and his brother to be kept to hard labour. Several other able beggars are by their order taken up and set to work, and when brought into the workhouse have from ten shillings to five pounds in their pockets."

The subject of mendicity has engaged the very serious consideration of various governments at different periods. In 1703, the corporation of London aimed a severe blow at impostors and sturdy beggars, by offering a reward of one shilling each for such as were apprehended, and sent to the workhouse in Bishopsgate-street. But the most effectual step to lessen the number of beggars, is the means practised by the Society for Suppression of Mendicity; the members whereof, instead of giving money, clothes, or victuals to those who beg of them, present them with a ticket, which if taken to the society's house, and found worthy objects, are relieved accordingly. Those who have parishes are sent home, and others are provided with means of subsistence.

If this society is therefore properly supported, the streets will not be offended by the disgusting exhibition of "all the ills that flesh is heir to," which the infamous impostor, and the diseased emaciated objects of misery, were so long in the daily habit of exposing to the passing crowd for the purpose of eliciting charity. It is a system both immoral and unchristian; it tends to harden the hearts of those who have been imposed on; it chills genuine charity, so that unmerited distress is too often placed on a level with imposture; or the hand that is stretched out to relieve it is misdirected, if not paralysed. It cannot be said the present age is hard-hearted, and that charity would not be exercised unless stimulated by such disguises; never were institutions to meet cases of distress so numerous as at present; and in no country in the world are they so many, or so liberally supported; and

when we consider that a very great portion of national poverty is brought on by ignorance, idleness and intemperance, we really must say that the poor of this country have every comfort and accommodation that they can possibly expect.

J. C. W. G. MOZART.

JOHAN CHRYSOSTOM WOLFGANG GOTLIEB MOZART, the son of Leopold Mozart, an eminent musician, was born at Salzburg, on the 27th of January 1756. As this son and a daughter were the only survivors of seven children, their father gave up teaching, as well as composition, and devoted his whole time to their musical education. When young Mozart was about three years of age, the father began to give his daughter, who was three years older, instruction on the harpsichord; and the son at this early period paid so much attention to the sounds of the instrument, and exhibited such proofs of extraordinary talents, that he was taught some minuets and airs, which he learned with wonderful facility; half an hour being sufficient for a minuet, and an hour for the other pieces. All these he could execute with the utmost precision and delicacy of touch; and his progress was so rapid, that in his fifth year he composed some small pieces, which he performed before his father, and which the latter thought worthy of being written down. He now lost all taste for childish amusements; or, if he ever indulged in them, it was necessary that they should be accompanied with music.

One day his father, returning from church with a friend, found him occupied in writing, "What are you doing, my dear?" said he. "I am composing a concerto for the harpsichord, and have nearly completed the first part," replied the boy. His father taking the paper

showed the notes to his friend. "Look," said he, "all these notes are composed according to rules; but John (addressing his son) no one can make use of this, because it is difficult. No one can play it." "It is a concerto," said young Mozart; "it must be studied." He then played it, and convinced his hearers, at least, that his ideas were fine.

At the age of six he had attained to so much expertness in this art as excited universal astonishment: and his father, conceiving that he might turn to advantage the talents of his children, repaired with his family, consisting of his wife, daughter, and son, to Munich, where the children performed before the elector, and gave a public specimen of the great proficiency which they had made. On their return to Salzburg they improved themselves still farther in music; and in 1762, the whole family went to Vienna, where the children were presented to the imperial court. Young Mozart soon after learned to play the violin; and, though daily complimented on his great musical genius, he became neither proud nor capricious, but continued tractable and obedient to the commands of his father. In the year 1763, Mozart's family again paid a visit to Munich, where the son performed a concerto on the violin before the electoral court; after which they proceeded to Augsburg, Mannheim, Mentz, Frankfort, Coblenz, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Brussels, in all which places young Mozart played with great approbation at public concerts or at the houses of the principal nobility. In the month of November they arrived at Paris, where they remained twenty-one weeks; during which the brother and sister performed before the royal family at Versailles, and the former played the organ in the chapel-royal. They gave also two grand public concerts; and, as might be expected, were heard with the most rapturous admiration. So much were the public interested by this musical family, that a print was published of the father

and his two children; and wherever they went they were treated with every mark of respect. At Paris young Mozart composed his two first works; one of which was dedicated to Madame Victoire, the king's second daughter; and the other to the countess of Tessé: at this time he was only seven years of age.

On leaving Paris, in April 1764, the family came over to England, where they continued more than a year. Young Mozart and his sister had the honour of performing before the royal family. In London they had a benefit-concert, all the symphonies of which were composed by young Mozart; and they performed at another which was given for the benefit of the Lying-in Hospital. The Hon. Daines Barrington, F.R.S. who, during the time of Mozart's residence here, was witness of his most extraordinary abilities, both at public concerts, and by having been with him for a considerable time at his father's house, gives the following account, amazing and incredible almost as it may appear, and which is printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lx. p. 54. He carried to him a manuscript duet, which was composed by an English gentleman to some favourite words in Metastasio's opera of *Demofonte*. The whole score was in five parts, viz. accompaniments for a first and second violin, the two vocal parts, and a base. Mr. B.'s intention in carrying with him this manuscript composition, was to have an irrefragable proof of his abilities as a player at sight, it being absolutely impossible that he could ever have seen the music before. The score was no sooner put upon his desk, than he began to play the symphony in a most masterly manner, as well as in the time and style which corresponded with the intention of the composer. The symphony ended, he began to sing the upper part, leaving the under one to his father. His voice in the tone of it was thin and infantine, but nothing could exceed the masterly manner in which he sang. His father, who took the under part in this duet, was once or twice

out, though the passages were not more difficult than those in the upper one; on which occasion the son looked back with some anger, pointing out to him his mistakes, and setting him right. He not only however did complete justice to the duet, by singing his own part in the truest taste, and with the greatest precision; but also threw in the accompaniments of the two violins, wherever they were most necessary, and produced the best effects. It is well known that none but the most capital musicians are capable of accompanying in this style. When he had finished the duet, he expressed himself highly in its approbation, asking with some eagerness whether Mr. B. had brought any more such music. Having been informed, however, that he was often visited with musical ideas, to which, even in the midst of the night, he would give utterance on his harpsichord; Mr. B. told his father that he should be glad to hear some of his extemporary compositions. The father shook his head at this, saying, that it depended entirely on his being as it were musically inspired, but that Mr. B. might ask him whether he was in humour for such a composition. Happening to know that little Mozart was much taken notice of by Manzoli, the famous singer, who came over to England in 1764, Mr. B. said to the boy, that he should be glad to hear an extempore love-song, such as his friend Manzoli might choose in an opera. The boy, on this, who continued to sit at his harpsichord, looked back with much archness, and immediately began five or six lines of a jargon recitative proper to introduce a love-song. He then played a symphony which might correspond with an air composed to the single word *Affetto*. It had a first and second part, which, together with the symphonies, was of the length that opera-songs generally last: if this extemporary composition was not amazingly capital, yet it was really above mediocrity, and showed most extraordinary readiness of invention. Finding that he was in humour,

and as it were inspired, Mr. B. then desired him to compose a song of rage, such as might be proper for the opera-stage. The boy again looked back with much archness, and began five or six lines of a jargon recitative proper to precede a song of anger. This lasted also about the same time with the song of love; and in the middle of it, he had worked himself up to such a pitch, that he beat his harpsichord like a person possessed, rising sometimes in his chair. The word he pitched on for this second extemporary composition was, *Perfido*. After this he played a difficult lesson, which he had finished a day or two before: his execution was amazing, considering that his little fingers could scarcely reach a fifth on the harpsichord. His astonishing readiness, however, did not arise merely from great practice; he had a thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of composition, as, on producing a treble, he immediately wrote a base under it, which, when tried, had a very good effect. He was also a great master of modulation, and his transitions from one key to another were very natural and judicious; he practised in this manner for a considerable time with a handkerchief over the keys of the harpsichord. These facts Mr. B. was an eye-witness of; to which he adds, that he had been informed by two or three able musicians, when Bach the celebrated composer had begun a fugue, and left off abruptly, that little Mozart has immediately taken it up, and worked it after a most masterly manner.

Before he left London, he published six Sonatas for the Harpsichord, with an accompaniment for the violin or German flute, intitled, *Oeuvre Troisieme*. His two first works we have mentioned above. He is said in the title-page to have been only eight years of age when he composed these Sonatas. The dedication is to the Queen, and is dated at London, Jan. 8, 1765. He subscribes himself "*tres humble, et tres obeissant petit serviteur*."

These lessons are composed in a very original style, and some of them are masterly.

In July 1765, this musical family returned to the Continent, and then travelled through Flanders, where young Mozart often played the organ in the churches of the convents and in the cathedrals. They passed some time in Holland, and then returned through France and Germany to Salzburg, after an absence of three years. In 1768, Mozart and his sister performed at Vienna, where the Emperor Joseph caused young Mozart to set an opera buffa, called *La Finta semplice*, which obtained the approbation of Hasse, the director of the imperial band, and of the poet Metastasio. Mozart here presented to his son (in the presence of Hasse, Metastasio, the Duke of Braganza, and Prince Kaunitz) several Italian airs, which the child immediately set to music, with all the accompaniments. At the consecration of the Orphan-house church he was employed to set the *offertorium*, together with a trumpet concerto; and on this occasion, though only twelve years of age, he had the direction of the whole music. In 1769, they returned to Salzburg; and, soon after, the father and son made a tour to Italy, where young Mozart acquired great honour by different compositions which he executed, and particularly at Milan. At Bologna he found an enthusiastic admirer in father Martini, a celebrated master of counterpoint. At Florence he was no less favourably received by Marchese Ligneville, a very great proficient in the same branch; and there also he formed an acquaintance with Mr. Thomas Linley, who was then nearly of the same age.

When Mozart and his son arrived at Rome, they went to the Sestini chapel to hear the celebrated *Miserere*, which the pope's musicians are prohibited, it is said, from suffering to be copied, under pain of severe punishment. Young Mozart, however, when he returned to

his lodging, sat down to write it out ; and, the next time it was performed, he put the manuscript in his hat, in order that he might enlarge and correct it. When this circumstance was known at Rome, it made so much noise, that he was requested to sing it with an accompaniment on the harpsichord, at a concert at which Christopheri, who had sung it in church, was present ; and who, by his astonishment, rendered young Mozart's triumph complete. After a short tour to Naples, he returned to Rome, where his holiness expressed a desire to see him, and where he was invested by the pontiff with the cross and insignia as a knight of the golden spur. At Bologna he was unanimously elected a member of the Academia Philharmonica ; and on his return to Milan, about the end of October 1770, he composed, in his fourteenth year, the serious opera of Mithridates, which was represented on the 26th of December, and successively repeated more than twenty times with the utmost applause. Being at Salzburg in 1771, he was requested by Count Firmian, of Milan, in the name of the Empress Maria Theresa, to compose a grand theatrical serenata for the marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand ; and this task he executed to the full satisfaction of his employers. On the election of a new Archbishop of Salzburg, in 1772, he composed the serenata *Il Sogno di Scipione* ; spent the following winter with his father at Milan, where he wrote the serious opera of *Lucio Silla*, for the carnival of 1773 ; and in the spring of 1774 returned to Salzburg. Some tours which he undertook in this and the following year to Vienna and Munich, with his father, gave him an opportunity of composing some excellent pieces, as *La Finta Giardiniera*, an opera buffa ; two grand masses for the electoral chapel at Munich, &c. ; and in the year 1775, when the Archduke Maximilian was at Salzburg, he set to music *Il Rè Pastore*. He had now attained (though only nineteen years of age) to the summit of his art ; his fame was already diffused

throughout every country of Europe, and wherever he appeared his uncommon merit excited universal admiration; and his progress in talents and fame, contrary to all experience, continued to keep pace with the expectations of the public to the end of his life.

On the death of his father, in 1778, he was called to Salzburg, and appointed principal concert-master to the prince archbishop, in his stead; but he resigned this office in 1780, and went to Vienna, where he settled, and was admired and patronised by the court and city; and in 1788 he was appointed chapel-master to the Emperor Joseph.

It was not till the year 1782 that he began to compose at Vienna for the national theatre; at first chiefly instrumental music; but, on its being discovered how well he could write for the voice, he was engaged by the nobility and gentry to compose comic operas, sometimes to German words, and sometimes Italian. His first opera at Vienna was *Die Entsichrung aus dern Serail*, or the Rape of the Seraglio, in 1782, to German words. The second, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, in four acts. The third, the *Schauspiel Director*, or the manager at the playhouse, in 1786. *Don Giovanni*, in 1787. *La Clemenza di Tito*, a serious opera. *Così fan tutti*, comic. *Die Zauber Flöte*, the Magic Flute. *Idomeneo*, a serious opera, &c. During the composition of this first opera, he married Miss Weber, a lady of distinguished merit, by whom he had two children.

It is lamentable that premature genius too rarely enjoys a long career. The acceleration of nature in the mental powers seems to hurry the progress of the animal economy, and to anticipate the regular close of temporal existence. The health of Mozart began rapidly to decline. However, he was not idle; for in the few last months of his life he composed those three great works, the Magic Flute, the Clemency of Titus, and the Requiem. Some have called these his chef-d'œuvres. Nothing ever had a greater run than the first of these.

It was performed at Vienna one hundred nights in less than twelve months, and on the hundredth night the theatre overflowed as much as on the first. The second was composed, at the desire of the Bohemian States, for the coronation of Leopold. It was begun in his carriage in the road to Prague, and finished in eighteen days. The history of the last is singular. A stranger called on him, and requested he would compose, as speedily as possible, a *Requiem* for a Catholic prince, in order to sooth his mind, and to prepare it for his approaching dissolution. Mozart demanded two hundred ducats; and the stranger, in order to promote despatch, deposited four hundred. The composer began the work, in the progress of which he felt his mind unusually raised and agitated. He employed not only the day, but much of the night, in the composition of it, with which he seemed to be infatuated. He told his wife he was composing it for *himself*; and she prevailed upon him to give her the score, and endeavour to cheer his spirits. Upon his appearing more tranquil, she returned it, but he soon relapsed into despondency; and, having finished it on the day of his death, he again reminded her that he had previously informed her it would be composed for himself. In the year 1791, and in the thirty-sixth year of his age, just after he had received the appointment of maestro di capella in the church of St. Peter, he departed this life; leaving the world to admire the brilliancy of his powers, and to lament the shortness of the period allotted to their display.

Mozart was of small stature, meagre, and pale, and, in his countenance, displayed no marks of extraordinary genius. He had a certain awkwardness in his manners, and his feet and hands seemed to be in a continual state of motion. He was fond of billiards, and had in his house a billiard-table, at which he was accustomed to amuse himself *alone*. Though possessed of great musical talents, he was in other respects a mere child; and,

by his want of economy and the abuse of money, he evidently showed that he was destitute of that prudence which is so necessary to prevent men from being led into the most disagreeable situations. His income for several years had been very great; yet he left nothing to his children except the celebrity of his name. But, however thoughtless in regard to the common concerns of life, as soon as he sat down to the harpsichord he appeared quite a different being. His attention was then directed to his favourite object; and so much was his hand unfitted for its usual offices by frequent practice on this instrument, that it was with the greatest difficulty he was able to cut his meat at table. As music was the principal occupation of his life, it formed also his most agreeable amusement. Solicitation was never necessary to induce him to play; on the contrary, his friends had often reason to apprehend that he would hurt his health by too close application. He was fondest of playing in the evening; and, if he sat down to his harpsichord at nine, he never gave over till midnight, and even then he quitted it with reluctance.

It is a curious fact, that no composer could less endure liberties to be taken with his works than Mozart. There is a story told of him, in Mr. Gardiner's translation of the Life of Haydn, which strongly illustrates this:—When Mozart went to Berlin, he arrived in the evening. Scarcely had he alighted, when he asked the waiter of the inn whether there was any opera that evening, and was informed that one of his own operas was to be acted. He immediately set out for the theatre, and placed himself at the entrance of the pit, that he might listen without being observed; but sometimes he was so pleased with the execution of certain passages, and at others so dissatisfied with the manner or the time in which they performed, or with the embellishments added by the singers, that, continually expressing either pleasure or disapprobation, he insensibly got up to the orchestra. The

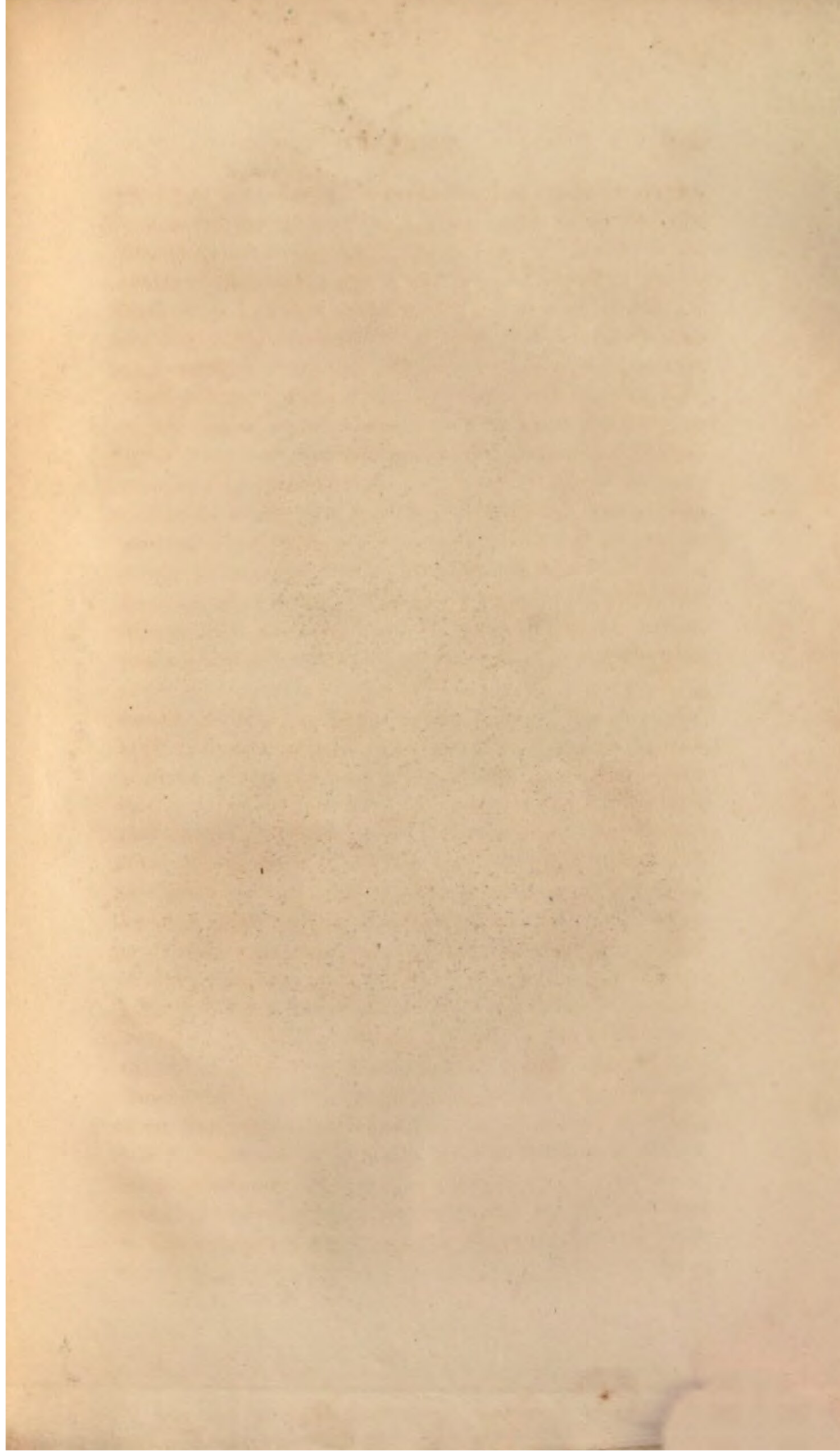
manager had taken the liberty of making some alteration in one of the airs. When they came to it, Mozart, unable to restrain himself any longer, called out aloud to the band in what way it ought to be played. Every body turned to look at the man in a great coat who was making all this noise, and expecting he would soon be silenced or turned out. At length some persons recognised Mozart; and in an instant the musicians, actors, and audience, were informed that he was in the theatre; and in consequence the opera and its composer were vociferously applauded.

Don Giovanni is considered by many as the greatest work of Mozart, and the finest specimen that exists of dramatic music. Its effect upon the stage, which is inconceivable to those who have not witnessed it, is sufficient to show the power of harmony in expressing passion and exciting sympathy. There is something of so high an intellectual nature in the whole of its formation, that the author, by this composition, has placed his art in a more exalted sphere than it ever reached before.

For the first representation of this opera at Prague, the *overture*, which is on all hands admitted to be a master-piece of genius and science, was begun and finished in one night. The songs, finales, in short all the vocal pieces of the work, had been finished, studied by the singers, and rehearsed; nay, the last grand rehearsal took place, without the overture being even begun by the composer, although the public performance was fixed for the next day. Mozart's friends, his wife, and, above all, the manager, were in a state of alarm easily to be conceived; they represented to him the ruinous consequences, to the theatre, as well as to himself, which must result from an eventual disappointment; and conjured him not to blast his greatest work by so wanton a procrastination. "I shall write the *overture* this afternoon; I have it all in my head;" was the answer. The afternoon came; but Mozart, seduced by the fineness of the weather, took a trip into the country, and made

merry, returned in the evening, and sat down to a bowl of punch with some friends, who trembled at the idea of his situation. It was midnight before he left this jovial party, in a state so little calculated for mental exertion, that he determined to lie down for an hour, at the same time charging Mrs. Mozart to call him at the expiration of that time. The fond wife, seeing him in the sweetest slumber, and conscious of his powers, suffered him to lie two hours, called him up, made a bowl of punch, his favourite beverage, put pen, ink, and music-paper, before him, sat down by his side, and, while filling the glass, entertained the composer with a number of laughable stories, in the telling of which she possessed a peculiar talent. Mozart listened with the greatest glee. All at once the divine spark within him brightened into radiant flame; he exclaimed, "Now is the time, Constantia; now we are in trim for it." Showers of crotchets and quavers then gushed from the rapid pen. At times, however, and in the midst of writing, Nature would assert her sway, and cause the composer to nod. The somnolent fits, however, soon gave way to the cheerful converse of Constantia, and the excellent punch which formed its accompaniment. The overture was completed before breakfast, and the copyists scarcely had time to write out the score. A rehearsal being thus out of the question, the orchestra played it at the public representation in the evening without previous trial; and it is no small eulogium on their talents to add, that the execution electrified the audience, who, with thunders of applause, called for a repetition.

After the death of Mozart, Haydn was asked, by Broderip, in his music-shop, what he thought of Mozart's compositions, as his widow had offered his inedited works to the principal music-publishers in Europe. "Buy them, by all means," said Haydn, "he was truly a great musician. I have been often flattered by my friends with having some genius, but he was much my superior."





Engraved by R. Cooper.

JOHN BROUGHTON.

A notorious Pugilist.

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JOHN BROUGHTON.

Nothing but a desire to give the human character in all its vast and wonderful variety, could have induced us to bring forward the name of a man who must be execrated by every genuine admirer of his country, every true friend to humanity, every real lover of his fellow-beings; of a man who introduced a system of ruffianism, unworthy the rudest ages of barbarity, when civilization and refinement were not even known by name, much less by example. We blush at the very mention of such a man; we blush for every one who, in this boasted age of refinement, can aid and support so brutal, so degrading, so demoralizing a practice as that of pugilism.

John Broughton, who has been styled "the founder of the British School of Boxing," was born in 1704, and for many years followed the profession of a waterman, and was the first man who won Dogget's coat and badge, which is rowed for annually, every first of August. He however abandoned his wherry for the more profitable, though less honourable, employment of pugilism.

About the middle of the last century boxing began to obtain notoriety, through the encouragement afforded by some gambling and vitiated noblemen, and others, headed by the well-known Duke of Cumberland; who drew in their train numbers of weak-minded and dissipated persons, who are always found ready to mix among nobility, for the *honour* of boasting an acquaintance with lords and dukes, careless of their own reputation, or forgetful that it is the actions, and not the title, that mark a truly noble character.

About this time one George Taylor erected a booth at Tottenham-court, where he invited the professors of the art to display their skill, and the public to be present at

its exhibition. The entrance-money at times amounted to 100 or 150*l.*; two thirds of which were generally given to the champion, and the remaining third to the loser; though sometimes, by an express agreement of the parties, the money was shared alike between the conquerer and conquered. Taylor's booth being complained of as inconvenient, Broughton, who was then rising into note as the first bruiser in London, was prevailed on to build a place better adapted for such exhibitions, near Oxford-street, which was opened on the 10th of March, 1743, under the name of "Broughton's New Amphitheatre."

But the foundation of the "British School of Boxing," for which Broughton is notorious, was his opening an academy, which was first announced by the following advertisement in the Daily Advertiser, February 1, 1747:—

Mr. Broughton proposes, with proper assistance, to open an academy at his house, in the Haymarket, for the instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the majesty of boxing, where the whole theory and practice of that truly British art, with all the various stops, blows, cross-buttocks, &c., incident to the combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and, that persons of quality and distinction may not be debarred from entering into a *course of those lectures*, they will be given with the utmost tenderness and regard to the delicacy of the frame and constitution of the pupil, for which reason muffles (*boxing gloves*) are provided, that will effectually secure them from the inconvenience of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses.

This invitation had the desired effect; the academy was numerously attended, and was a source of great profit to its proprietor.

Broughton, after fighting several years, and maintaining his ascendancy, was at length vanquished by Slack, in April, 1750, at Broughton's Amphitheatre. Some thousands were lost on the unexpected defeat; and nearly 150*l.* was taken at the door, besides many tickets being sold at a guinea and a half each, all which went to Slack, who is supposed to have gained near 600*l.* by his

victory. After this defeat Broughton never fought again; and his amphitheatre was shortly after shut up.

It is said he accompanied his *worthy* patron, the Duke of Cumberland, to the Continent, and upon his being shown the fine regiment of grenadiers at Berlin, belonging to Frederick the Great, so distinguished for their martial appearance and great valour, was asked by the duke what he thought of any of them for a *set-to*, when Broughton replied, "Why, your royal highness, I should have no objection to fight the whole regiment, only be kind enough to allow me a breakfast between each battle."

Broughton died, January 8, 1789, at Walcot-place, Lambeth, in his 85th year. He was buried at Lambeth church on the 21st, and his funeral was attended by several of the principal professors of his barbarous art. It was supposed he died worth 7000*l*.

A Captain Godfrey, who wrote a "*Treatise on the useful Science of Defence*," thus eulogizes Broughton.

"Advance, brave Broughton! Thee I pronounce Captain of the Boxers. As far as I can look back, I think I ought to open the characters with him: I know none so fit, so able, to lead up the van. This is giving the living preference to the rest. What can be stronger than to say that, for seventeen or eighteen years, he has fought every able boxer that appeared against him, and has never yet been beat? This being the case, we may venture to conclude from it; but, not to build alone on this, let us examine further into his merits. What is it that he wants? Strength equal to what is human, skill and judgment equal to what can be acquired, undebauched wind, and a bottom spirit never to pronounce the word "*Enough!*" He fights the stick as well as most men, and understands a good deal of the small-sword. This practice has given him the distinction of time and measure beyond the rest. He stops as regularly as the swordsman, and carries his blows truly in the line; he

steps not back, distrusting of himself, to stop a blow, and piddle in the return, with an arm unaided by his body, producing but a kind of fly-flap blows, such as pastry-cooks use to beat those insects from their tarts and cheese-cakes. No ; Broughton steps bold and firmly in, bids a welcome to the coming blow ; receives it with his guardian arm ; then, with a general summons of his swelling muscles, and his firm body seconding his arm, and supplying it with all its weight, forces the pile-driving force upon his man."

Who that has one spark of feeling and humanity can read this without indignation and disgust ? The blood boils at such callousness of heart, such depravity of manners, such a total want of every tie that ought to twine around society. It equally brands the writer and the actor of such scenes ; but, as Juvenal says :—

"Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find
In league offensive and defensive join'd."

Who that has the common feelings of nature can contemplate the science of boxing without horror ?

"Thump following thump, and blows succeeding blows,
Swell the black eye, and crush the bleeding nose :

Beneath the ponderous fist the jaw-bone cracks ;

And the cheeks ring with their redoubled thwacks."—VIRGIL.

The result of its pursuit is destructive in the extreme. It is like the stagnant stream, which diffuses its pestilence all around ; it fans the embers of moral corruption ; it blunts the feeling, blinds the judgment, sears the conscience, and hardens the heart ; it plants the worst passions in the human breast ; it leads to drunkenness, swearing, and extravagance ; it fattens the pick-pocket and the gambler ; it leaves the pillaged dupe to the compunctions of his own conscience ; and, lastly, brings whole families to want, ruin, and wretchedness. Yet this anti-social pastime, so calculated to petrify the human breast, is not alone confined to the lowest classes of the community, or we might attribute it to their

want of a better education ; but we find men of rank and property linked in the chain. To what, then, can it be attributed in them ? Only to the base depravity of those whose elevated station in society imposes on them the duty of setting a more peaceable example to the lower orders of the community.

The suppression of this sanguinary and demoralizing evil is in the power of the legislature, and we hope ere long to see our wishes consummated. There is not one plea which its supporters can adduce to turn the scale in their favour : the only one they attempt is, that the practice of boxing is conducive to national courage ; the veriest nonsense that ever was adduced in support of any argument. Has our army or our navy ever benefited from the practice ?—No.—Has our country's character been advanced in any one point ?—O no, far otherwise : in this particular it has been degraded in the eyes of other nations. Then let us hear no more of the fallacy of its advancing our national courage ; it is a libel on the word to suppose that it is worthy such a designation because two monsters can oppose their strength to each other till Nature grows weary of performing her duty, or death interposes. Call it ruffianism, or monstrosity, if you will ; but do not assimilate it with national courage, which ought to be what Addison so forcibly expresses : “ That courage which arises from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending Him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.”

JOHN KELSEY.

THIS man, likewise distinguished by the appellation of John the Quaker, was born of low parents, and lived during the reign of Charles the Second. He conceived no less a design than that of converting the Grand Seignior to the Christian faith, and for this purpose absolutely

went to Constantinople. He placed himself at the corner of one of the streets of that city, and preached with all the vehemence of a fanatic; but, speaking in his own language, a crowd of people gathered round him, and stared with astonishment, without being able to guess at the drift of his discourse. He was soon considered to be out of his senses, and at length was taken to a mad-house, where he was closely confined for six months. It happened that one of the keepers knew a little of English, and discovered him to be an Englishman. Lord Winchelsea, who was then ambassador to the Porte, was informed that a mad countryman of his was then under confinement. His lordship immediately sent for him, and he appeared in an old dirty hat, very much torn, which no persuasion could induce him to take off. The ambassador thought that a little of the Turkish discipline might be of some service to him, and accordingly gave orders that he should receive the bastinado. This had the desired effect, and caused a total change in his behaviour; and he even confessed that the drubbing had a *good effect upon his spirit*. Some letters were found upon him, addressed to the Grand Turk, in which he told him that he was a scourge in the hand of God to chastise the wicked; and that he sent him not only to denounce, but to execute, vengeance. Soon after he was put on board a ship for England, but artfully found means to escape in his passage, and got back again to Constantinople. He was soon discovered, and sent on board of another ship, and means were taken to prevent the possibility of his making a second escape.

THE PRINCE OF PALAGONIA.

THERE is scarcely any whim or caprice so absurd and ridiculous that we shall not find instances of it upon record. The singular fancy of the Sicilian nobleman to whom the following pages relate cannot, we conceive,

be attributed to any other cause than deficiency or derangement of intellect. Whichever of these may have been the occasion of his singular conduct, he is certainly entitled to a place in this collection; and as Brydone is the only writer who furnishes any particulars concerning him, we shall transcribe the account given of the prince by that interesting traveller in his "Tour through Sicily and Malta."

"The Prince of Palagonia, a man of immense fortune, has devoted his whole life to the study of monsters and chimeras, greater and more ridiculous than ever entered into the imagination of the wildest writers of romance or knight-errantry.

"The amazing crowd of statues that surround his house appear at a distance like a little army drawn up for its defence; but when you get amongst them, and every one assumes his true likeness, you may imagine you have got into the regions of delusion and enchantment; for, of all that immense group, there is not one made to represent any object in nature; nor is the absurdity of the wretched imagination that created them less astonishing than its wonderful fertility. It would require a volume to describe the whole, and a sad volume indeed it would make. He has put the heads of men to the bodies of every sort of animal, and the heads of every other animal to the bodies of men. Sometimes he makes a compound of five or six animals that have no sort of resemblance in nature. He puts the head of a lion to the neck of a goose, the body of a lizard, the legs of a goat, the tail of a fox. On the back of this monster he puts another, if possible, still more hideous, with five or six heads, and a bush of horns, that beats the beast in the Revelations all to nothing. There is no kind of horn in the world that he has not collected; and his pleasure is to see them all flourishing upon the same head. It would be idle and tiresome to be particular in an account of these absurdities. The statues

that adorn, or rather deform, the great avenue, and surround the court of the palace, amount already to six hundred, notwithstanding which, it may be truly said, that he has not broken the second commandment; for, of all that number, there is not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The old ornaments which were put up by his father, who was a sensible man, appear to have been in a good taste. They have all been knocked to pieces, and laid together in a heap, to make room for this new creation.

“The inside of this enchanted castle corresponds with its exterior; it is in every respect as whimsical and fantastical, and you cannot turn yourself to any side, where you are not stared in the face by some hideous figure or other. Some of the apartments are spacious and magnificent, with high arched roofs; which, instead of plaster or stucco, are composed entirely of large mirrors, nicely joined together. The effect that these produce (as each of them makes a small angle with the other) is exactly that of a multiplying glass; so that, when three or four people are walking below, there is always the appearance of three or four hundred walking above. The whole of the doors are likewise covered over with small pieces of mirror, cut into the most ridiculous shapes, and intermixed with a great variety of crystal and glass of different colours. All the chimney-pieces, windows, and sideboards, are crowded with pyramids and pillars of tea-pots, caudle-cups, bowls, cups, saucers, &c. strongly cemented together. Some of these columns are not without their beauty: one of them has a large china chamber-pot for its base, and a circle of pretty little flower-pots for its capital: the shaft of the column, upwards of four feet long, is entirely composed of tea-pots of different sizes, diminished gradually from the base to the capital. The profusion of China that has been employed in forming these

columns is incredible: there are not less than forty pillars and pyramids formed in this strange fantastic manner. Most of the rooms are paved with fine marble tables, of different colours, that look like so many tomb-stones; some of these are richly wrought with lapis lazuli, porphyry, and other valuable stones: their fine polish is now gone, and they only appear like common marble. The place of these beautiful tables he has supplied by a new set of his own invention, some of which are not without their merit. These are made of the finest tortoise-shell, mixed with mother-of-pearl, ivory, and a variety of metals; and are mounted on fine stands of solid brass.

“The windows of this enchanted castle are composed of a variety of glass of every different colour, mixed without any sort of order or regularity, blue, red, green, yellow, purple, violet. The house-clock is cased in the body of a statue; the eyes of the figure move with the pendulum, turning up their white and black alternately, and make a hideous appearance.

“His bed-chamber and dressing-room are like two apartments in Noah’s ark; there is scarcely a beast, however vile, that he has not placed there; toads, frogs, serpents, lizards, scorpions, all cut out in marble, of their respective colours. There are a great many busts too, that are not less singularly imagined. Some of these make a very handsome profile on one side; turn to the other, and you have a skeleton; here you see a nurse with a child in her arms; its back is exactly that of an infant, its face is that of a wrinkled old woman of ninety.

“The family statues are charming; they have been done from some old pictures, and make a most venerable appearance. He has dressed them out from head to foot in new and elegant suits of marble; and indeed the effect it produces is more ridiculous than any thing you can conceive. Their shoes are all of black marble, their

stockings generally red; their clothes are of different colours, blue, green, and variegated, with a rich old-fashioned lace. The periwigs of the men, and head-dresses of the ladies, are of fine white; so are their shirts, with long flowing ruffles of alabaster.

“The author and owner of this singular collection is a poor miserable lean figure, shivering at a breeze, and seems to be afraid of every body he speaks to. He is one of the richest subjects in the island, and it is thought he has not laid out less than 20,000*l.* in the creation of this world of monsters and chimeras. He certainly might have fallen upon some way to prove himself a fool at a cheaper rate. However, it gives bread to a number of poor people, to whom he is an excellent master. His house at Palermo is a good deal in the same style; his carriages are covered with plates of brass, so that some of them are musket-proof.

“The government have had serious thoughts of demolishing the regiment of monsters he has placed round his house; but as he is humane and inoffensive, and as this would certainly break his heart, they have as yet forborne. However, the seeing of them by women with child is said to have been attended with very unfortunate circumstances; and ladies complain that they dare no longer take an airing in the Bagaria—that some hideous form always haunts their imagination for some time after: their husbands, too, it is said, are as little satisfied with the great variety of horns.”

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